





L-Bomb knew something was wrong. She looked at the city clocks high in their insane towers. She knew they were ticking towards a catastrophic event. All she could see & hear was a darkness circling round & round like distressed hyperarousal caught in a time spinning down & down to the blank darkness at the bottom of the well. The well is a dreaming woman's eye.

Sunshine blasted down on her gorgeous face. By the canal she felt her powerful leg muscles tauten beyond sentience. Her insanely sensual body moved beyond willpower on the threshold of inexpiable elation. Invisible, she slowly eased her fingers between her legs & slowly rubbed herself in the place of all mysteries until liquid euphoria blasted her eyes open & parted her slow lips to a pleasured intense orgasmic groan.

'Tick fucking tock' she growled but her eyes twinkled. This weird catastrophe-trauma-input she had taken from the clocks was the sort of stuff she dealt with all the time. It was what she did. She had curves in all the right places & skin as smooth as all our denunciations & promised lands. Her breasts & ass were the movements of a universe, sex de-stressors from the far reaches of a fractal universe that no one could ever grasp in its entirety. And she fought metaphysical evils with a brain like a bonfire.

'Life can be vanity, but it can also be vexatious when this sort of thing gets in under cover of night' she remarked to herself. She was brooding on the sense of super bad things coming in from the night. She was moving like an assassin of imperfections through her Hackney, along the trace lines of the Roman-times Ermine Street that passed to the west of what is now Hackney Central, a land once covered with open oak & hazel woodlands. with marshland around the rivers & streams that crossed the area of the Catevallauni tribal territory. L-Bomb saw all this with her 90/90 visionvision rav-aun eves, & she enjoyed roaming the present via her parallel time-travelling ability. She moved through her own private 6th century Saxon settlement known as Haca's ey – or raised ground in marshland – a settlement near Hackney Brook that relocated to the higher ground ground the later St Augustine's Tower. Her body remained in perfect synchronicity with both the ancient & the new. Her old Hackney had been hidden from the Norman Domesday Book by being enclosed within the manor of Stepney. & she was similarly hidden from her modern contemporaries who saw her as just a sexy girl on a damn fine bike. Of course her immense intelligence was a complete secret.

Her t-shirt & tight tie-dye leggings hugged her perfect warrior sex body as she biked through the modern streets to the old church. In the churchyard stands the tomb of Francis Beaufort, deviser of the Beaufort wind force scale; & that of John Hunter, the second governor of New South Wales, Australia. The Loddiges family also has a tomb in the churchyard & memorials within the church but she wasn't there to meet with them. Sitting on a wall sat the ghost of Anthony who'd died first time round at the age of

105 in 1630, the first recorded black resident of Hackney.

'Hi girl, you looking fine' he greeted her but despite his cheery smile L-Bomb could sense he was uneasy.

'What's going down Anthony? Something in the air I can tell,' she said. 'Something came into the city last night' Anthony replied.

'I have a bad feeling. You know what it is?' she said.

'We dead folks like to steer clear of this sort of thing. It's strong,' whispered Anthony, his wraith-like figure shimmering on the wall in a grey vaporous separateness. Dappled light through the trees felt melancholic.

'Can you find out more? I don't like to be in the dark,' L-Bomb whispered.

'Sure, sure, but I aint going too close. Like I said, this thing, it feels bad...' said Anthony. L-Bomb glanced at the old ghost's face & saw fear there, a shy glimpse of it that she could tell embarrassed him. She said nothing more.

'Awful lonely,' sighed the ghost, suddenly horny at the sight of the super fit Grrl standing there all ready to do the biz with unknown forces of evil or whatever. L-Bomb grinned & felt a surge of the cataclysm that was her own body, its glacial erotic landscape pursuing itself like a perpetual orgasmic crucifixion of delight.

'You're a fucking ghost,' she retorted, & placed her hand where his cock would have been.

'Just air,' she commented, licking her lips & slowly stroking herself as the ghost in primal despair faded from view.

Her therapeutic eyes saw what was now more real than ever – trees deliberately burnt into crosses, or beings, often doubles, expressing some strange duality reduced to its prime element in a sign, enclosed in a ring that was the rough shape of the edges of the cemetery. In the surrounding trees she could see embedded spears, trefoils & acanthus leaves. Here & there, in sunken places, she saw corridors choked with rocks, rows of weird Egyptian ankhs deployed in files, & in the architecture of the stone church secret doors of Tarahumara houses with Mayan world-symbols inverted, triangles whose points were joined by a bar, a bar that was, she knew, the Tree of Life, passing through the centre of a centreless reality right here in an obscure, overgrown patch of Hackney.

Her grey eyes fixed on the spears, crosses, trefoils, leafy hearts, composite crosses, triangles, the strange beings that confront & oppose themselves as doubles, a division, a war that carried heavy memories, & she felt sadness sweep across her. This was the real history, encrusted in rockfaces, stones, tree barks, roads & slipways, signs as genuine as those carved in jade, hammered iron, rituals of the Flood, a primitive disaster conceived of as a cleansing. She hopped on her bike & rode on, looking like a shooting star when under the Victorian iron bridge at Mare Street.

The bridge was one of the barriers erected to bar their entry. Whose entry? The doubles who were coming through. She swore to herself. Bad stuff.

Everyone she saw was now potentially a danger or in danger. She felt her heart beating slow & strong beneath her perfect breasts & enjoyed the bike tight & snug between her legs hissing along like a gigantic serpent, each surge of her own power tilting her fibres in a kind of erotic hyperawareness of the environs. She was summonsing her powers knowing this was going to be a day of trouble.

'Hey gorgeous, give us a shag,' grinned a youff at the far side of the road.

'You're sexual precocity does you no harm, but I fear you harbour violent & fascist tendencies that need to be curbed before I even consider your kind offer,' L-Bomb responded politely. The youff looked a little taken aback by this no-nonsense come-back.

'Fuck you, you middle class bitch. Now I just want to brick you,' he snarled & began to move towards L-Bomb. She was faintly annoyed as she knew there were bigger fish to fry than this annoying twat. However, she also calculated that this wouldn't take long.

'How's about I take you behind that bush there & we discuss this further?' she suggested as he stormed towards her.

'How about I just beat you to a pulp & then fuck you senseless, bitch cunt?' roared the youff who seemed to lack any awareness of a decent chat-up. L-Bomb had anticipated this. Without dismounting, she shot out her right foot & slammed it into his pale drooling face. Kaboom!!! Blood & gunge sprayed out of the goons' face. Spinning round on one wheel L-Bomb cracked her fist down onto his skull cap with lightening speed. The youff crumpled up unconscious at her feet, blood & gunge spraying out of his desiccated head like the end of some collapsed ritual.

Peddling away, L-Bomb knew that this was going to be a difficult day. 'Shitbags' she hissed.

In Broadway market she found Janine, her self-effacing lesbian Yoga pal who ran a market stall selling assorted Yoga gear such as Ultralite gym running tops & bras, Queenie K power stretch & high waist yoga pants, an assortment of leggings — nine points leggings — seamless bra-pants leggings & so on, plus compression dry fit tank tops, racerback & pants sets & that kind of jazz.

'Janine, we need to talk. I need some help,' said L-Bomb. Janine loved it when L-Bomb asked for help because she was always looking to shag her friend.

'You're looking very lovely today,' she grinned. Janine had curves in all the right places & wore her Bluester athletic workout yoga leggings to show off her fine ass & thighs. She knew she had legs that reached the sky. L-Bomb was always impressed.

'Come inside & we'll talk,' sighed Janine who moved from the street into the dark snug of a rented room off the market. She pulled down the blinds & locked the door.

'What can I do you for?' she slyly enquired.

'There's trouble come in during the night. As you know, I can sense things others can't. And this morning I awoke with alarm bells going off all over'

'You're always aiming at maximising happiness Grrl,' commented Janine with deep love & approval.

'Nothing else makes sense to me as a motivation,' commented L-Bomb, her body relaxing as the dark air of Janine's sanctuary room gently enfolded her. Janine couldn't help but stare at her powerful thighs & gorgeous ass & inwardly drooled.

'But as Sidgwick the utilitarian said – It is not necessary that the end which gives the criterion of rightness should always be the end at which we consciously aim. – Are you sure you are distinguishing the two ways in which utilitarianism is now commonly understood – one as specifying the standard for what makes the act right & the other as a guide that we use when deciding what to do?' said Janine mischievously. She liked to get L-Bomb thinking because it juiced her up.

'I'm just saying,' Janine added, making much of her lush red lips as she brushed past L-Bomb.

'So you think that even if I'm a utilitarian I shouldn't think 'maximise happiness' is the best guide to reaching the right decisions?' said L-Bomb.

'Exactly. Why, I can think of times when in order to be a good utilitarian I might recommend being a Kantian & say something like: Never treat another person as a means.' She paused & shot a glance at L-Bomb's ass & her shock of wild golden hair.

'Mind you,' she added, 'I can think of ways of making you a means that would sure maximise both our utilities.'

'The difficulty in finding things that actually improve our functioning is to do with entropy; we're already a well-functioning system — both at the individual & the societal level — so any arbitrary interference with the system is much more likely to harm than help...' explained L-Bomb who enjoyed playing hard to get with Janine but made sure her perfect breasts & ass were always a wild array of possibility.

'...For an intervention to be said to improve our functioning overall, it needs to fit in with all the existing conditions of our prior functioning. Pretty much all medical interventions have undesirable side-effects... so when we find/make something like psilocybin or MDMA therapy... we know we're onto something pretty special,' continued L-Bomb.

Janine found such talk too sexy to resist. She grabbed L-Bomb by the waist & met no resistance from the super-powered chick as she pulled her

to the couch. She pressed her lips to the open mouth of L-Bomb & pulled down the now groaning super-Grrls' leggings. She languorously stroked the soft & giving ass of the powerful Grrl before reaching between her legs & her place of all mysteries. As she began to insert her fingers she put her other hand down her own leggings. Within moments the two awesome beauties were moaning as barriers collapsed in a bewitched immersion of erotic play. Soon L-Bomb had slowly pulled down Janine's leggings sans knickers to reveal her round curvy naked ass. Inserting her own fingers between Janine's pale & strong thighs she now worked her friend into a frenzy of hallucinatory delights. The deranged orgasmic double act continued outside of clock time before multiple-orgasms had swept them into a sleepy hugging contentment.

'Thanks for that,' smiled L-Bomb, who recognised that in times of high pressure a good shag with a sexy babe was all she needed to stay this side of sane.

'Always,' sighed Janine.

But L-Bomb was also beginning to worry. The sex was of course great, but the atmosphere had remained charged with her earlier fears. She now realised that rather than dampen down the pressure, something around Janine was intensifying it. Something was not as it should be. Every nerve of L-Bomb's body suddenly switched to red alert. Janine could sense something happening too. L-Bomb's body seemed to flow into the darkness, & moved now with an animalistic grace & menace that Janine couldn't help but find sexy. A fresh wave of new desire overwhelmed her already ravished mind as she gazed on the super Grrl's sinuous legs & wild curvy ass as she moved through the animal dark.

It was then that L-Bomb felt a primitive overflowing with waves no longer in control of its own rotations. They felt like rotations of the very earth itself, driving her to a sort of distraction & knocking her off her feet. She felt a ponderous compression & lay in the dark wondering what could have knocked her down so easily. Janine was standing over her & as L-Bomb looked up at her the blonde yoga girl was now no longer seeing out of her eyes. Instead, the eyes were blazing with unearthly fire. Her gargeous body seemed to be possessed by powerful spurious intuitions channelled from elsewhere. As L-Bomb tried to rise from the floor Janine arabbed her by the hair & dragged her across the room like a rag doll. L-Bomb felt oddly weak, as if her powers had been drained by the dark, or transferred somehow into the other girl. She was suddenly overwhelmed by a terrible sense of loss. The fire-eyed Janine, clearly possessed by some powerful force finally pulled her gasping victim towards her. Gripping her by the throat she slapped L-Bomb across the face, causing L-Bomb to gasp in pain. Again & again Fire-eyed Janine slapped her whilst clutching her tightly by the throat. She then punched her in her stomach, doubling her up.

'Janine, what the hell are you doing to me?' gasped L-Bomb, collapsing to the floor & trying to crawl away from her sexy attacker, struggling to remain conscious. Fire-eyed Janine grinned as she watched L-Bombs sexy ass try & move out of range of her vicious assault.

'Going somewhere? I don't think so,' said the fire-eyed girl. She again grabbed L-Bomb by the hair & viciously pulled her to her feet, seemingly enjoying the cries of pain this caused. With enormous power she stripped L-Bomb of her t-shirt & then proceeded to tie her hands behind her back with the rag. She then shoved the gasping super Grrl over the arm of the couch face down so she was bent over, her curvaceous ass unprotected in the air. With evil delight fire-eyed Janine slowly pulled down the tie-dye leggings once more to reveal the pale curvy delight of L-Bomb's struggling ass. She violently ripped her beautiful red lace knickers & in a single movement stuffed them in L-Bomb's mouth, muffling her cries. With increasing strength she began to spank the bare ass, laughing at every groan of pain & the intense writhing of the seemingly helpless superbabe.

The fire-eyed Janine was now stripping herself. Her gorgeous naked body was covered by what seemed like blue flames. They seemed to merge with the darkness, as if they were somehow part of that darkness. Strange fluxes & spasm-crossed shapes emerged from this eeriness. An enormous dildo of blue dark energy formed between the dominatrix's legs & seemed at once to insert itself into Janine with an autonomous pulsating autosodamistic power. She screamed her orgasmic pleasure into the dark & then leapt upon L-Bomb's writhing ass to enter that place of liquid mysteries. Again & again she entered the helpless L-Bomb & L-Bomb felt the intensity of multiple orgasms flowing through her body where both id & ego merged as one. Fire-eyed Janine began to rub L-Bomb's perfect ass as she plunged again & again into L-Bomb & through the intense wild dark, hallucinatory white lights sparked through the air.

Untying her arms, Fire-eyed Janine wrestled L-Bomb onto her front on the floor & grasped her by the nape of her neck as she continued to fuck. Her fingers slid & slipped through the wild liquidity in & out of every place of mystery, squeezed & beat the nipples of the perfect breasts, bit & licked every part of the defeated prized body of L-Bomb. And L-Bomb herself was overwhelmed by deranged & hallucinatory desire, craving to be again & again slung over the fire-eyed girl's knees to be spanked & then fingered everywhere & brought to ecstasies of extreme pleasure.

But L-Bomb was not, as might have been imagined, as defeated as she seemed. She had immediately realised that Janine was possessed by some force that meant no good. That had been the reason she had ended up at the market in the first place. Her intuition had drawn her there. She knew that Janine could be a source of information about the intruders who had arrived the night before. As she had expected, they had overcome Janine's

feeble resistance & were now attempting to do the same to her. This in itself was revealing. Had they known anything about her, they would never have attempted anything so feeble on herself. Her powers were immense. Had they known this they would have known that Janine, even under the control of some other force, would not be anywhere near strong enough to defeat her. L-Bomb had therefore played along with the scenario the unknown forces had set up just to see what she could learn.

But it seemed there was little else to learn. Twisting herself from the grip of the possessed girl, L-Bomb grabbed the fire-eyed girl by the throat & pushed her to the ground. A startled expression crossed Janine's face. L-Bomb began to choke the helpless girl & found that not only would this evict whatever possessed her it would also heighten her own sense of erotic desire. Fire-eyed Janine attempted to fight back, grabbing L-Bomb by her throat. But all this did was to send L-Bomb into a private sex frenzy of insane lust. She forced the other girl to slide her fingers into her own – L-Bomb's – wet place of divine mysteries & rub & slip around until she came again & again. Then, as a climax, she released Janine's throat & smashed a brutal fist against her jaw, knocking the girl senseless & immediately releasing whatever force had taken possession of her.

The dark swept away. L-Bomb stood above the naked unconscious Janine. All that was left in the air was a terrible feeling of loss. L-Bomb licked her sex drenched fingers & grinned.

'I think I'm going to enjoy taking down this bad ass,' she murmured to herself. Within seconds she was back out on her bike, her grey eyes like silver steel roads of patience. Back on the churchyard wall, she sat with Anthony the ghost once more.

'Why are you called L-Bomb? I've been meaning to ask you that for some time,' said Anthony. L-Bomb sniggered.

'One of the most common challenges of MDMA therapy is that the experience causes significant changes in points of view or belief systems. It can be hard to reconcile these changes in thinking with old beliefs, or the attitudes of other people in your life, or whatever. Often people doing this kind of therapy have really valuable insights & corrective emotions that decrease fear & judgmental thinking. In the days that follow, the judging mind can get active again & start doubting the truth of those experiences, but it doesn't mean something's gone wrong, or you're losing the gains you made. It's a common aspect of this kind of work & the way the process unfolds. I'm called L-Bomb because I bring that sort of change to the world. At some level at least.'

'Do you think we normal people can get to be like you?' asked Anthony after a pause.

'You're a bloody ghost Anthony. Hardly normal. But of course: The implicit "baseline" of consciousness would seemingly be that seen in

normal, "healthy," waking subjects. But Alessio claimed consciousness is "plastic" & multifaceted. He cited Clark's & Friston's principle that brains are predictive machines. They are constantly in the business of predicting their own internal states. All deep learning involves thinking about how we think; i.e. metacognition. Psychedelics disrupt the hierarchy of prediction. The hypotheses that are subsequently deployed by the brain are less stable, & information is sought & received from unusual places. That's why we're able to talk Anthony,' she said.

Over in the West, the vanquished demonic force that had taken possession of Janine emerged out of a dark cloud, beaten & dazed. It took the shape of a sexy dancing girl, some dust crazed sex excitement down on her luck wearing crimson underwear & black makeup. Vertov, a shadowy figure out of sight of all eyes at this moment, but with a deep & terrible voice, said little as this bedraggled figure flopped down in what seemed like a modern walled-up apartment of some rich city swinger.

'I managed to get something from the powerful one before she beat me up. She's been reading about 'perinatal' Grofian analysis – something which draws on Stanislav Grof's four-level model of the mind. Grof's model goes from shallow to deep – abstract & aesthetic, autobiographical, perinatal (deep, subconscious memories of birth & pre-birth) & transpersonal. She uses these four stages of the birth process to fight.

She starts with safe, blissful, cocooned, swimming in womb movements than moves to dramas of the trapped where the pressure of contractions & closed cervix contain her actions. From there she seems to struggle through journeys of birth canals & ends inevitably in emergence, birth & rebirth scenarios. All very efficient, planned & kind of sexy,' reported the sexy dancer demon, suddenly gripped by intensely deranged erotic memories of her struggles with L-Bomb.

 $^\prime$ From what I gathered, this is something she's thought about & somehow works from it like a map or something. We might be able to use this against her,' she added.

'So there's someone here who might be a problem,' said Vertov from the shadows, but then he fell back into silence.



'Psychological research suggests that MDMA increases prosocial feelings & behaviours, which, in turn, appears to reduce negative mood when subjects are asked to think of a difficult memory. Work dating back to the 1960s–1970s investigating mechanisms of personality change suggests that classic psychedelics, when used in a therapeutic context, can cause lasting beneficial change in personality with possible therapeutic implications. Post Traumatic Stress Disorders (in future PTSD) can be identified as a form of dreaming subway voyaging, going inside. I have the trick mastered,' said L-Bomb.

'Didn't you almost die some years ago going too deep?' asked the cat called Steve. A black tom.

'A kind of mind ray that turned on my mind, beaming in from some psychotic zone in Siberia. Hell yes, I was the most sensitivised L-Bomb on the planet & they tried to bleed all my secrets out of a tumour the size of a golf ball.'

'Holy bloody shit,' gasped the cat.

'Settle down. I'm making some of this up. Everything falls apart, with an absolute madman at the helm & others more beetle than human running the agencies.'

'I eat beetles,' purred the cat.

'The place is a catastrophe out there. Coming in from the west. I sensed it last night. Now it's confirmed. And they've sent out probes to find out whether there's any opposition,' explained L-Bomb.

'And is there?' asked the cat Steve, suddenly gripped by a little alarm.

'You know there were times when I dreamed of being with Bill Burroughs in the Empress Hotel – which no longer exists by the way – in Earl's Court just off the Old Brompton Road. We were talking about pirates, drugs & his idea of the Johnson. He was always rather nervous in my presence even though he said he liked me. He never stopped glaring at walls & making people feel uncomfortable. I found it hilarious.'

'Johnson?' asked the cat Steve, settling down again.

'A Johnson is the guy — or gal — who steps up & saves the day without begging for a relationship or recognition. They're a secret organisation without membership lists. A Johnson spends life living & some day they find they have to act. It's sudden & without a plan. Afterwards they go back to living, they walk on by. That's the essential Johnson thing.'

'That sounds lonely,' said the cat.

'Why? It's just a life. It can be lonely or not, it depends on the life. The point is that the Johnson is anyone, at anytime. It's about a reaction & a consequence. It's got a primitive simplicity & beauty attached to it. It's a certain ethic.'

'Ok.'

'What did Burroughs say?' asked the cat Steve after a little pause.

'That the most difficult question of all is what's better than sex. He said we've been conditioned on this planet to think that sex is displeasure, or pleasure, or pain. Or that sex is the greatest pleasure. He said we also know that there are pleasures that undercut sex like junk which is antisexual. Sex may simply be a relief from pleasure. And he cited Wilhelm Reich who said that cancer is essentially a disease of sexual suppression. That all cancer patients are sexually repressed. He thought that was too broad a statement'

'Did you have an opinion?' asked the cat, curious.

'Sure. I channel my sexual desire into everything I do. I said that perhaps we should tour the cancer wards & get the patients off. Test out the theory. Cure them,' said L-Bomb.

'Wow'

'Yea, we called in to the Charing Cross hospital cancer wards at Hammersmith. The grey of the faces was what I noticed straight off, & the large poisons we could see using our dream movements & vision. You got to understand, to get in to places like that & be effective, you have to use all the invisibility you can. Burroughs was an expert & taught me how to be invisible — "just look 'em in the damned eyes my dear" he'd say — & how to walk through walls & float. Very useful techniques when on this sort of mission where you're looking to stay well off the fucking grid.

Of course, once you're working in these traumatised places all the bad shit comes out the walls with you – giant beetles, centipedes – that's why Burroughs writes about insects like he does – places of trauma are full of these demon ghost insect shit types. They look disgusting but also talk all the time – like hot wires or something – horrid little wire voices going on & on.'

'Yea, centipedes & millipedes are mad little fuckers. I kill em whenever I can,' agreed the cat.

'Regular assassins. If we could learn to train em there'd be an army worth recruiting. But they're basically incapable of discipline. Useless at taking orders. They have secrets & don't let on what they're really thinking. Evil little bastards essentially.' L-Bomb shuddered as she thought of them.

'Burroughs was intense & complex. He thought at one point that women were from another planet. Literally. And that they were evil. He couldn't stand being in the same room as women. It got embarrassing even in a dream. I had to keep making these excuses to all my girlfriends. But in the end I threw him out & said I couldn't have him in my dream so long as he had his views. It was an ultimatum that fell on deaf ears. But he was someone I had some kind of respect for despite this. He was the sort of guy who knew things, knew where the bodies were buried & wasn't impressed by bullshit. A rare breed,' she said.

'There was a guy on the cancer ward who looked up as soon as Bill &

me floated in through a wall. He stared at us & asked us like death himself: what are you secrets? Well that took me aback. Burroughs explained to me afterwards that the guy was completely & utterly ordinary & dull but the disease had transformed him. Like a character in Conrad or Genet. These are people who aren't unusual but they get transmuted. Rimbaud, Baudelaire & St-John Perse can do that too. So this guy in the cancer ward looked like a Warholed Franz Kafka. I asked him back; what are your secrets — & he said straight off that he had no secrets because death, like a writer, has no secrets. And Burroughs drifted off through a wall to go see someone else but I stayed with this guy who lay in his bed & didn't seem to find it odd that I'd come through the walls & was floating about a foot off the ground. I think there was some kind of ESP happening between us.'

'Could you save him?' asked the cat.

'That was the issue in hand. I put my hand under the sheets & disconnected the wires & tubes & in panic he was convulsing & shaking. I grabbed his cock which seemed to react as if to some long lost friend & I dragged him from the bed. He crashed down because he couldn't float, could hardly walk, was weak & drained & nearly dead. It was an insect boy I had there, but his eyes looked out from behind that washed out face like there was still a life inside. I drew on Burroughs' Yankee pragmatic spiritual investigations & ignored his spectral prose. I came onto him like only L-Bomb can.

'While a single catastrophic event like cancer can result in PTSD &/ or "complex" PTSD with enduring adverse personality changes, it would seem possible that the converse might also be true (i.e. changes in certain personality features could reduce PTSD symptoms). My study theorised that the profound therapeutic effect of MDMA in PTSD-treatment resistant individuals is influenced by its ability to broaden characteristics of the way an individual feels, thinks, & interacts (as measured by personality changes in Openness). I had already previously reported that MDMA treatment was effective at reducing PTSD symptoms when with Burroughs out in war zones.

'I fucked the cancer boy & left him full of MDMA & yohimbine. The latter is an aphrodisiac. It enlarges the blood vessels in the sex organs. I also gave him poppers, they do the opposite, they dilate the blood vessels. They're vasodilators & they give you rushes. It brings blood to the genital regions, definitely stimulating the sex areas. Of course this took place over a series of nights. And was years ago.'

'And did you save him?' asked the cat.

'He was a thousand corroded wounds which had to be forced to live. He smelled of the smouldering bomb & compressed vertigo, a thousand wasted summers, under his skin an over-heated factory of insane traumas, strong convulsions, fever torments & no soul, no consciousness, no mind, no thought, only raw elements alternately chained & unchained – he was away

from his body which he saw as a mere burst of flame, a chained monkey, something like a low cloud or smoke, some apocalyptic grin delivering him to inglorious disaster, departure & solitary death. His body was detached from his consciousness, a vampire folded in his nipples, a grey devil, a black crablice & choked & trussed lungs, & all he said was he didn't die to come back & remake himself but only to give up life & whatever life one had &, well, because he wanted the coffin. So I plunged my hands down to his balls & cock & pressed my lips against his like a filthy punk innate by predisposition & ad hoc crotch & grinds him, grinds him until there's sweat & the need to be fucked in the ass & hard labour with fingers & fist & teeth at his shoulderblades. I brought him to life as an L-Bomb.'

'Impressive, if a little excitable in the telling,' commented the cat Steve. 'So where is he/she now?' he asked. L-Bomb shrugged.

'She's a Kantian, who thinks human reason is burdened by questions that it cannot dismiss, for they are given to it by the nature of reason itself, & that it also cannot answer, for they exceed all the powers of human reason. I half-quote from the old dog. Perplexities follow: principles whose use is unavoidable in the course of experience... more remote conditions... to take refuge in principles that overstep all possible use in experience, & yet that seem so unsuspicious that even ordinary common sense agrees with them...'

L-Bomb steps outside & smells the fresh air. Across the way the fat black neighbour stands by her patch of wall & nods at her. Now that woman, thinks L-Bomb, that woman is a worthy accompaniment to any death, a woman who has no doubt made so many drunken lines spin around so many unbound flats & who, in desperation, a bullet in the belly, a knife in the neck, could not but help flood the landscape with blood & wine, drench the air from here to the superstore round the corner, & the yoga place on the hill, with a final emulsion, happy & gloomy at the same time, with a taste of sour wine & turned vinegar.

'Dogmatists set up despotic doctrines. Sceptics, all of them 'nomads who abhor all permanent cultivation of the soul' shatter 'civil unity' with doubt,' L-Bomb thought to herself, recollecting her Kant some more whilst keeping a stead gaze on the fat black neighbour. The giant woman evoked the abrupt & barbaric quality of the most impassioned, pathetic & passionate Elizabethan drama, maybe some courtier of Richard II. The woman leaned against the wall, singing softly to herself, stood like a line of luminous demarcation separating two antagonistic individuals who would from time to time appear & then disappear from the door behind her. Reality was earthy with this woman. Watching her, L-Bomb could believe that reality is terribly superior to all history, all fable, all divinity & all surreality. What was needed was an interpreter of genius, a superhuman gong from which real-life objects & people ring out. This black giantess was a submerged picture allowing L-Bomb to guess at life's sentence.

A herring gull dipped like a sleeping invalid as if it no longer existed. This place, this road, it's where the only thing is to gather bodies like an alchemist of superior lucidity. She could see further, infinitely & dangerously further.

'You seeing me properly now?' shouted the fat black neighbour. Her astral body fizzed huge spells from her sky-blue jacket & over-starched linen. There was suddenly a change in the atmosphere. L-Bomb felt her strong thighs & taut body react to the shivering airs that swelled now between where she stood, on the doorstep of her flat, & where the neighbour stood. Or rather floated. Before her eyes the fat black neighbour had bodily & physically blossomed & risen from the ground.

'Fuck, a she-devil take-over. The poor woman is no longer in control,' L-Bomb noted to herself as she spun away from her doorstep & into the road to confront what was clearly a new threat. She called out to the behemoth.

'Hey, do you know who you are, where you're from, what you want?' The fat black neighbour suddenly pulled herself to the ground & crouched, a sullen a ferocious killer in the body of a 230 pound dream-time woman.

'Skinny white bitch, I know just one thing & that is that I'm going to enjoy kicking your skinny white ass all over this town,' roared the giantess whose fists now curled tight & eyes glowed red like devil coals.

'Oh crap,' muttered L-Bomb, wondering whether the forces had come up with a new type of attack strategy, channelled some new power source which might prove somewhat more effective than the one that had overcome Janine.

'Who sent you?' she asked.

'What do you care? You're about to get the kicking of your life gal.' crowed the giantess. Leaping forward with a grace & speed that belied her enormous weight the woman smashed her fists against L-Bomb's jaw before she could duck away. Stunned by the impact L-Bomb staggered backwards & lost her footing. As she lay on the ground the giant grabbed her by the nape & dragged her to her feet. Before she could respond the woman smashed her fist into her back. L-Bomb tried to twist away from the onslaught but was too enfeebled by the blows. The monster woman drew her viscously towards her & gripped her in a bear hug. L-Bomb was heaved off the ground, her face crushed into the enormous weaponised breasts of the giant woman, her ass & leas helplessly clinging on to the giant torso, struggling but unable to break free. The monster squeezed tight her mighty arms & L-Bomb, her own arms trapped within the giant's rippling black arms, could only continue to struggle helplessly as the vice like grip tightened. She felt herself slipping into unconsciousness & fought against the swooping dark. To her horror she felt the huge woman's huge hands start to fondle her perfectly formed ass. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't break free.

The giant woman now seemed less intent on squeezing her unconscious

& began to slowly strip down her tight leggings to reveal her sexy round ass. Moments later & the black giant had slid down her red lace knickers & then slowly begun to fondle the exposed ass with all her fingers. With a deftness & delicacy that belied their size, the fingers wriggled between the cheeks of her ass & between her legs entered the place of all mysteries. With a sudden violence the giant began to intensely work her fingers & L-Bomb felt an uncontrollable & insane orgasm shudder through her body. She groaned in ecstatic orgasmic bliss whilst simultaneously almost suffocated between the giant breasts of the woman. Again & again the fingers battered & penetrated her poor defenceless place of all mysteries & again & again she wailed & shuddered with the insane erotic derangements of lusts unleashed.

Moments later the giant woman released her prev & L-Bomb crumpled. half conscious & tormented by never ending sequences of automatic orgasms, onto the ground. For a moment the giant black neighbour contemplated the perfectly shaped L-Bomb with curves in all the right places, knickers & leggings pulled down to her thighs just above her knees, desperately trying to stay conscious whilst shuddering in orgasmic deliaht. Then she moved over & grabbed the superGrrl by her hair, hauling her up once more. She unloosened her own shirt & bra so that her magnificent black breasts fell out before her. With one hand she thrust L-Bomb's beautiful face into them & forced her to suck on each of the giant nipples whilst with the other hand she again started to play with L-Bomb's place of mysteries with increased delectation & fervour. L-Bomb could only groan with insane hallucinatory orgasmic guivering pleasure. The giant abruptly stopped & grabbed her by the waist & began to carry her towards the door of her flat. The giant was floating through the gir & surges of white cherry blossom & cum filled the dynamical & tormented atmosphere.

Inside the giant threw L-Bomb across her shoulders so that the helpless girl's head & arms sprawled by the giant's giant ass whilst her own naked ass & powerful but helpless thighs dangled across the mighty dusky shoulders & down past her breasts. With a mad twinkle the giant carried her up the stairs & on the landing began to mercilessly spank the naked perfect ass, causing L-Bomb to weakly call out & jerk in spasms of delicious pain.

'I was told you were something of a superfly,' complained the giant as she threw L-Bomb onto a wide double bed that more or less filled up the whole bedroom.

'You aint nothing but the lil' ol' skinny white girl I thought you was,' she continued. L-Bomb was now draped on her belly & face on the bed, her arms & legs spread-eagled. With violent gusto & abandon the giant pulled her leggings from her powerful thighs & then wrestled off the t-shirt. She took the red panties & stuffed them roughly in L-Bomb's gasping mouth, smearing the luminous red lipstick across her lily white cheeks. Removing her bra with deft aplomb she wrapped it round L-Bombs white throat & slowly squeezed

a little. The pressure on her throat sent shivers of pleasure & orgasmic pain convulsing through L-Bomb's perfectly curved & now naked body. The giant woman clambered on her & pressed down, her mountainous weight crushing her & leaving her gasping for breath. Again & again the giant squeezed her throat & pressed down on her, threatening to crush all life from her, but at each moment when L-Bomb seemed to be succumbing, the aignt would ease off. She was enjoying torturing L-Bomb. She then released her & sat on the edge of the bed. She slowly began to undress herself, revealing all the rippling flesh & muscles of her powerful body. Her breasts gleamed gigantically in the dim light, her belly rippled & folded in a luxuriousness of pure flesh, her ass too was a machine of lusts & strenath, so too the wide ample thighs that seemed to swell across the very horizons of erotic possibility. L-Bomb twisted herself up from the bed to gaze with a mixture of admiration & appal at the great physicality assaulting her. Here was a body many times more gigantic in its dimensions than she, a body that asserted without comment that size, giant size, was proof of existence.

Before L-Bomb could properly gaze upon her possessed assailant the giant had reached out & dragged her across her knees. Weakly L-Bomb tried to resist but she was forced down & her head held in a vice like grip whilst her bare ass & thighs gleamed across the giant black knees.

'I come to refute your whole thesis, L-Bomb,' growled the giant woman as she brought down the flat palm across L-Bomb's perfect curvaceous ass. 'You may think through your books & systems, but the question – how is thinking possible? is synonymous with – how are true judgments possible? Up to Kant it was assumed that all our cognition must conform to objects; but all attempts to find out something a priori through concepts that would extend our cognition, on this presupposition, came to nothing. Hence we tried whether we do not get further with the problem of metaphysics by assuming that the objects must conform to our cognition, which would agree better with the requested possibility of an a priori cognition of them, which would establish something about objects before they are given to us. I half quote Kant of course, but you get the gist. This is his 'Copernican revolution' – it's the mind of the observer rather than the observed that is unchanging.' The giant spanked her again, her hand once again slapping down hard against the soft yielding flesh of L-Bomb's guivering ass. L-Bomb gasped in delightful agonies.

'Aristotle had his ten fundamental categories or predicaments, the fundamental concepts by which beings can be known. Kant reverses this idea: he goes to investigate the rules of thinking, functions, 'forms of judgment' & deduces categories from them. Space & Time are the two formal a priori formal conditions of intuition — & so all objects are given to mind in sensibility of time & space. This is of course the achievement of his Transcendental aesthetic,' continued the giant. Now she continued to

spank L-Bomb but released her head so that she could begin to use that hand to slip her fingers across the wildly beaten & quivering ass cheeks towards the place of mysteries & infinite delights.

'He has a Table of judgments for the logical functions of the understanding in judgment & the table of categories which are guided by the first...' continued the giant, her voice growing husky & deep as she began to feverishly play between the wriggling thighs of L-Bomb. '...Both share the same divisions: Quantity, Quality, Relation & modality. Twelve categories specify modes in which things may be said to be, & these are correlates of the twelve functions of judgment defining ways in which things are conceived in thought.'

Unable to control herself L-Bomb now emitted a frenzied groan of orgasmic insanity as the giant's fingers penetrated & squirmed within her. Time & time again she was plunged into paroxysms of orgasmic release. Stars seemed to burst & burn up in her brain.

'The expressions of logic are no longer found in things but in thoughts. But new meanings were brought to the table. Baumgarten thought that what is posited in a thing to determine are its determinations; these are either positive & affirmative - & if they are truly so, they are realities - or negative – & if truly so, are negations.' GWF Meier in his 'Metaphysics' of 1752 thought that if one justifiably asserts something about a thing then this something belongs to & is contained in the thing. A reality s therefore a genuine addition to a thing, through which it in fact receives something & is broadened or enlarged... If one denies something about a thing, one thinks that this something is lacking. Consequently, a negation is in fact a diminishment, & a thing is diminished when it is subjected to negation. The giant woman now rose up, flinging L-Bomb away from her onto the floor. But only for an instant was the ravaged L-Bomb free of the assault. Grasping her ankle the giant dragged L-Bomb back towards her & then drew her close, wrapping her mighty arm around her tiny waist & pullina her face down into her lap.

'Suck me & lick me lil skinny bitch,' she instructed, before continuing with her discussion of the Kantian Copernican revolution which somehow seemed to be increasingly important. Her head forced into the inky darkness of the giant's own place of mysteries, L-Bomb began to lick & suck the place of divine mysteries & as she did so the giant fondled her ass & between her gorgeous thighs with increasing velocity & force. Cries of hallucinatory derangement gasped from the lips of L-Bomb like the strange cries of the cormorant in green dark tossing seas of the night.

'Beatrice Longuenesse says Kant transforms the meaning of this correspondence between "reality" & "negation." Reality becomes the concept of an object in general, by means of which the intuition of this object is regarded as determined in respect of the logical function of

affirmation in judgment. Perfection & privation, reality & negation are now conceived in terms of logical operations of pure reason. Metaphysical "realities" & "negations" stem from two functions of judgment, affirmation & negation, not from the world! The auiddity (whatness) of things (res) consist in features derived from pure reason. But the "thing" is more than the sum of its determinations. "Thing" is the totality – "res names a complete set of positive & negative characteristics." So why can't a "principle of contradiction" deliver this whole? But it is just an axiom of logic & a "thing" may be indeterminate & be neither one nor the other. Vaqueness becomes a killer here: the sort of thing C.S. Peirce writes about when he says: "A drop of ink has fallen upon the paper & I have walled it round. Now every point of the area within the wall is either black or white. That is plain. The black is, however, all in one spot or blot; it is within bounds. There is a line of demarcation between the black & white. Now I ask about the points of this line, are they black or white?"' At this point the giant began to run her fingers round the rim of L-Bomb's perfect ass hole & pondered the Peircean demarcation via this intense erotic visual & tactile aid.

'Oh God nooo,' groaned L-Bomb as she felt the intense desire of deranged chemical explosives blowing off in her head & body. The taste of the woman's place of divine mysteries seared her tongue & her taste buds fizzed with murderous erotic anguish & pleasures. Her ass was now responding to the brutal assault upon it & she felt herself bringing the whole universe into herself through sensations of vanquished frustration, musculatures unfolding like wild sex flowers, insane inner voids filling with the fierce nakedness of leaking fluidity. The feverishly working fingers between her legs were also bringing her to a flood, an absolute sensation of visceral panic lust, a feeling of overheated insides now signalling insane fractal shapes within her vast mind. She could only just hear the deep voice of the giant woman who continued to discourse even as she continued to rape.

'Amos Funkenstein, in the light of this, evokes irrational numbers, a number that can't be constructed by two integers: "...to the question 'is the nth number after the digit the number four?' the answer is always yes or no; I can construct the irrational number up to (n) & determine its value. Nevertheless, such a number remains non-constructible, that is, indeterminate, in its totality." And so we have Kant who declares that every concept, in regard to what is not contained in it, is indeterminate, & stands under the principle of determinability: that of every two contradictorily opposed predicates one can apply to it, which rests on the principle of contradiction & hence is a merely logical principle, which abstracts from the content of cognition, & has in view nothing but the logical form of cognition. For a thing to be, you see, for Kant it had to be "thoroughly determined." This can be summarised thus: Whatever exists is determined in every way. This is Leibnizean. Anneliesse Maier says when commenting

on Baumgarten that not only is everything that exists thoroughly determined. Rather, for Baumgarten, the inverse holds: everything that is thoroughly determined exists. "Thoroughgoing inner determination belongs to the concept of existence; it is by virtue of this determination that a real thing is distinct from a merely possible thing & also contains more than a merely possible thing." So you see, my little skinny white bitch, that's why vagueness & the indeterminate is such a big deal. The whole foundation of the Kantian objective world rests upon vagueness being dispelled.'

L-Bomb wriggled & writhed as she felt every orifice now invaded & probed by the assaulting women's giant digits. She felt the woman's hot lips kissing the back of her head, her neck, her shoulders whilst she writhed & rolled, helplessly deranged by her jissing erotic desires.

'For the Kantian every thing, as to its possibility, stands under the principle of thoroughgoing determination; according to which, among all possible predicates of things, insofar as they are compared with their opposites, one must apply to it. This thoroughgoing determination does not rest merely on the principle of contradiction, for besides considering everything in relation to contradictorily conflicting predicates, it considers every thing further in relation to the whole of possibility, as the sum total of all predicates of things in general; & by presupposing that as a condition a priori, it represents every thing as deriving its own possibility from the share it has in that whole of possibility... What this means is that in order to cognise a thing completely, one has to cognise everything possible & determine the thing through it, whether affirmatively or negatively.

'To cognise everything possible – that's what we must do – & the sum of all possibility is to cognise the supreme being, a being that contains all predicates as regards their transcendental content not merely under itself, but within itself. An individual thing is but a restriction on the whole of reality. Do you see now what this is all about skinny white girl? This is about the possibility of the divine entering the city gates & bringing everything back to order. And do you see why you are considered a threat to this project?'

For a second the giant stopped all movement. L-Bomb squirmed away a little although the fingers of the giant woman still penetrated her soft flesh. She pondered the question the giant had posed. This was what she had been waiting for. Information. The giant woman returned to working her sex frenzied fingers into the shuddering insane orgasmic flesh of L-Bomb who again groaned & writhed in the clutches of the naked assailant.

'Reason does not presuppose the existence of a being conforming to the ideal but only the idea of such a being, in order to derive from an unconditioned totality of thoroughgoing determination the conditioned totality, ie, that of the limited. For reason the ideal is thus the image of all things, which all together, as defective copies, take from the matter for their possibility, & yet although they approach more or less nearly to it,

they always fall infinitely short of reaching it.' L-Bomb gripped the ass of the giant & slipped her own fingers into the place of mysteries & began to reciprocate with all her strength.

'If we pursue this idea of ours so far as to hypostatise it, then we will be able to determine original being through the mere concept of the highest reality as a being that is singular, simple, all-sufficient, eternal etc, in a word, we will be able to determine it in its unconditioned completeness through all predications. The concept of such a being is that of God thought of in a transcendental sense, & thus the ideal of pure reason is the object of a transcendental theology.' At this the giant rolled herself over so that L-Bomb could continue to assail her hot primal ass with renewed vigour. Through gasps of violated orgasmic pleasures the giant woman managed to groan further information whilst L-Bomb now began to pleasure herself as well with her own fingers, fiercely grinding out the white-blonde torrents of liquid streams from between her powerful thighs & amazing round ass.

'This use of the transcendental idea would be overstepping the boundaries of its vocation & its permissibility... all reality... is a mere fiction, through which we encompass & realise the manifold of our ideas in an ideal.' After this the voice groaned & roared as L-Bomb brought the giant woman to torrential orgasmic cataclysm.

L-Bomb now took up the narrative with deft reverberative intellect.

'This principle of thoroughgoing determination requires a justification however. Kant finds it in his "infinite judgment." He identifies a variety of assertions. In his Vienna Logic of about 1780 he talks of quality as the relation of concepts insofar as they stand in their relation of unity with one another. So when I assert that men are mortal I affirm the mortality of men, or I think of men as they stand under the concept of mortality. When I say that no man is mortal I deny the mortality of man. If I think of man, I think of him as he is distinct from all that which is mortal.

But if I say that the soul is not mortal then I say that the soul contains nothing mortal, but also that it is contained in the sphere of everything that is not mortal. In this case something special is said, then, namely, that I do not merely exclude one concept from the sphere of another concept, but also think the concept under the whole remaining sphere, which does not belong under the concept that is excluded. This is an infinite judgment. In the infinite judgment the subject is posited in the sphere of a concept that lies outside the sphere of another. In it, I have certainly made an actual affirmation, for I have placed the soul within the unlimited domain of non-mortal things. Nothing is said by my proposition but that the soul is one of the infinite multitude of things that remain if I take away everything that is mortal. The infinite sphere of the possible is thereby limited only to the extent that that which is mortal is separated from it, & the soul is played in the remaining space of its domain. But even

with this exception, this space still remains infinite, & more parts could be taken away from it without the concept of the soul growing in the least & being affirmatively determined.'

L-Bomb could feel the weight & strength of the giant begin to fade as she continued to talk. Although much smaller in all dimensions physically than the giant black woman L-Bomb now was able to free herself from the frenzied erotic grip of the woman & begin her counter-attack. She forced herself down onto the face of the giant woman & forced her to plunge her tongue into the place of her own dark mysteries whilst she assaulted her gigantic black breasts & round superb belly. Through derangements of orgasmic mind blasts she continued to complete the information she had tricked the giant woman to reveal.

'All this owes a debt to Aristotle in his doctrine of sentences. Wolff writes that if the particle of negation (that is the Latin non) is not referred to the copula, but to the predicate, or the subject, then it is not a negative proposition, but another, which has a nature of its own which appears to be negative but is affirmative & it is called infinite. Baumgarten, Emil Arnoldt, Christian August Crusius, Johann Heinrich Lambert & Friedrich Christian Baumeister agree: Adam could non-sin. Adam could non-die. These statements are infinite, yet they are true. They are distinct from the following propositions: Adam could not sin, Adam could not die. Those statements, instead, are negative & false. Friedrich Kahrel in his *Denckkunst* of 1755 writes that a sentence by which one links two concepts is affirmative, when the sentence separates those concepts, one speaks of a sentence that is negative. When, however, the particle "not" [or non] belongs to the subject or the predicate, one has a pseudo-negation, which is in fact an affirmative sentence.'

It was at this point that L-Bomb plunged both her whole hands into the ass & place of infinite mysteries of the giant woman & brought about her own chemical stream of insane erotic orgasmic derangement. Through spasms of orgasmic détournement & howls & groans of desperate infinite pleasure & pain L-Bomb nevertheless was able to continue.

'Fumiyasu Ishikawa explained that non-A for Kant means not-A only on condition of being rather something else. Kant thought that the infinite judgment not only indicates that a subject is not included in the sphere of the predicate; rather, it indicates that it lies outside that sphere, in some infinite somewhere. This is really no sphere at all but only a sphere's sharing of a limit with the infinite, or the limiting of itself. It allows the mind to generate the complete logical space in which to think everything that is or may be according to Beatrice Longuenesse. Judgments of determination are all infinite, in order to determine a thing thoroughly, not merely to indicate the relation of connection or opposition. Yet the syllogisms of infinite judgments are contestable & often seen as a weakness: Schopenhauer thought that the infinite judgment makes use of a crotchet of the old scholastics & is an

ingeniously invented stop-gap which does not even require to be explained, a blind window, such as many others Kant made up for the sake of his architectonic symmetry.

'Peirce had no time for it, saying the infinite judgment is just one of the numerous cases in which accidents of language have affected accepted logical forms without any good reason. He thought Kant adopted it because it rounded out his triad of categories of quality. And Kemp Smith saw infinite judgments as a very artificial & somewhat arbitrary manner of announcing the discovery of the category of limitation. Language cuckolds us,' gasped L-Bomb as she collapsed onto the now wailing, defeated form of the giant woman sprawled below her. Or so she thought.

Suddenly the giant woman's fist swung through the air & knocked L-Bomb across the room. Like a huge bear the giant woman sprung after the stricken naked body of L-Bomb who crashed against the far wall. Pressing her whole body against L-Bomb the giant began to crush her smaller victim, whilst reverting to gripping her between the legs in a vicious assault. Once more L-Bomb was overwhelmed by intense desire & liquid dreams of insane erotic quiverings. She groaned helplessly in the hands of the mighty woman who's black, sweaty & hot flesh pressed against hers like an immovable sexual forcefield

'You're wrong to dismiss the infinite judgment as just a bewitchment of language. Kant held that 'the soul is not mortal' & 'the soul is non-mortal' differed not in logical but in transcendental content. The infinite judgment restricts the sphere of predication & the positing of the thing in the infinite logical space of its total determination. In his Opus Postumum Kant says that the thoroughgoing determination that is here thought cannot be given, for it extends to an infinity of empirical determinations. Only on the concept of One object of possible experience – which is not derived from any experience, but rather, makes it possible – is objective reality necessarily granted to the outer sense-object, not synthetically, but analytically, according to the principle of identity,' roared the giant woman.

L-Bomb had all the info she needed from this final salvo. Clearly the forces that were invading were out to instantiate some sort of Kantian goon deity. It would be bad. She suddenly swerved her body out of reach of the giant naked woman. Gently she stroked the woman's head & the invading force was immediately expelled. Without waking the tranced-out giant she dressed both her & herself & then dreamed them both out on the street again, just as before. The fat neighbour was now awake & chatting as she always did, loudly & firmly, about whatever was happening in her neck of the woods. All that remained was a slight sense of erotic desire strangely directed at the tiny sexy white girl who lived across the way.

L-Bomb was riding her bike through the wild stirrings of the daylight air. Gulls screamed from the sky. Anthony's ghost was waiting to tell her

what he'd discovered. But she was thinking, thinking as she rode towards the churchyard.

'I am: this is the logical act which precedes all representation of the object; it is a verbum by which I posit myself. I exist in space & time as appearances according to the formal conditions for the connection of the manifold in intuition; I am both an outer & inner object for myself.' But then she veered away from her initial port of call & decided to ride down to the park outside Bethnal Green Station. There was a little café near there she liked to write in occasionally. There was a sweet & sexy girl who often worked there too who researched trauma therapies & religion. Perhaps she would be able to give L-Bomb a steer as to where to go next.

But as she rode on she noticed the sky growing black. A storm was coming. This wasn't going to be good, she thought. But something flitted across her brow, & she slyly grinned into the oncoming gloom as her thighs pounded on.



When you take a bike like this, & a ride through Victoria Park like this, well, we're going to be entering a concourse as ever one that haunted the slopes of Parnassus – here be alligators, albatrosses, biscuit worms, bubbles of ice, daemons of the elements, frost-needles, phosphorescent light, gooseberries, blueberries, blackberries, loganberries, fog, smoke, sun, breeze, sand, waters, Eavotian ducks, Canadian aeese, starlinas, meteors, tributaries, the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come, heavy distant thunder, alobes dangerously gaitated, white parcels of cloud, blue bells, shining shapes on the surface of the lake, dilemmas, streams, neither sea, nor sky, nor air, nor fire, bracken fern, rainbow trees, the never blossomless furze, thick foliage of dark green, milkwhite flowers. extremities of branches unviolated as yet by humankind, a wildernessplot full of people, female watches in a compost of mud, earth, grass & herbage, slender long elastic pendules at the extremities of every branch, something brownish purple & scattered, a floral season that comes & goes, never fading bees, birds, buds, twigs, running water like a miniaturised Tiber of Ovid's days, smells of musk, dung, shit, sweet herbs, stalk grass, lichens & crowds & thick thick warbles of sound, love chants, soul music, a maniac in the wood, a cottage wall, some strangers, three persons, one soul where chaos precedes cosmos, some gibbet, some throne, all in the light, then in the curve under a small moon, a high monodrama that in wild hues of violent colours stands still, in the eye, like a robber concealed in a room, frozen in an uncanny beauty that murmurs around the honeydropping flowers. L-Bomb sees all this as she rides through the park, a strange mixture of elation & desire too obscure to be named, captured, or presented in language. She rides as if her eves were closed to every object of present sense & open to a new sense, sunnier & stiller, so anything she said would have to be cryptic.

There's a tea shop near water. She sits with her bike besides her & looks at a grandiose cosmos, makes an accurate computation of 90 million mite eggs in each pigeon's eye, drinks her green potion tasting of dew drops blended together on a blossom of new-blown Rose.

She recalls Isaac Watts' poem about his own death: 'Yet nature's wheel will on without control/The sun will rise, & tuneful spheres will roll,/And the two nightly bears walk round round & watch the pole.' What L-Bomb had was a biological poetics that breathed a gothic understanding to nature, the kind that Darwin himself knew — '...though it may appear incredible, that from fifteen to eighteen miles round this tree, not only no human creature can exist, but that, in that space of ground, no living animal of any kind has ever been discovered. I have also been assured by several persons of veracity, that there are no fish in the waters, nor has my rat, mouse, or any other vermin, been seen there; & while any birds fly so near this tree that the effluvia reaches them, they all fall from the effects of the poison.'

The Hydra-Tree of death of which Darwin wrote was tucked up inside her head, a ruffian thought, a kind of murder, like Mars rising over the gibbet.

L-Bomb liked to sit & watch. Her mind was able to find the vast limbo between the chitter chatter of the crowds, mainly young folk, some lovers, some sick to their stomachs with life because they couldn't reach where she could – she liked to listen & beamed thoughts of comfort into their heads, & smiled at their dogs. She had these powers. Always smiled because what she overheard confirmed it: when a person is unhappy they write damned bad poetry. She spawned plans like a herring. She could laugh at herself.

L-Bomb was of course not alone. She'd gone to the coffee shop & the pretty researcher was there. After a brief & intense conversation they'd left & were now sitting in the park looking over the lake.

'Ok, so what you're asking about is the notion of the origin of Evil,' said the honey skinned girl from the coffee shop.

'I'm able to see what would be good. It seems so simple to me. I have strange powers as you know,' said L-Bomb.

'But then you surely can see that we don't. Having the powers that you have. So our ignorance is the cause of evil?' suggested the other girl.

'Well, you can get some way. People don't seem to want to try. It's because they've been told a pack of bullshit. You can get to near enough where I am with just a better diet,' said L-Bomb.

'Six gallons of water. Twelve pounds of sugar, half a pound of ginger, eighteen lemons & beetroot. You told me last time,' laughed the girl.

'Well, all I'm saying is that discrepancies between high & low are the stuff of consciousness. I'm a scientist as well as everything else. I can give you the information. I could give everyone the information. But not today. As I explained in the café, there's something evil coming into the city. I feel it very strongly. I think even here something very bad is happening.'

'What, here in the park?' said the girl who began to feel a little uncomfortable & glanced around.

'Get two strong faithful men,' said L-Bomb. Her companion looked askance.

'Two what?

'What?' L-Bomb looked perplexed.

'You said something about getting faithful men,' said the honey-skinned girl. L-Bomb had no recollection but bit her lip & stayed silent.

'Tell me about your nightmares,' said L-Bomb.

'My nightmares? I don't... I didn't say I had nightmares,' said the honey-skinned girl.

'I see wonders everyday. I see inside the leaf of trees a whole cosmos. Somedays I sit & look across at the trees & they seem fetched from colours of a lost island in the South Seas. They open up whole new hymns to the sun & moon, the elements, & they are there, a new genesis without agony, without

pain but intense as any wild apocalypse. And gentle, fearless, romantic in a matter of fact way, as if what we have most days is just marginalia, & here was the full book. These phantasmagoria I see every day. I touch them. I smell them. I hear them. I speak to them. So you see, I know you are having nightmares & I don't think they are meant for you,' said L-Bomb.

'What do you mean?' asked the honey-skinned girl.

'They're messages being sent to me. Tell me about your nightmare.'

'A small boy. An idiot. He talks to the grandfather clock. He thinks it's alive. Then it's gone. He is in a field & is sure it's dead so he's digging with his hands. And I'm there for some reason & am famished. It's a rainstorm. I'm shouting at him, my face up against him & he turns his head & his scream is fear. I then wake,' said then honey skinned girl.

'Grey faced? Thinnish? Asymmetrical face? An orange thick jumper, wellington boots?' asked L-Bomb but she already knew.

The park seemed bathed in beautiful colours, warm & lush red, blue & green waves of strange lights that sprinkled over the faces of everyone she could see.

'Nimrod,' said the honey skinned girl. L-Bomb looked at her face.

'Nimrod?' she repeated.

'You want the origin of evil. Nimrod. The first King to teach idolatry, persecuted for religion's sake, the first to wear a crown having seen one in Heaven, & made war for conquest... A maniac who walked round & round. The alchemist & his alchemy turning drossy lead to gold. All based on vengeance. All below the consciousness from which they emerged. The charged & electrical atmosphere of Cain, the first killer. Hovering clouds & shadowy presences... is that it? You see things, but I do too. There are secret influences in all this, escaping from the dark confines despite good intentions. No single fragment of concrete reality in the array before us is in itself of such far-reaching import as the sense of that hovering cloud of shadowy presences, is it?' said the honey skinned girl, & she was afraid.

'You saw all that in the eyes of the frightened boy?' asked L-Bomb gently. She too sensed a darkening, a fearfulness switching the lights down across the park – a dusky light, a purple flash, crystalline & blue, green lightenings.

'I study these things,' grinned the honey skinned girl, trying to stay calm. 'Plato had his doctrine of pre-existence & the parable of the cave.'

'Well, philosophy from this angle is more like a shroud, a very strange cashmere. This stuff is needing something more like geography,' commented the honey skinned girl.

Night fell. The tea shop closed. Crowds drifted away. Lonesome individuals & couples moved around as if in a soft lullaby. Yet to L-Bomb every track & canal was a flash of golden fire, luminous flames in the tree light, she could see moving around shining fishes the colour of rainbows,

like the sort that vast waves in snow-storms bring. She looked to the sky, the horned moon with a bright star on its nether tip shone, two candles fluxed, a still & awful red coiled & swam across the scene. She rolled her powerful sexy shoulders & flexed her biceps to loosen herself to the very rich attire of the night. Her honey skinned girl friend had gone back to her flat by Bethnal Green Station & L-Bomb slowly pedalled across the park & saw everything like shadows of a big ship, blue, glossy, green & velvet black in elfish light. Water snakes moved across the park waters, stanzas of rays from the moon.

L-Bomb was drifting along using her uncanny powers of association. She sensed the lovers in the park, the intense telescoping of supernatural tension associated & streaming together in coalescing battalions. The hooks & eyes of memory were bright, shining & sharp with L-Bomb. At a certain point she dismounted & was filled with a luminous appearance of fearful recollections. She pushed aside the impression of the lovers & became alert & receptive. Here, during the Second World War, Victoria Park was largely closed to the public & effectively became one huge Ack-Ack site. The gun emplacements conveniently straddled the path of German Luftwaffe bombers looping north west after attacking the docks & warehouses further south in what is now Tower Hamlets, & so the park was of some strategic importance. Vortices appeared & disappeared nightly, & great savage lights made luminous tracks into the sky.

It was artificial fire in an artificial sky but the violence brought a rotting to it all. The scene was gelatinous, almost globular, a white & shining appearance but inside the streams were burnished glossy creatures, appearing like burning fires, pale, green in the dark glowing lucid night, like hellish water-snakes inverted, sky bound, bringing a carnage in shadowed livery.

Prisoner of war camps were erected along the north eastern edge parallel to Victoria Park Road & were used to house both Germans & Italians. An air raid shelter was built underground just inside St Marks Gate. L-Bomb stood at the very spot & visioned the place as it had been back then, a little peaceable community of alligators. She looked & could see the grey boy figure sitting alone, clutching his knees to his chin, his wide eyes streaming tears, the scales of gold, the palest golden tears streaming out. All around the boy were serpents, adders, snakes, green, yellow, black, white, some party coloured, half a yard & a half, or two yards, living sublimations.

'Fuck, what are you doing there? How are you there?' muttered L-Bomb. She recognised the boy & his grey dying face. It was the boy from the cancer ward. But younger. Yet the eyes were unmistakable. On 15 October 1940 a bomb made a direct hit, trapping around a hundred inside & killing fifteen.

This was then Now

The boy looked back at her.

'The water snake keeps his head above the water whilst swimming,' he mumbled through the sweet tears.

'I read that in *The History of the Buccaneers of America* & a whole lot about fishes too,' he added. Fires blazed up all around him yet there was no sound, nothing to see. L-Bomb moved towards the little lost figure but it faded away.

Anti-aircraft activity in the park has been implicated in the crowd panic that caused the Bethnal Green tube disaster of 1943. Some eyewitness accounts have led to the suggestion that, after several air raid alerts, the panic run for shelter was caused by a gigantic explosion of noise from the direction of the park. A BBC documentary on the event suggests that this was due to the first firing of the new Z-Battery anti-aircraft rockets. It was not until 50 years after the disaster that a discreet commemorative plaque was erected at the site.

The crush at Bethnal Green is thought to have been the largest single loss of civilian life in the UK in the Second World War & the largest loss of life in a single incident on the London Underground network. The largest number killed by a single wartime bomb was 107 at Wilkinson's Lemonade Factory in North Shields in 1941, though there were many more British civilians killed in single bombing raids.

Although the deaths were not due to enemy action, the 173 dead are all recorded by name by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission among the 527 civilian war dead in the Bethnal Green Municipal Borough. All are recorded as "Died in Tube Shelter accident." L-Bomb dismounted at the station & recalled these raw materials. All she saw as she stood by the side of the busy road were shadows of the past. Beyond them there were their tracks of shining white, rearing in elfish light, falling with hoary flakes. Staring down the steps towards the tube below she saw a deep that never was & must ever be. Something like that. Fused by an imaginative vision her whole body was being shaped by a terrible sadness, something strong & real as the Azores, sea snakes off the South Seas, dolphins off strong seas in West Wales, memories that weren't hers but everyone's. As if in a clearing the vestibule of consciousness drew her to a state of nascent existence in the twilight of the imagination, & there on the step, crouched in long coat & a cap, she saw the boy again.

It was a sort of conscious recollection, some type of separate & distinct multicoloured recombination, inexplicable but true. In a magic blending broken up, like light in a spectrum, a strange miracle of unity, L-Bomb was caught up by the enormous sadness & fear that seemed to swim from the little figure. She was overwhelmed by a confluence of influences which weren't hers, or rather, were not hers alone. The boy represented a group of facts & had established a centre, as it were, a sort of nucleus in her reservoir

of the soul. She sat on the top step. People pushed past her, up & down. They saw nothing.

'Can you hear me?' she gently asked the boy. The boy's pale grey face didn't register anything. L-Bomb felt tears running down her own cheeks. She stared hard at the boy, into his grey small eyes that seemed to look instantly out of the chaos of elements or shattered fragments of memory. And it seemed as if L-Bomb saw herself sitting there, sitting quite alone on the step, fallen in a kind of swoon of time into a deep well of unconscious recognition. The figure was something germinating, expanding, dimly & occultly, like a plant sprouting from under a stone, something subliminally deep, in the dark neither boy, nor snake, nor anything else.

'I dragged the deeps for submerged treasures. My gift is that I can mould the bewildering chaos,' she mumbled.

'You ok darling?' asked a commuter. She smiled, waved him off.

She pulled herself up & saw the boy again. This time he was by a church next to the station, near the black railings. She sped away on her bike to where the honey-skinned girl lived just across from the station.

'Ok, this is what is happening. Jonah, Tobit, Nimrod, Ham & the uncanny legends of the antediluvian world seems to be what you're channelling,' explained the scholar girl.

'Dew-drops blended together on the bosom of a new-blown rose...' said L-Bomb, astonished by her own words.

'You see the boy in places of intense trauma. And now you say it's not just the boy. You're there too,' summarised the honey skinned girl.

'I'm a scientist not fucking mad,' snarled L-Bomb.

'Henri Poincaré writes about what happens to the soul of a mathematician. He's dealing with the part which the subliminal ego plays in mathematical discovery & with the relation of that unconscious element to conscious intellectual activities, before & after. You've studied more deeply than most how this all works. Why are you so worried about the mad element?' said the honey skinned girl.

'Hell, it's not mad, you're right, but all these emotions coming through tire me. We can hold contradictory beliefs simultaneously; for example you can believe that you are good at your job, & that you're not good at your job, at the same time. I can believe that consciousness exists beyond the mind & is merely channelled by it at the same time that I can hold a belief that consciousness is generated by the mind. In meditation, mantras are used to focus & augment a particular belief in order to promote a particular mind state. Human beings are a mess of contradictions. So I think that what we believe is as voluntary as anything else... is anything we do truly voluntary...?' L-Bomb said.

'Is the boy friendly or an ugly gargoyle?' asked the honey-skinned girl. 'He's a sudden illumination. Something that contributed to my

happiness this afternoon in the park was a deep-seated sense that the universe is fundamentally friendly. Way ago I saw an evil-looking gargoyle lurking in my plants at home. This afternoon I remembered what happened when I asked it what it was here to show me & the way it opened up into a beatific smiling cherub,' said L-Bomb.

'Was this the same thing? Was the boy the cherub?' asked the honey skinned girl.

'Hmmm. I don't know. He's the boy from the cancer ward, only younger. And something is scaring him. Every time he's scared. And then he turned into me.'

'Is that normal?' asked the honey skinned girl.

'No' said L-Bomb.

The war destroyed many of the parks' beautiful early features, three lodges including the Bonner Lodge were completely reduced to rubble. The palm house was shattered, St Augustine's Church collapsed in on itself & the pagoda, Moorish shelter & lido were all damaged. With finances tight after the war ended these were sadly torn down rather than repaired.

'I think the evil is very near & this is all connected,' said L-Bomb after a while. She looked at the honey skinned girl & felt a great warmth towards her. Her own skin tingled & glowed with fancy & sentimental luminous desires, L-Bomb liked to provoke & attract, organise the space & time so that she controlled the subordination & attraction of whoever she wanted to mingle with. She stood & slowly pulled off her t-shirt & let the candle light play across her pale skin, her curvy breasts, the shock of blonde hair that ran down to her sublime shoulders. This was the very disorder that permits of unexpected couplings. The honey skinned airl stroked L-Bomb's back & reached her hands into her leggings & knickers. Her fingers slowly plunged into the place of mysteries between her legs. L-Bomb sighed a fierce groan of pleasure. She lowered her face & the honey skinned girl kissed her with an open ferocious mouth & scorching lips, a kiss demanding discipline, attention, will & consciousness. L-Bomb let herself be pulled to the couch where the honey skinned girl pulled her leggings down & revealed the tangible strength of her luminous thighs & writhing ass. Throwing her onto her face the honey skinned girl squeezed the naked ass as she pulled down the knickers & hammered great dissolving images of orgasmic bliss into the place of all mysteries.

L-Bomb screamed in demented pleasure pain as again & again the honey skinned girl brought her to screaming orgasmic insanity. Finally L-Bomb could hold back no longer & twisted round to rip the honey skinned girl's skirt from her. For a split second L-Bomb stared at the round ass & legs before she fiercely pulled down the white knickers & tossed the girl beneath her own powerful squeezing thighs. She sat on the girl's face & felt the subordinated girl's wild tongue writhe & wriggle within her own drenched

place of mysteries whilst she rocked back & forth & plunged her own fingers into the honey skinned girl between her wild thighs. Cries of hallucinatory orgasmic bliss rent the room.

L-Bomb arabbed the honev skinned airl & fiercely drew her over her knee. With cruel delight she brought her frenzied lusts that mirrored the dream world & hallucinatory hooked atoms of her day to the task & spanked the writhing fleshy ass of the squealing girl whilst finaering her place of mysteries. She worked her hands & mouth with stealth & a kind of invisible momentum, a restless cacophony of sex exclamations, moving in precise rhythm with the honey skinned girl, rubbing & caressing the hard-nippled expanse of her breasts & her dripping places of mystery in delirious spasmodic movement. L-Bomb used her powerful sinuous body to rock the honey skinned airl & herself in to simultaneous orgasmic bliss. allocating the time to multiple sexual constellations, trailing the sleeping images of sea snake & dolphin across the ass & breast curves of both the blissed out babe & herself. With orgasmic tumult the honey skinned girl was losing herself in a deranged fluidic outburst as L-Bomb worked her vigorously to create a deranged sensory seism of perversity & voracity. Her naked honey skinned acolyte aujvered & found a psychotic fervour that L-Bomb suddenly felt she needed. The honey skinned airl hurled abuse at L-Bomb & grabbing her knickers brought her to her knees before pushing her fiercely against the wall & stuffing them into L-Bomb's awesome ass, a spectacle that drove the honey skinned girl into a wild ejaculation of orgasmic bliss & sent frenzied cataclysmic neural oblivion from ass to brain & back in L-Bomb, resulting in multiple orgasm & ecstasy beyond the foundations of human existence

Like a gladiatorial combat the two girls began to wrestle in a frenzy of sexual euphoria. L-Bomb grabbed a wooden spoon & began to lash the ass of her faux adversary & then lunged it into her place of divine mysteries in a searing narcotic frenzy & then into her ass itself. Powerful hallucinogens seemed to fizz from L-Bomb's very skin, & the honey skinned airl's mind was now filled with beautiful & strangely suggestive shapes & colours whilst L-Bomb used her as a slavering & copulating dream charm. The night's spectacle wasn't over though. New deliriums washed through the honey skinned airl & L-Bomb let her be blindfolded & held down whilst her own knickers were committed to her own place of mysteries whilst the thunderous adulation of the honey skinned girl pulsated her neural adulation, insatiably rolling her hips into L-Bomb in a pulsing sensory lustful of multiple acts of deranged & deviant sexual furore. The darkness of the blindfold, the anonymous scent & scene of the debauchery left L-Bomb wildly aware of every sensation flooding her in as a fantastic neural debauchery. Her frenzied orgasmic bliss shuddered every atom of her body as her ass, breasts & place of divine mysteries were assaulted by her honey skinned lover in scorchingly hallucinatory bursts of intoxicated desire & sex barbarism over & over again.

After the shamanic frenzy the two lovers lay in candle light with the delirious cacophony of their bacchanal still rushing through the metamorphic atmosphere. The magical symmetry of their sexual activity brought parti-coloured radiance into the shadows, an exquisite structural balance that seemed to have each of them answer the other, fuck upon fuck, like a physical antiphon, a chaos of sensualities thronged from recesses usually held in check by sleep. Theirs had been a subliminal coupling, where impressions disintegrate & move together again in an endless flux. L-Bomb smoked some weed shaping her spirit, calming it by imposing on the swirling dance of reminiscences a limpid clarity of form. The crying boy was the cancer boy. And at a deeper level she had penetrated the image & seen a little grey eyed girl inside it. She had seen everything.

'There's a monstrous thing coming. It's somewhere close,' she thought to herself. She leapt to her feet, kissed the sleeping honey skinned girl & rode past St Johns & back towards her flat. The sun was coming up shining red & white fires across the sky.



Early the next day she met with Anthony the ghost at the cemetery wall. He told her that the threat lay somewhere in the nearby London Fields Lido which had been closed since April or something.

She retired to her flat & lay on her wide coach & saw in a distinct, vivid spectrum upon her grey eyes a picture, a rock, a cove or small bay, & cottages upon a sloping cliff, with rolling slate waves below. Ben Johnson the Elizabethan playwright had spent a whole night staring at his big toe & saw there Tartars & Turks, Romans & Carthaginians fight in his imagination. What pictures were coming to L-Bomb? Vast waves of snow storms in the Cape of Good Hope. The tops of the waves made a sort of rain & the sun painted rainbows on them. It looks like fog. And this small bay. And someone swimming out to sea in it. And a dolphin.

The room was filled with glowing light, brighter than snow needles, & warmer. A strange sea bow of spectrum beauty showed the atoms of the sunshine through the kettle steam. But something cooled the atmosphere. She microdosed although she knew her whole body had long ago absorbed the lessons of the chemicals & was now a self-sufficient system, capable of maintaining a vast awareness over complex distances of both space & time, a hot chemical factory that poised her body & mind above an infinitely extended mass of sensual powers.

The Lido had been shut down for restoration works just before the start of the summer, so everyone had been informed by notices from the council. According to them, '...tiles had begun to come away from the Olympic-sized outdoor pool, popular with hipsters, last year leading the council to install temporary barriers to provide protection to swimmers. However, now a contractor has been secured the summer hotspot will close fully to allow an entire tile replacement to get underway. Indoor changing rooms & the main reception area will also be fully refurbished, a council spokesman confirmed...'

L-Bomb listened to music as she absorbed the curious news. At one point her attention fell on some repeated dirge line from Nick Cave – 'a shroud, a shroud' – whilst she also wondered about the eerie line she had spoken in the park the previous day which had seemingly come from nowhere. 'Get two strong faithful men.' Goethe speaks of the Gesprache, the daemonic, the inscrutable power through which without our will our winged thoughts & apercus stand unannounced before us like veritable children of God & cry out 'Here we are.' Goethe knew, however, that the daemonic is not the only factor in creation. L-Bomb's old German soul retraced Goethe's knowledge of the French game Codille, remembering his lines: '…in which the fall of the dice is to a large degree decisive, but in which it is left to the skill of the player to meet the situation thus created' which linked to Epictetus writing of dice players 'carefully & skilfully making use of what is thrown'

She prowled around, picked up a book & then flung it away. She sat under the sky in her discrete back yard & felt her spontaneous architectonic imagination moving, sua sponte, among the scattered fragments, the draping flowers that tumbled from the walls & pots latent in their confusion, their untroubled beauty labyrinthic & deranged in a natural luminosity of pinks, reds & lime as if the objects around her there – the circular table, the multi-coloured hammock, the garden chairs, the shed, fire bowl – latent in their confusion as I said, might help her discern a pattern in the whole. The steep wall that rose above might be a mournful exhibition of misdirected ingenuity, curbed & ruddered by its sheer scale, it's towering nature, but it was exactly its enormity, it's alien, inhuman scale that held L-Bomb's clustering associations & urgency. Beauty, as has often been said, springs from unlovely origins.

She'd made a call & the guy now sat with a cold beer & a spliff, tousled hair & his guitar. The waistcoat dazzled. L-Bomb hadn't known what the hell she was supposed to make of the 'two strong faithful men' – to be honest the idea of 'faithful' reminded her of what dogs & slaves should be. Radar was complaining about some gig that had turned foul in the North but was happy to be sitting there where for him L-Bomb represented a kind of quintessence of things.

'Yea, but what you need to ask – seems to me – is what the fuck is the nature of the original unity between being & thinking, between physis & logos?' he grinned, flashing her that comely smile he had. L-Bomb frowned as she thought of the question.

'Since when did you get all philosophical?' she laughed.

'We got separated – like physis & logos. It gives you motivation for wondering about all this living,' he replied, apparently resolved to take drastic measures & impress her. To be honest he had never wanted to leave L-Bomb & the break up had been confusing & kind of sublimated. But L-Bomb could feel herself getting irritated by the faithful man. It just didn't seem the right thing.

'That's easy Radar. Don't start getting all sentimental on me. I'm not hard hearted but you never did see that the separation was essential, a necessary separation.' It wasn't clear whether she was talking about philosophy or them.

'Give us a hint,' said Radar, his eyes suddenly shifty & saddening.

'What was the nature of the connection in the first place for philosophy? Logos was interpreted in the light of logic & as soon as that happened any chance of getting to unify thinking with Greek Being was cursed. What do logos & legein mean if not thought & to think? Logos means the word, discourse, & legein means to speak, as in dialogue & monologue. But in its origin logos didn't mean speech. It had no fundamental relation to meaning. The German word 'lesen' means 'to collect, gather, read,' in the

strict sense 'to put one thing with another, to bring together, to gather whilst simultaneously marking one off against the other.'

Nick Cave was blathering on in the background, in hymnals of poetic infancy & in the summer cool light, a limed metaphysical herring gull spooling round & round high above, L-Bomb felt deep springs of emotion, embryos of birth pangs, fatal necessities, sublime enumerations of all the charms of the charmers, unforeseen fulfilment, unexecuted projects, the very fabric of living like rainbows on her kitchen wall, or the white silent light stirring through the rooms, the great outdoor spaces: 'I was your lover & I was your man. Never was no other' sang Cave.

Radar sucked on the strong spliff & nodded as he listened, to L-Bomb's voice all blended with the music.

'Logos had not begun to think of it in terms of discourse & speaking. Even when it did get transformed it retained that original idea of relation to one another'

'So how did logos & being get connected for the Greeks?' asked Radar. For him, properties were God, the naked mass like destiny. I think that was the spliff thinking.

Being in the sense of physis is the power that emerges. Contrasts with becoming, it is permanence, permanent presence. Contrasted with appearance, it is appearing, manifest presence.' She was channelling her Heidegger, weaving it into the fabric of all this & finding immense significance in the uncanniness of the conversation, the kind of which they'd never had before but nevertheless seemed natural, easy & obviously required.

The sun fell, the moon rose. Oddly the talk didn't seemed clogged with abstractions

'Once you see that logos is about gathering together, you can understand the notion of 'being' in terms of the original collecting collectingness which is in itself permanently dominant – & then BANG – you can see how they join up,' said L-Bomb.

'We must not act & speak as if asleep,' agreed Radar.

'And that's where the idea of speech comes in,' confirmed L-Bomb.

'Huh?'

'Hear the logos: all is one,' whispered L-Bomb.

'Ah '

'That's how logos can be taken as something audible. A kind of speaking.'

'Yea, but it's got fuck all to do with our ears yea?' grinned Radar, his genial face was now a kind of pretty maundering engulfed by L-Bomb's slow dance movements as she responded to the night, its music, the spliff, the blue, green & pink oils of the dark, the twinkling lights in the windows in the flats just beyond, compound bright monads, where they both swayed,

L-Bomb & Radar, her thoughts swift & expansive, now Hazlitt's '...like an eagle dallying with the wind,' whilst his floundered a little, fell back into a self absorption that engulfed him in self-charmed waters of dynamical reflexive consciousness.

'Logos is the steady gathering of being. My problem with you Radar my darling is that you always thrash around amidst the essents, always supposing that what is most tangible is what you must grasp, so you grasp what is closest to you. You gather only yourself to yourself & this prevents you from reaching out to what is gathered together in itself, & it makes it impossible for you to hear Being accordingly,' she whispered through the many hued shapeless mass of reminiscences. It was one hell of a dancy trippy conversation.

Radar nodded as if he grasped it.

'So what do you see, what do you hear?' he asked forlornly.

'A phonetic sound disclosing everything gathering itself,' she replied. And here was her definition of faithful men – dogs barking at everyone they don't know.

'The most beautiful world is like a heap of rubble, tossed down in confusion' she said, channelling Heraclitus & his vision of the essent being hurled back & forth from one opposition to another. Being is the gathering of this conflict & unrest.

'Shitbaas' she ejaculated & stood suddenly outside the herald smoke of the spliff, with tears dripping from her fierce grey eyes, coiling water snakes on her smooth lovely cheeks or like ill-omened white flames. Her legs & ass were forming delicious existential points of the compass, sexual fundamentals, her arms snaked like marsh fires absorbing the whole world, her phosphorescent breasts now hard-nippled, her torso participating in the directions of a spatial orientation that was unearthly, & everything dripped hot sex, playing with the shimmering ambiguity of that erotic carnal body, Gabriel Marcel's ambiguity of the body seen as a double relation - something we both have & are. Her hands touched her own skin as if someone else, an exterior possession & essential interior essent, & she began to lick & taste her own salty lips as she delighted in the orgiastic possibilities of her own existence, the conflict of her own coiled sexual desire, its onanistic probabilities & fantasies, the self inflicted rape & unifying that now erupted in her potent consciousness that reached out to the bewildering gathering transactions of existential conflict & unity.

She groaned as her own fingers caressed her place of secret mysteries in a slow uncoiled delirium of sexual play, tempest tossed, peaking, pining, a sparkling blaze of hot sexual energies, da sein, I'm here, here... an apparition of herself as a little sparkling blaze, shooting from shroud to shroud, half the hungering night, her hands now furiously fluttering substances, night moths of pretty azure whiteness beating strangely against

the nighttime liquids between her legs & her perfect ass, laying now on her back in her hammock gently swimming on tides of the early dawn light airs, now on her belly whilst the cool breezes caressed her exposed ass & thighs beneath the swirling joyous spin of the London sky.

Radar lay sleeping inside, having never made it back from the kitchen area after going in to get more MDMA & a beer. He dreamed of death fires, skipping about dead thistles, a girl in fever & vast expanses of music, sinking ships, reeling & routing storm sounds raging from his passionate guitar work, continually at a level of noise & itch that brought a huge smile to everyone there in the circus tent, bubbles of sound, orchestrated consciousness that drew everyone to him, an imaginative synthesis sweeping him along in a glorious engagement with his own extended cock that gushed its semen over the adoration of the night, drenched everyone like a snail slime fish whose knob may be compared with summer straw hats, & has round its belly seven brown small threads like spun silk or like the threads that fly in the air about Autumn.

He hated Autumn. His dream combined eerily with his body now becoming like a pumpkin with six ribs, white as milk, his cock now the quill of a goose, a funnel, a straw, the backbones of a snake, a rainbow, a fountain of milk & cloud – & in the dream L-Bomb beams herself down onto his magical stalk, seems to swim along it, taking it into her place of mysteries with a pale luminous look of fantastical, unearthly sexual love, filling with a million million carnival liquids until she becomes covered in the endless stream of cloudy semen white moon amanicules. Her intense ass & thighs rock back & forth, her nipples hard & dripping the oiled golden sweat of synthetic & magical powers, an ascent of the moving moon, blue & glossy shimmerings across her swaying ferociously sexed body, eyes tight closed in a hush of dissolving brooding light, sex becoming like a hymn to the drooling mysteries, all of them, he knew, too far for him to find.

By midday he'd staggered off & her other faithful man, Dave 3rd, had arrived, bearded & shaggy haired, looking like a pre-Raphaelite Christ hippy or Captain Cook as ocular spectra, lurid & panoramic, full of vortices of benign light. The atmosphere lifted. In between his arrival & Radar leaving L-Bomb had tramped up the wall of the outside of her flat like Adam West & Burt Ward in the camp tv Batman episodes, right up to the pent house top where she had surveyed London. She saw its oiliness, its smashy matter, fat air, its titanic city force like she was standing on the ridge of a wild volcano precipice, a smoke & philosophical energy physically realised wet with its morning dew, shining creatures, & barking dogs, traffic, road works, cauldrons of pitch & tar stink, armies of the dead creeping along out of the immediate sight of the living, cars like flaming meteors, half of the night, & all her weird seven times nine girlfriends staring up to her from wherever they were, seeing her even through walls, vast distances, times, pricked

awake by the intensity of L-Bomb's flashing mind flickering ominously as if in flight, so high above near the shooting star London airport planes, clouds, pigeons, insane gulls that they might have feared for her had they not adored her.

Still a bit blinky from the heavy spliffs & alcohol – never her favourite drug at the best of times – L-Bomb listened as Dave 3rd worked up his thesis coming from a different angle, the Christianised spirituality of the New Testament logos. It struck L-Bomb that despite everything here was another slave dog self serving thesis. Logos here was not essent as in Heraclitus, the gathering of the conflicting, but a singular essent, the son of Man, the mediator between God & mankind. So now we had this creation doctrine of Philo giving logos the role of mediator. But Dave 3rd was such a lovely guy she had to smile & loved his erudition.

'The Greek translation of the Old Testament logos signifies word, 'word' in the definite meaning of command & commandment – 'hoi deka logoi' – the ten commandments of God. Logos is angelos, the herald, the messenger, who hands down commands. 'Logos tou staurou' is the word of the cross, & the proclamation of the cross is Christ himself, redemption, eternal life,' he said. She was playing Abattoir Blues loudly. 'Get Ready For Love' was the threatening refrain.

'Well Dave, that sounds fucked,' L-Bomb laughingly retorted. And he laughed back.

'Everyone's a bloody Heideggerian these days,' he said.

'I met a Kantian the other day actually,' L-Bomb said.

'Fucking Kant,' grinned Dave.

'Actually Heidegger is useless when it comes to sex & the body. He hardly mentions either,' said L-Bomb, her mind suspecting Dave $3^{\rm rd}$ might have something to say.

'Yea, Sartre's much better. Mind you, he sees interpersonal relations as being inherently self-frustrating.'

'Shitbags,' laughed L-Bomb.

'He sees the body not as an item in the world but as a world user. And we see the body as a whole. It's not a thing but a person. He says, 'My body is there not only as the point of view which I am but again as a point of view on which are actually brought to bear points of view which I could never take; my body escapes me.' This is why Sartre thinks we're alienated from our bodies & from this comes our shyness, shame, embarrassment because we're aware of our bodies not as it is for ourselves but as it is for others.'

'Wow, if that's what he really thinks then it's going to be very frustrating to have relations with anyone else,' said L-Bomb, trying to imagine what that must be like

'Yea, it's through love that we try & escape being an object to the other according to Sartre. Love is the attempt to be assimilated. Crawl right into

the other. But you can't, according to Sartre, just do it on your own. The other has to love you too. And to be loved, you have to do things that make you loveable to the other.'

"Wow, that's possessive love if ever anything is. An endless ambiguous & frustrating oscillation between love & hatred – the desire to possess & be possessed," said L-Bomb & felt a little bitterness of recognition. Relationships she remembered from her past were blending like phantoms with this, were becoming strange congeries of shining simulacra, streaming together & being modified.

'Sartre thinks that any satisfaction from fucking is dispersed by its consummation'

'Wow. Heavy. That's a real downer of a point of view,' said L-Bomb.

'Yea, well, Sartre's isn't the final existential word on sex. I'm just saying that he has a lot to say compared to Heidegger.'

'What do other existentialists say then? Come on Dave, cheer me up,' laughed L-Bomb.

'Arthur Gibson sees sex as more than just ecstatic but as being total, a total sharing of being. Berdyaev says human sex is the mystery of the total contact between existents. Sexuality is not just biological but has an ontological dimension. Buber's I-Thou relation becomes in sex total contact & total mutuality.'

'Ok' nodded L-Bomb.

'It's got to be said though, existentialists do seem to think that all human relationships, including sex, are badly distorted. Kierkegaard saw society as the crowd, reducing the individual to a mere fraction. Our lives are dominated by others, but they deprive us of our individuality. Jaspers talks about 'mass-existence' to indicate the domination of life & standards by the unthinking multitude. Buber worries that the I-Thou relationship will sink under the rival I-It. Nietzsche of course talks about 'the herd' as crushing genius. It all goes back to Hegel's master-slave relationship I guess,' said Dave 3rd, his subtle & gentle voice filling the room.

Something in the back of her mind made L-Bomb listen close to what Dave $3^{\rm rd}$ was saying.

'There's a problem I'm trying to figure out & I think there's something in what you're telling me that's going to help down the line,' she said.

'Always glad to help,' said Dave 3rd.

'I have a feeling that there's someone coming to try & disrupt what there is. They have a plan. I like plans so in that respect I like this person. But what they're planning, that I don't like.'

'You know what it is yet?' asked Dave 3rd.

'I think it's going to be the sort of type I find hard to figure. I think your existentialist types might be the kind of thing that they're using.'

'Someone moving from the anchorage of the boundless sea of pleasure

& the depth of understanding...' began Dave $3^{\rm rd}$ in a mocking tone. L-Bomb laughed.

'Whose that?' she asked.

'Oh, the glorious Kierkegaard. "I have felt the almost irresistible power with which one pleasure reaches out its hand to the next; I have felt the sort of meretricious ecstasy that it is capable of producing, but also the ennui & the distracted state of mind that succeeds it. I have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge & often delighted in its taste. But the pleasure did not outlast the moment of understanding & left no profound mark on me,"' he recited.

'He should have tried better drugs,' said L-Bomb.

'Well yea, I guess,' nodded Dave 3rd with a wide appreciative grin.

'But Gabriel Marcel says that the problem is a spirit of abstraction. We're all 'functional,' by which he means our social reality has no mystery, dignity, personhood, humanity,' said Dave 3rd after a pause.

'What, he's looking for some sort of transcendence?'

'Yea, I guess.'

'Deleuze is looking to have everything without transcendence,' said L-Bomb.

'How does he think that'll work out?'

'He sees it as following on from an inventory of everything that exists. What is the nature of the things in the inventory. Are any of them so different in kind from ordinary things like snakes that our talk of the being of ordinary things is different from our talk of these other things? This is how he understands the problem of absolute transcendence. Are there different kinds of being? Medievals used Aristotelian tools to discuss this. They were interested in the Being of God. Did the Being of God lead to language that had to be equivocal? Or could analogical language work? Deleuze wanted to know if everything could be made sense of in terms of immanent reality, free of such transcendent Being.'

From out of nowhere & nothing, she recalled swimming in the sea. It was a memory that drew her back to a different time & place. She had not usually swum out from the shore as a child & yet now found herself heading out towards a distant bobbing buoy amidst dark lashing waves, her naked body like a dolphins oily smoothness, a propulsion of muscular undulating stirrings, a happy tension of spirits & physique, a gorgeous banner of mind & body overset with no concerns but free, alive. The horizon had brought sight of ice mountains from the sky. Huge tempest fragments & whirlpools sloped down in the air.

The agitation of water had kind of broken her loose so that she was all in sudden gulps, dancing horizontally towards where sky & sea substituted their dark gleams back & forth. She felt her arms absorbing the numberless eddies & sledging vapoury heads of the waves, her legs & torso overmastering the freezing wizardy round & round of the sea. Naked, she

imagined the oily orgasms of the mackerels clamouring beneath her to watch her luminous body move like a spirit over them in a deranged fishy orgy. Her vast mind now clutched that of the twelve foot grey dusk shine of the bottle nosed dolphin's. She swam & the dolphin swam with her, in her, opening & sharing realms of consciousness with her. Her gleaming skin flashed through the water in harmony with the giant beasts' & she felt the utter solace of orgasmic bliss stream through her, her quivering body slung powerfully into eddies of sheer sexual frenetic motion. The motions of the waves & the motions of herself & the beast sported & bubbled delights of bliss under wintry skies, electricity pouring a stream of rosy lights from both, their minds heated fires within themselves. L-Bomb felt herself feeling aroused by this surprising image, & kept on talking so Dave 3rd wouldn't notice her slightly trembling hands, her goose-pimpled thighs, the slight rocking motion as she sat, legs crossed across from him.

'Heidegger drew a distinction between Being & the things that have Being. Their Being is their very intelligibility. The distinction allowed Being itself to become a focus of attention missed by traditional metaphysics. Deleuze wants to enlarge this project. He liked that Being for Heidegger did not involve any transcendent account,' she continued.

'Yea I guess,' nodded Dave 3rd.

'The differences accommodated by Being need to be understood in terms of the fundamental Being. He also wanted to avoid having to appeal to transcendence to explain things like the problem of evil. We need to live with evil without escaping to absolute transcendence. We must confront everything we are give without appealing to a realm that can explain away the bad stuff of life. We need to think this through at the ontological view. Duns Scotus did something like this back in the day. Transcendence used as an escape was too formulaic & he instead championed a univocity of Being.'

'Well that's a bit harsh on transcendentalists, but I see where you're coming from,' mumbled Dave $3^{\rm rd}$.

'It's not me. It's Deleuze. His first approach is about trying to make everything understood as Being in its own right. So all references to the Being of other entities refers to The Being itself & nothing else. The Being of dolphins & the Being of Being are the same. In Spinoza Deleuze finds the canonical expression of this view. Spinoza works hard to deny transcendence by saying the substance is no different from any of its modes. Substance may be extended, but only in the same sense as Mt Everest is. There is no hint of transcendence & so he thinks there is a univocity. Aristotle of course would find this strange. He'd take it that what this established that there were many different Beings.'

'Ok, so you're wanting no transcendence as well?' asked Dave 3rd. 'I'm just curious,' said L-Bomb, who couldn't stop thinking of the dolphin, the sea & most of all, her just swimming naked in the sea away from the shoreline.

'St Paul says there are diversities of operations but the same Spirit,' said Dave $3^{\rm rd}$ with a grin. L-Bomb nodded but didn't reply. She was working in her head a crazy loom of ideas, & no pattern was going to be easily discerned.

By the time the evening fell she was alone, smoking another spliff, & thinking hard about what was lying in wait for her in the closed Lido at London Fields. But more than anything she thought about the dolphin as it had slipped away from her under the waves of her memory. It was only now that it's face had become recognisably, unmistakably that of the cancer boy she had transformed into a girl in the London hospital & who had harboured her own childhood self inside of himself for some kind of safekeeping. She thought about this, & the two strong faithful men she had asked to see her & fell asleep.



Aldo Leopold, *The Sand Country Almanac*: 'There are some who can live without wild things, & some who cannot.' But what if there's no choice? Well then, you just live with whatever you say there is & hope you don't get called out too often.

Once there was a sexy Grrl with curves in all the right places called Okiku. She was wronged by her boss Mrs Rumiko whose curves in all the right places were also the type that if you winked at her she'd always look again. Mrs Rumiko had a tendency to deny that her life was actually one of assumed entitlement & privilege based on systemic patriarchal structures that ran through everything her husband, now recently dead, had ever done. Society had backed him backing her up. She was a crow with a long life & shrewd ways, whose inner soul was that of sadness, melancholy & desperation soaked in cow milk wherein a flint stone had been sodden. Mrs Rumiko attacked Okiku one evening as they were closing the office. The huge building was silent & empty as they had worked late & were the last to leave. The cleaning shift had not yet started. The security guy in the lobby far below was oblivious to anything untoward happening.

'Okiku, good work,' said the wanton Rumiko, adopting a casual tone, her voice a honeyed vulgarity.

'Thanks. I think we have done well today. The presentation tomorrow will be strong I think,' replied Okiku proudly.

'Let's celebrate with a glass of wine. I have some here in my office,' said Mrs Rumiko, licking her parched ice-dry lips. Okiku was in a hurry to leave as she had a cat waiting at her flat who needed feeding. Besides, she was exhausted. The day had been long & she had done most of the work whilst Mrs Rumiko had done what she usually did, which was to merely supervise & check that she was doing what she wanted Okiku to do whilst insisting afterwards that they 'made a great team' & so on.

'Oh Mrs Rumiko, thanks for the offer. But I really do have to run. My cat Sparkle needs feeding,' she smiled whilst pulling on her raincoat.

'No I insist,' smiled Mrs Rumiko with an expression that was too fixed to be friendly. The eyes were not smiling but were full of lust, their vision hanging downwards towards the earth & Okiku's firm ass.

1'm very tired,' replied Okiku, feigning a feeble yawn as if the visual aid would make her refusal clearer.

'But I'm your boss. You work here because I employ you. I ensure that you get your wage. The job you do is a job many people would love to have. You should drink with me so that you don't lose it,' said Mrs Rumiko & now her voice was harder & tinged with unquenched measures of hatred, lust, disgust & horn. Okiku was a little afraid as she noted this tone but stood her ground.

'I have to go,' was all she said & she headed for the door. Mrs Rumiko leapt between her & the door & spread out her arms so that she looked like

an imploring dark star or flower or else a cut-wasted creature, hardly alive, more a sentinel oddly inferior to her otherwise comeliness & beauty.

'Fuck you Okiku, I'm going to pour this fucking drink down your fucking throat & then fill up a new glass & do it again & again until you're completely pissed. Then I'm going to bend you over my desk & fuck you in the ass until you scream,' she growled, her face now pale & grey as she articulated her ritualised primitive sex rape act as some sort of starting phase of reflection.

'Hmm, you're a sad & repressed little woman who fantasises power over those you see as inferior & weak. I pity your inability to confront your savage needs, your inability to dispel the terms of your real feelings & sense of loss. Your powerful husband died & you seek recompense. In understand that but adore your violence. Yet at the same time I am pleased that at least you are brave enough to speak your crude dream out-loud. It must be painful to have to live with such desires, such reproach, such hopeless desolation & yet be silent,' responded Okiku.

'What are you going on about?' stuttered Mrs Rumiko. 'I just announced my intention to ply you with drink until you are unable to resist my sexual violent advances & then take you up the ass on my desk. You should be frightened,' she stammered, hardly able to control her rising anger.

'Oh I hear your rather sad & vanilla lesbian rape fantasy & have no fear at all. I am not someone you can frighten Mrs Rumiko. I am not someone who feels fear about the likes of you ever. I find you sad & hopelessly lost. Were you to proceed with your fantasy you would ruin your life not mine.'

'I am the threat. I am the one about to act,' she spluttered.

'No, you will die here today, you will be split in half' said Okiku quietly, her shimmering curvaceous body a distribution of differentiated power & transformations beyond the understanding of the hapless woman before her. Mrs Rumiko felt that suddenly what had seemed clear cut & obvious was now ambiguous & equivocal. She felt a rising sense of humiliation & shame, as if standing in a space that now doubled as both torture chamber & waiting room. She looked at Okiku's sultry & immeasurably sad eyes that fixed her. Her arms dropped down by her side as if hopelessness had drained away all hope & strength.

'I will die here today,' she repeated as if somehow this was a message she had been expecting but perhaps in a hundred years time hence. It seemed that now she was a shrunken inevitable figure, the lowest dregs of society, a doorkeeper to something like a mysterious document kept in a safe like the one behind her desk.

'My last ounce of strength will be for you Okiku,' she said as if in a daze. She felt overly warm & flushed & wanted a cooling drink & maybe, amazed that she almost forgotten, all the remaining documents on her desk to be signed beforehand. She clapped her hands & half turned to face the desk where, sure enough, a pile of papers had been placed some

time ago. However, she realised that this was by no means the mountain of papers she had imagined being there. This oddly reassured her, as if that fact meant that the day hadn't been wasted after all. In fact, the more she reflected on it, the more she realised how productive the day had been.

Absent-mindedly she turned back to Okiku who had removed her rain-coat onto the coat hook & had placed a finger to her gorgeous lips as if contemplating her bemused consternation. Her face appeared to Mrs Rumiko with fresh immeasurable significance. Frail constellations of light weightier than all the other lights composed her face.

'I shall tear you in half. It will be very painful, unbearably so,' Okiku said. Mrs Rumiko felt a deep & melancholic thread of fear tug through her. It was familiar. As a child she had felt the same terror when walking streets & playing, trying to avoid the bigger children who had laughed at her too large hands & her too long face. A house of fear, of humiliation, had been where she had disappeared for years, a fearfulness made out of disreputable books, magazines, snippets of conversation, a glance, which had happened only once but the memory of which had consoled her through many lonely, futile & passionate nights, the glance of a beautiful girl on a stairwell, her face immediately turned away, her hair enigmatically enclosing her awful sense of loneliness. The childhood memory of the beautiful girl on the staircase now flooded back eerily as if compounded of wild roses & she wondered about Okiku, sensing that she had seen this beauty before, many years ago...

Okiku slowly unbuttoned her blouse & lay it on the carpet. She unzipped her pencil skirt & it fell to her ankles. She kicked off her black ankle boots. She stood in white lace underwear, her luscious body a base, frame, pedestal, lock & key of what Mrs Rumiko had glimpsed that day long ago on the stairwell. It was a body that cast a spell, as if she was enclosed by a magic circle which showed a love for both the world & its destinies without turning anything to stone. She struck Mrs Rumiko in that instant as being a dialectical arrangement between chaos & disorder. She wanted to reach out & touch her skin, but she realised at last that no sooner had she taken her hand & held it she would have retreated & inflected her look with a remoteness. Instead of inspiration she would have not understood her fortune-telling abilities, her magical fatefulness. Her beauty overwhelmed her, needless to say.

'Come on then,' Okiku instructed her. Mrs Rumiko didn't need a reminder. She gripped Okiku by the nape & dragged her towards his desk, all the while gasping in deranged lust at her wild ass & breasts tightly held within the sheer white underwear. She pushed Okiku's head face down over the desk, scattering the pile of papers. Whilst one hand pinned Okiku down the other pulled her knickers down over her dreamy ass & she plunged her long fingers into Okiku's place of all liquid mysteries with fierce abandon.

Okiku groaned in orgasmic delight & lunar pleasure, a sweeping sense of separation of her original state, her apeiron, which to her was a sense of the unlimited, in both quantity & quality.

'The approach of the other comes in the face. Yet the face is not something you hear but is heard. It is in the risky uncovering of oneself, in sincerity, the breaking up of inwardness & the abandon of all shelter, exposure to traumas, vulnerability,' Okiku gasped, quoting Levinas, as Mrs Runiko frenetically penetrated her in all the divine places whilst screwing her face into a red, sweaty ball of savage & hallucinatory rage, her eyes squeezed shut.

'Your eyes shut tight, you hope to be Gyges, acting without been seen. For Levinas the myth of Gyges is the very myth of the I & interiority, which exist non-recognised. They are, to be sure, the eventuality of all unpunished crimes, but such is the price of interiority, which is the price of separation. In fucking me with relentless vigour you enact a futile attempt to see without being seen, which has been the story of all your life Mrs Rumiko,' gasped Okiku, feeling the insane orgasmic moistures from her place of primitive divinity.

'All you see is my image, the porny sex violation image of my powerful limbs, my curvaceous ass, my round breasts dripping with sweat & juiced desires. These are the images driving you,' gasped Okiku feeling now the restless waves of orgasmic pleasures frenetically shuddering through her dreamlike body.

'It is precisely via these images that you reveal that I am no longer close. You don't even notice the colour of my eyes. The more you demand that image, the more you try & see me, to inhabit what there is through the images you see, well, there's the violation. You can't look. It reminds us of the Derrida who said that the other is infinitely other because we never have any access to the other as such. That is why he/she is the other. This separation, this dissociation is not only a limit, but it is also the condition of the relation to the other, a non-relation as relation. When Levinas speaks of separation, the separation is the condition of the social bond. There is such a non-intuitive relation — I don't know who the other is, I can't be on the other side...' she gasped, her ass rising & falling in powerful rhythmic unison with the wild perverse hands & fingers of Mrs Rumiko in her dream places beyond all language.

Her assailant pulled her from the desk & threw her onto the floor. Spread-eagled on the carpet Mrs Rumiko pulled up her own skirt revealing her strong thighs & bubble ass tightly bound within sheer black lace knickers. The older woman knelt upon Okiku so that she was pinned under Mrs Rumiko's ample ass in a smothering orgasmic face-sit rapture. Mrs Rumiko switched vantage point to fiercely reverse face sit Okiru whilst staring hard at the writhing firm torso, round breasts & strong legs wriggling under

her. She began once more to assault Okiku's place of primitive mysteries, drooling over the beautiful thighs & belly of the submissive Grrl.

'Separation is the breaking point. It is also the binding place,' gasped Okiku as wave after wave of orgasmic shudders wracked her in primal watery bliss. It was as if she was giving instructions. Mrs Rumiko leapt from her & stripped her own jacket off. She rolled Okiku over onto her belly & gripped her arms behind her back, binding them, using the jacket as if a rope, wrapping it & securing it with a knot round her wrists.

'In tying me like this you begin to understand that it is a binding built upon the acknowledgement that to know the other person is to know the interiority of the other that is forever separate, forever unknown to you. It is an infinite & absolute otherness that you're enacting here. This is the ritual which speaks to this fact, that to have the idea of Infinity it is necessary to exist as separated. It is the primitive ritual of the phenomenologist which reveals a 'vision' without image, bereft of the synoptic & totalising objectifying virtues of vision. It is neither empirical nor transcendental. It is in the Geek Hesiod who writes of the insanity of Kronos rebelling against his father Ouranos, the father who feared the sons his wife Gaia bore him & pushed them back into her womb & sewed them up. Kronos finds a pruning hook made by his mother & severs his father's balls. And this deranged separation, it repeats with Kronos then cannibalising his own children until Zeus dethrones him. It is in the Babylonian 'Enuma Elish' where Marduk, god of creation, splits Tiamat the primordial water goddess & cosmic deity of disorder in two like a stockfish & builds the firmament out of her upper half,' gasped Okiku as the older woman plunged her hands deeper & wilder into the dark wet places of all primitive watery desires & disorders whilst crushing her own round ass into Okiku's face.

'It is the Egyptian god Geb, floating on abyssal waters, separated from the goddess Nut who is the sky rendered apart by the hands of Shu, god of air,' gasped Okiku, seized again & again by waves of orgasmic pleasure bombs that spasmed her whole body like a rag doll being shaken by a bitch.

'It is the Polynesian Rangi, the sky, & Papa, the earth, torn apart & from whom all things are created. It is the Hittite-Hurrian Song of Kumarbi, five hundred years before Hesiod, where Alau, god of the sky is done over by Anu, who then in his turn is overthrown & has his balls bitten off & swallowed by Kumarbi, who then gives birth to offspring. These are all aspects of what moderns like to talk about in terms of the phenomenology of our own origin. We are born hearing a language & experiencing others who are radically split from us, completely other. What it appears to us like is that we have been savagely cut in two, & each time another appears they are constantly becoming, never joined up with us.

Husserl thought that everything, everything could be encompassed in his phenomenological circle. But the rupture, the violent breach, the

castration dramas, the rape & murder, the sewing up of wombs, the absolute differentiation of one from the other – where even the face when looked at is, through the very act of looking, just an image of another thing, something not yourself, & will not be joined up with yourself. Your tears, Mrs Rumiko, this is the source of them,' gasped Okiku.

'Recall what I took from Levinas before, that it is in the risky uncovering of oneself, in sincerity, the breaking up of inwardness & the abandon of all shelter, exposure to traumas & vulnerability, it is these that lead to my passivity here, making me open to infinity. The contrast couldn't be clearer. You are glutted with the empirical sights & sounds of my seemingly defeated flesh. You tie me up, beat me & fuck me & yet those eyes of yours, they are deaf eyes. They don't hear my face & that's the sadness of your whole life. Instead of listening to the infinite separation in my face you just look, & what are you looking for? Reciprocity. Your hands touch me but they can only take,' said Okiku.

Mrs Rumiko pulled herself from her & pulled Okiku by the hair so that she stood, wrists tied behind her back, knickers by her ankles, bra below her perfect breasts, in front of her panting, deranged & shaking body.

'You just let me do this,' she spluttered & slapped Okiku across the face. Okiku fell back to the carpet. Mrs Rumiko in deranged passion pulled her once more to her feet & repeated the fierce slap. Again Okiku fell to the carpet. Again & again she slapped Okiku across her face, lingering on the obscure pleasure that mingled with the anguish & intense rage.

'I can keep doing this til doomsday,' sneered Mrs Rumiko, but even as she said this she realised that the primary factor was the thing done not the thing said.

It was not so much the mythic elements of the stories Okiku had talked about that interested her so much as their ritualistic nature that seemed to go further than the myths. Already, she ruminated, the rituals were acting out something beyond empirical knowledge, as if the stories were the elaboration of the rituals, of the strange primitive acts that in different ways emphasised different meanings & that lay behind anything said.

'Each of us if guilty before everyone for everyone, & me more than the others. To be oneself, the state of being a hostage, is always to have one degree of responsibility more, the responsibility for the responsibility of the other. Responsibility, the signification which is non-indifference, goes one way, from me to the other,' Okiku murmured.

'Fuck Levinas bitch,' cackled Mrs Rumiko, pulling the semi-conscious Okiku towards a chair. She sat & took the near-naked, bound Okiku over her knee. 'Take this for me then,' she laughed viciously as she started to spank the helpless girl.

'A body suffering for another, the body as passivity & renouncement, a pure undergoing is for Levinas a state of maternity. In this sense I am

showing you maternal love,' cried Okiku as orgasmic pleasure/pain shot through her squirming body in primitive delight each time the hand slapped down on her round perfect ass.

'The fact that I am tied up doesn't have the last word; I am not alone,' Okiku gasped, her breathing a deranged chaotic panting.

'In breathing you hear my infinite capacity. Levinas thought that in human breathing, in its everyday equality, perhaps we have to already hear the breathlessness of an inspiration that paralyzes essence, that transpierces it with an inspiration by the other, an inspiration that is already expiration, that "rends the soul"! It is the longest breath there is, spirit. And he asks us to consider whether or not man is not the living being capable of the longest breath in inspiration, without a stopping point, & in expiration, without return. To transcend oneself, to leave one's home to the point of leaving oneself, is to substitute oneself for another.

It is, in my bearing of myself, not to conduct myself well, but by my unicity as a unique being to expiate for the other. You can spank me hard & yet still I am able to do precisely that, to expiate for the other. You can't survive this,' groaned Okiku as Mrs Rumiko continued to lash her reddening ass whilst plunging her fingers into the moist places that go beyond language between her curvaceous thighs & buttocks.

'Expiate this bitch,' growled the sweating assailant, incapable of hearing the faint groans of the dominated girl wriggling across her knee. Yet clearly here was creation understood as a breach, a separation. The openness of Okiku contrasted with the closed & monstrous Mrs Rumiko.

And explicit became inexplicit in the blink of an eye. Okiku at once rolled from Mrs Rumiko's knees & with a twist of her arms was free. She pulled up her knickers & adjusted her bra so that her perfect beasts were bound tightly in the white lace. She shook her long black hair & her eyes shone with renewed energies. Then she seemed to shake a little, but out of synch with the rest of the room & its time, & her hair moved across her face & closed together like a black curtain so that the face was now hidden. A sense of supernatural order froze everything in the room, including the wild sexual frenzies of Mrs Rumiko. Mrs Rumiko felt a strange & irrepressible dread suddenly chill her. Sexual desire & the dry interior shrivelled & were as dead. The room was nothing more than an expression of businesslike decadence.

'As I tried to explain but perhaps it wasn't clear enough, the primary factor is the thing done. It is not the myth & not the system. I am moist. It can't be overlooked that creation is a separation in many cosmologies. In the Hoemeric epic Okeanos, the sea, is a river circling the whole earth, which is a strange disc,' said Okiku from behind the curtain of hair. Mrs Rumiko shrieked in fear. The voice she was hearing didn't seem to come from inside the room but from some place far away, & it was chilling &

deathly, as if a rattle from a dying throat.

'Are you a ghost?' whispered Mrs Rumiko, appalled & terrified.

Okiku seemed to be floating across the spaces between them, & in a deranged hallucinatory moment became liminally gigantic, severed off, so it appeared from sane perspectives & physics. Mrs Rumiko shrieked in terror but her voice seemed to lose its will & was swallowed in the now darkening, freezing air. A wintry, arctic light frosted the room. Through the window it seemed snow was falling from a baleful pale sky, the sun a white blind eye of hoar-frost unity & boreal frigida. Now there was no known time or place, nor dew or tempest but rather a grand ominous curve shrinking to a point of wintery exile. It seemed more than winter, more than a mountain region of ice & snow & half moon descending from transparency, more than a stirring out of cold ashes & imperviousness to meaning – even though you'd have wanted to remind anyone interested who remained: 'remember this has meaning.'

This strange sight was in the air & the space as well as the element, & compounded sounds too, of scattered unearthly noises of shot ice, goblin sounds emerging from a swoon, night foundered through a universal hubbub of confusion, a whole sewn together from all directions in a sheen & colour of fog & vespers. That seems to be obscure, as if the sudden & vivid simplicity of what had happened between the two women was now converted into a mute swan, a bird which silently forms the luminous circles around the witch night moon. There was a magical intensity in all of it, a polar sea under unassailable remoteness. This was the first impression of the squeamish dread afflicting Mrs Rumiko. Crystalline thoughts now floated in after that in a pure visual ecstasy disengaged from the enigmatic horror that had given birth to them.

'You're problem is that you're gripped by a sort of perverted utilisation of the Kantian moral ideal founded on autonomy. You've grasped that as being part of the self-destructive capitalism. Perhaps this is an impoverishment of both the individualism & of freedom that Kant authorised. If capitalism is about maximising profit, the Levinasian turns the capitalist logic upside down. The ethical stance towards the other is built upon the notion of the pure gift, which as Derrida long ago explained is a riddle,' the frightening voice murmured from beyond the curtain of jet hair. Mrs Rumiko shuddered at the sound of the heinous voice but had to ask.

'A riddle? Why is a gift a riddle?'

'Because a pure gift is something that has to be given without any calculation of reciprocity. And yet we calculate the value of the gift to give according to the reciprocal return gift.'

No one came to the building at night. Lights across the city were like its luminous blood vessels. Housing developments ran off from the building & looked quite lonely, squashed in next to the business area.

'I give you a birthday present, you buy me one of approximately the same value. In such reciprocal gift-giving the gift is no longer a pure gift. The impossible gift is what Levinas exhorts us to give to the other who remains severed from us, unknown & across a violent breach.' The atmosphere darkened to a pale diseased green like an ice mist floating, or vitriol & its dream-like suddenness was the shining constellation of a shaping brain, image & superscription knifed into the world. The sort of thing experienced if hacking off genitals.

'It is in the risky uncovering of oneself, in sincerity, the breaking up of inwardness & the abandon of all shelter, exposure to traumas, vulnerability...' Okiku's icy voice repeated itself but this time Mrs Rumiko didn't want to hear it anymore. She rather hoped it was just the wind outside. But there was no wind outside.

'Listen to the end,' said the eerie voice.

'Things figure not as what you build but as what you give.' Okiku's voice was like a dark ring falling back into other rings of darkness.

'I don't understand,' quivered Mrs Rumiko.

'Let me ask you. Do you think the Holocaust happened because we weren't rational enough or was it that there weren't enough people able to acknowledge the absolute other somewhere else?' It was as if the whole room was now filling with grey snow. Mrs Rumiko shook her head, scratched her head as if she was suddenly remembering something.

'Goodness is always older than choice,' Okiku continued to quote Levinas & the snow wasn't snow, not at all, but was a strangely humming spirit of hideous ash, dead torn-out life fluttering like grey horrifying butterflies, human ash.

A terrifying memory seemed for a moment to be moving outside any nucleus of substantivity, a moment from history that was yet to come, a horror absorbing itself into a space, memories consuming the lost, a series of hideous cries & whispers, deranged sounds of evil, as if a trace of itself given over to another's responsibility but to which so many are wounded & faulty.

'What do you see?' said Okiku.

'I don't know anymore. I don't know,' screamed Mrs Rumiko, squeezing her eyes tight shut as she had done as a little girl, hoping against hope that if she couldn't see them they couldn't see her. And then opening them wide, aghast, as if she now wanted everyone to see her, as if not being seen was fatal.

'You see eye-lashes, you mistake them for birds, insects sometimes, fronds of pine trees maybe but they're eye-lashes, framing the world,' hissed Okiku. 'You see my absolute exposure & total nakedness. To become human is to come into human relationship. To be human is to be approached by the other. The world doesn't open up to me unless I am

already approached by it. I am unconcerned with what this other would do – my responsibility is a one-way street, it goes outwards to the other, that's all...' the chilling voice whispered. From her hidden face the frost dark words rent Mrs Rumiko so she was broken open to the outside.

'It is in the risky uncovering of oneself, in sincerity, the breaking up of inwardness & the abandon of all shelter, exposure to traumas, vulnerability, a moment where only traces of traces of traces... you get the idea, only infinity orientated towards the other & a desire for whatever is external,' said the monstrous voice that seemed now to be like a terrible bell, ringing from some gloomy tower across a valley news of doom.

'To have the idea of Infinity it is necessary to exist as separated,' the hideous voice coiled oil dark like a beetle onto the floor where Mrs Rumiko lay, a detour of a face & a detour from this detour in the enigma of a trace.



Above the Lido from where she stood long light as if twilight, fixed at first but sometimes violet & blue, other times a dome, as of ice, like a curvy horizon.

'You should watch where you're going,' growled the old woman with a basket in her left hand & some nauseate uncanniness in her yellow skin.

'I'm sorry I'm sure,' responded L-Bomb, shifting away from the yellow hag.

'Who the fuck do you think you are you filthy hipster,' said the old woman, her blind eyes narrowing & her face decidedly menacing. For the first time L-Bomb looked at the woman full on, wondering why she was behaving so aggressively.

'What's your problem?' asked L-Bomb working a familiar routine of person – engagement – community – reality out of the existentialism of Marcel.

'Why are you staring at the Lido?' asked the pensioner, curling her thin purple lips, showing a row of yellowing sharp croc teeth.

'Are you serious? You have a problem with me looking at the Lido? Are you fucking serious?' L-Bomb saw the locus of human existence not in the isolated 'I' but in the 'we.' The virtue of community is, after all, fidelity, she thought to herself.

'You make me sick. Get out of here before I beat the fuck out of you,' said the pensioner. L-Bomb noticed that she was a tall woman despite her age, & wondered if what had been triggered was a habitual pattern of response evil.

'I don't know why you're being so rude & offensive but I have to tell you that I think you are being both. And I'm not leaving here just because you say I should,' said L-Bomb, keeping her voice level & calm. She wondered at Sartre thinking that consciousness constitutes itself by an act of separation.

Yet as she spoke her mind was racing elsewhere too. 'The enlightened warrior remains open to the signs from all quarters,' she recollected from her reading Peter Hobart ten or so years ago. 'The acceptable & the unacceptable are both acceptable,' she also recollected from her reading of Lao Tzu. She felt her back stiffening & her muscles across her curvy thighs & calves begin to find their boundaries & inner zones of strength & fluidity. She felt like water, like a crane, tiger, monkey, praying mantis, snake. Her body signified the important ecological & erotic dimension to fighting. Acquisition of form for Bruce Lee was the prerequisite to inventing ones own way in the world. Become an indissoluble part of the world, at one with self & others, & then disrupt the flow of vitality of anyone threatening you. L-Bomb sensed that the pensioner was some dark embodiment of force & violence & that there was something that connected her with the powers hidden inside the closed Lido, some acute specialisation with the bounds of a cruel & perverse psychogeography.

She recalled someone once lecturing on the link between Derridean

deconstruction & martial arts, their common five-word secret 'listen, stick, yield, neutralise, attack,' a process of misdirecting an opponent's attention, destabilising & estranging habitual patterns of response, disrupting their energies & forces & basically screwing with their frazzled heads. Once she'd been with a master of the Shaolin code of ethics & internalised somewhere the three inner faculties of personhood – Chin, She, Qi – essence, mindpower & intrinsic energy – out of which a way of being with the world had emerged. Right action, harmony, justice & freedom, flexible & yielding yet strong & firm, solid from the outside, empty within etc etc – she had been all these things for a while & then transcended it in face of the constant flux of experiences.

'I'm giving you an instruction girl,' hissed the old woman, moving towards L-Bomb with a threatening lurch.

'And I'm declining it,' said L-Bomb.

'The Lido isn't the Lido,' said the old woman.

But L-Bomb had already crossed that thought & was now calculating the distance between herself & the old woman whose yellowing skin, thin as parchment, seemed to be a scream across bones, an awakened howl out to the streaking clouds, the fierce ambers & greys. She immediately recognised that the scene was lapidary & botanical, a scene of vivifying powers of what she might, in a moment of self-reflection, recognise as part of her own powers of pharmaceutical & aesthetic values. Principles of sympathy & antipathy, contrasting cold with warm, wet with dry, turned her whole body into a meaning effect where her presence converged & conditioned the surroundings.

She noticed that the old phantasm before her hovered outside of reach, like a negative toxicity, something poisonous & deadly. She rolled her shoulders gently & felt her own body ripple its musculature against the soft giving contours of her clothing. A kind of optical naturalism merged with the sensual nature of the touch. Suddenly aware of the shapely rapture of her sexual body she knew that the old figure was a concealment, a deadly illusion of something sent here to kill. She was on guard. At no point, thought L-Bomb with a sense of grim humour, has danger been transformed into attraction. The old horror smiled back at her, a frog, toad, a gigantic mantis with morning glory colours, a vernacular science of secret matters. Toxic colours, animal extracts, toxic plants took on a rebus like pattern across her purple skin, her self attention & L-Bomb realised that something was wrong & that her mind was already infected by this atmosphere.

She moved towards what was anyway encroaching, the shrivelled monstrous woman now a heinous slithering fauna of exotic flora & fungi, slithering & fluttering through the rattled air, the fallen day, an antique monster of heliotropic force & a matrix of devilish organism. Before this speculative image designed to deny solution, L-Bomb's mind felt animate

pious desire exploding just behind her eyes, a dazzling array of colours smoking through her retinal diagrams & enchanting, against her will, secret & perverse erotic confabulations of defeats & beatings.

'Fuck, this is potent & I'm losing my footing,' she thought, suddenly aware that the coloured profusion of darkness was animated by strange sounds & worryingly ferocious yellow eyes, amulets of preprogrammed speculation, charged living matter in a cloud swooping around her powerful limbs & torso accompanied by sharp crocodile teeth. She felt herself being lifted abruptly off the ground & being thrown against a far stone wall whilst images of divine tableaux crisscrossed her eyes in ambiguity, inversion & perplexity.

'Whatever this old woman is she's stronger than I thought. I'm slipping away...'

L-Bomb felt her own arms gripped by the strong tendrils of what seemed now to be smoke, & from out the smoke the old woman's thin, gnarled body moved with lightening speed, viciously hooking a nail-hard fist against the helpless Grrl's jaw. Falling now, L-Bomb tried to lash out against the ancient puzzle but found her blow sweeping through a swirling fog of mere semiosis, betokening, promising, pointing, projecting some connection somewhere, some time, — but not here & not now. She felt blow after blow rain down on her as she swayed & toppled under the assault.

The whole scene now became a visual pharmakon, a colourful cauldron of poisons & poultices. Strong arms held L-Bomb with antagonistic forces of mineral strength & humiliation intoxication. The old yellow skinned critter grabbed L-Bomb's t- shirt & whipped her fist again across her jaw with vicious accuracy. Again & again the punches slammed into her beautiful face & each time she felt the hot arousal of desire rise & rise. Twisting to escape the barrage L-Bomb found her shirt twisting too, over her head. A swift punch into her naked torso sent her stumbling to the ground.

The old monster grabbed her by the hair viciously & hauled her to her feet, again smashing her fist across her jaw whilst continuing to hold her hair. L-Bomb felt herself beginning to black out. The old woman ripped her shirt from her so that her beautiful white breasts gleamed in the darkness. Dragging her towards her with irresistible insatiable strength, the old woman now brought L-Bomb to her knees & straddled her back with her thin, stick thin legs. With one hand she continued to grip L-Bomb's wild blonde hair whilst with the other she slipped her long bony hand & fingers into the knickers of her whimpering helpless opponent.

She grabbed her curvy backside with vicious pleasure & then pulled the leggings down to her knees. L-Bomb's delightful round ass shone in the dark evil light as the old crone fondled it. Hauling her up to face her the old woman slapped L-Bomb a couple of brutal times to maintain the state of semi-unconsciousness & then stripped her of the leggings so that all

L-Bomb had on were her purple knickers & trainers, a kind of erotic chain of notions that don't follow from deduction but nevertheless have some sort of deranged orgasmic sense.

'That's a pretty sight to see,' chuckled the malevolent hag. She threw the staggering Grrl across her shoulders & moved as if floating through the dark evil fog towards the Lido fondling the white ass & the strong thighs that like a rag-doll hung from her scrawny horny shoulders, a visible sign of defeat & humiliation, a continual engagement of orgasms threatening to lubricate the dark evolving scene & its insane pleasures. L-Bomb found herself feeling the deranged pleasure of the sex torments & by the position of abjection & humiliation. When the old monster began stroking her place of mysteries it was only seconds before she felt the hot gushing wetness of orgasmic flow.

But then a great golden light fizzed through the dark & eerie uncanniness. A sexy girl's voice spoke from somewhere close: 'The more we allow ourselves to be servants of having, the more we shall let ourselves fall prey to the gnawing anxiety which having involves.'

'What the fuck, toad,' roared the old monster, her yellow face spinning this way & that to try & mark out the light's source & the voice's immanent body.

'Hey granny, fancy sweet ass do you? Not gonna happen,' cried the voice from the outer edge of the smoke & storm.

'Who the fuck...' swore the old bag, sensing another power gate-crashing her party. She began to rub with hard intent L-Bomb's place of mysteries whilst spinning round & round to try & get a fix on the intruder. L-Bomb wriggled & felt insane surge after surge of orgasmic bliss as the rough hands handled her palaces of utter delight

'No way you're going to do that,' said the soft drowsy brogue tones of the stranger, but it seemed closer now.

'Where the fuck...?' growled the yellow hag, spinning & squinting around to try & catch sight of the intruder, still fingering L-Bomb's perfect body in all the right places.

'Come here whoever you are & I'll do to you what I'm doing to her,' the hag eerily promised, & as she said that her body seemed to grow & her limbs lengthened grotesquely like vines. L-Bomb, flopped over her shoulders, was too involved in the orgasmic pleasures that were now shuddering through her whole body to resist or take notice of the confrontation ensuing. All she could do was moan & shudder in deranged helpless pleasure as orgasm followed orgasm at the bidding of the twisting fingers of her mad conqueror. She'd clear up the situation later but right now had no interest other than to continue...

The stranger found them. Her fist flew out through the maze of darkness, crashing against the yellow skinned old monster with sleek accuracy & utter

gob-splicing force. The yellow gran-croc crashed back, losing her grip on the orgasmic body of L-Bomb who fell into the cold grass, face down, her delightful ass to the black purple sky, arms spreadeagled & without consolation.

Fringe stepped into view. She wore tight soul mirror shades & a dedicated Sturm und Drang. She moved like a panther across the diagonals as a kind of flesh immunotherapy. Efficacy by proxy, transposed from outside cause, a visible sign of sex & health, her actions & effects rising from a weird emblematic praxis & ecclesiastical checklist of penance, self-observation with vigilance that never fades, consolation with imminent recognition of negation & one hell of a body, she moved like a sex dream on radical divergence. From her finger tips the golden light flowed like a strange liquid of golden larva. The old woman monster fell back before the light that dispelled her own insect darkness.

'This isn't what you saw,' hissed the hag, retreating. Her jaw fell at an angle now, dislodged by the thunder-bolt blows. There was no blood but rather just a distressed sui generis. Ghastly monotonous hums groaned from the hag as she faded away into something hard as rock & soft as cloud, a kind of missing repose. The darkness continued to swirl but the monster had left.

Fringe narrowed her beautiful eyes at the luscious ass of L-Bomb who still lay palpitating in the damp cool grasses. She knelt down next to the beaten Grrl & slowly stoked the pale globes of her still quivering ass. Pressing L-Bomb to the ground she wrestled the knickers to her ankles & then licked those delightfully sensual & strong thighs & the existentially decisive ass with her long & castigating tongue. Her whole being now sought out the limit & the ideal. Her fingers played with the breast tips & the places of mystery between L-Bomb's thighs with serious desire ens sui causa rolling through her own perfect breasts & thighs.

She turned L-Bomb's face to hers & kissed her long & hard whilst her hands plunged deep into the place of all mysteries with both the tremulous passion of en-soi & pour-soi creating a massive & opaque orgasmic tremble that crossed from her own place of desire to L-Bomb's, & back again. L-Bomb groaned with pleasure as orgasm after orgasm tormented the plenitude of her physical & mental derangements throughout her whole wet body. Her skin was hot & sweat dripped from all her undulating forms whilst Fringe, still dressed in her own senseless plenitude, fondled herself as well as L-Bomb in a supreme act of existentialist transcendent negativity. Together they groaned to the condemned freedom of their now coordinated orgasmic howls for hours.

'Take my knickers down,' whispered Fringe in deep & trembling tones, the courage of her desire following its own consequence to the very end. Still dazed L-Bomb could hardly fumble with the contrivances but eventually she slowly peeled Fringe from her metaphysics of hope & then plunged her face between her soulful thighs to taste the sweet tang of mystery oozing in an all embracing system of orgasmic need. Each time L-Bomb attempted to take control Fringe pulled her down & turned her over in a strong embrace she couldn't resist. Every time the cold hands of Fringe tormented her place of mysteries with their feverish desire, L-Bomb groaned in an engaged pleasure that took her into an illuminated orgasm of despairing beauty, transcendence & fulfilment.

Together their sex fucked away any narrow egocentricism. Multiple orgasmic forces controlled their radical divergences, unities & primitive passion. Fringe plunged & sucked at L-Bomb's engaged & writhing power, a body of sheer fleshy desire that it shot out beams of unharnessed light towards the night sky, coupling the globes of breasts & asses in secular divine physicality & mystery.

'Being is present in the self, & it is through a subjective sense of awareness that it can be known. This is reciprocal in nature. Primitive & permanent,' gasped Fringe, her twisting & sex tormented body writhing against the infinite sensuality of the orgasmic L-Bomb in a deranged totality of presence.

'One day I'm gonna fuck your sweetest of all asses HARD,' reciprocated L-Bomb with a gasp. She was now beginning to gather herself & understand that she had been saved from the evil clutches of whoever the yellow fiend was.

The clouds of fog & smoke dissipated. It was night. The Lido was an abandoned space. The trees were still. Rain fell. L-Bomb & Fringe dressed calmly & stood for a while in the scented darkness.

'Who was that?' asked L-Bomb.

'A nasty realm of mystery. I couldn't have seen her off if you hadn't weakened her first,' commented the sexy brunette. L-Bomb shook her sexblonde hair & lit a spliff for them both.

'I've never been so overwhelmed before. She's some strong shit,' she said a little later, reflecting on the whole thing.

'Just because we exist as human beings we cannot evade these mysteries,' reflected Fringe.

'You Irish?' asked L-Bomb with a friendly laugh.

'You can't pin me down to anything primitive or permanent,' giggled Fringe, her sexy eyes flashing back. These two were already thinking of shagging each other some more. But there was work to be done. It all comes to a sort of fidelity of ontological commitments. You have to have these super powers to respond to the wider issues I guess.



Mimic morn electric – the sun & doves in the tree above the park grass, thick splintery dew, a botanic lap dance: L-Bomb felt her sacred legs, smooth & powerful, moving across the cauldrons of the scooped earth & the boiling seas of green at her feet, a rosy light blasting from the sky as a first motion of the new day dawn.

'So the sunless day forlorn...' she started to whisper, a kind of moon prayer. Fringe's dark eyes were like Finland's brow of night, a mass of dovetailing & interweaving streams, soul dark in a borealis of finitude. She smiled wryly.

'We need back-up,' she announced.

'I thought you were the backup,' said L-Bomb.

'I'm just the start. We need a mob like me,' responded Fringe grimly.

There was an uncanny fascination between them, & L-Bomb, recovered now from the shocking assault that had almost seen her crushed by the great yellow hag woman, moved again like the sexy prime mover, a divine sensuality of destiny unbound.

'To be aware of our finitude is already to be aware of the infinite,' muttered Fringe. 'Finite being, surrounded by non-being cannot escape the quest for the ultimate ground of being. This is our concern here. We are facing many ultimates & some of them will be fucked. But there'll be real ones, the one's we manage to participate in,' she added in a voice between meteorite flash & total gloom.

L-Bomb's radiant face beamed a smile.

'Fuck it, you're a deep one,' she grinned.

'I'm as deep as they cum,' Fringe sniggered with a kind of uncanny self-possession.

L-Bomb felt the surge of powers rising through the airs. Her body tingled as if the air was a floating robe.

L-Bomb spoke softly, a great hush in her beautiful voice, as if she knew that everything revolves around legends, brains, geese, with swans growing out of the cocks of beautiful boys & dark angels sipping at the honeyed hexagrams between the legs of girls taking possession of themselves.

'Someone's going to come & someone's going to die,' she murmured. Fringe sensed that some serious shit was being downloaded. She watched as L-Bomb crouched by the wall of the frontier between the church land & the road in a strange communal privacy.

Something suddenly leapt over the wall. It had a face of a toad & the body of a muscle-bound 500 pound bastard out of Wrestle Mania 99.

'Shit, a Toad Maniac,' hissed L-Bomb, & she hit her head as if blaming herself for the arrival of this demonic freakshow.

'It must have honed in on your mind,' commented Fringe with a grim laugh. The two sexy wimmin rose to move in a suddenly rhythmic potlatch festive dance, slowly unwinding their sensual bodies across the primal derangement of the public dream now being conjured.

'Now what I like about girls is they're so lickable,' grinned the goon & a huge long purple tongue lashed out from the grotesque wide mouth, whipping against Fringe's killer ass with a dazzling spank. Twisting, Fringe staggered back, surprised by the attack, but L-Bomb was already moving across the ground, dexterous & submerged in subliminal pools of miraculous harp music, & launched a chopping five hundred blows onto the Toad thug's head. The creature fell back & blood & gunge spewed out of the smashed skull. "O Watchman thou hast watched in vain" paraphrased in the censurable essay of foul liquidity spreading across the unhappy laplandish terrain. He fell down dead at L-Bomb's feet & then vanished as if a highway beheading. She glanced over to where Fringe lay, perfect ass to the sky, face down & dazed, a sight that in the aesthetic language of corruption & beauty brought to the beautiful Grrl pure thoughts of totalising carnality.

Possessed by sudden downloaded tornadoes of occult visions & knowledge L-Bomb grasped the shorts of the Fringe & slowly pulled them down so that her black-thonged curvy ass was revealed. With scandalous fusions of eros & scribe she began to trace words with her long fingers across the naked flesh, writing with a frenzy across the taciturn backside globes of erotic joy. Fringe wriggled in deranged pleasure as she felt the fingers moving across her naked haunches.

'Are you writing?' she asked in panting surprise. Her body now writhed in pleasure as L-Bomb traced strange messages onto her cool inviting skin. As if in a trance L-Bomb could only nod & increased her frenzied scribbling. She tugged at the shorts & knickers until they were round Fringe's ankles & began to scribble further messages down the exposed thighs of Fringe. Hauling Fringe across her knees she now wrote & wrote with her subliminal fingers, an alchemy of the authentic Balda Zhiok & Niemi, backwards & forwards, criss & cross, over the back-side & thighs of the sexy babe who in turn writhed & wriggled in growing erotic & orgasmic frenzy. Her groans were no longer enquiries but now were the deranged gasps of sexual delight & delirium. L-Bomb held her body tightly to her thighs & whilst writing with her right hand she plunged her fingers into the place of mystic adventure between Fringe's thighs & brought her to the slow burning dance of all the myths. Together they rolled over into the long grass.

L-Bomb straddled the other beauty & she gazed at her with eyes that were full of desire & a sadness that spoke through the haunting erotic sighs & moans. 'Who wants to live forever anyway?' she whispered with a smile that haunted the beloved stories they were forging between themselves. She wrote with a slow pulsing rhythm now, her fingers brushing the soft giving flesh of the other girl as if a choired vesper on the top of a mountain, a height & soulful ruin of language in a glorious remembrance. And suddenly, after killing the Toad Demon the two superpowered babes felt the universe

needing them to cling together & make dream language on their wild curved perfect bodies. The daylight stroked their naked thighs & trembling breasts as they rolled together in the wet grass of dawn, irresistible & clear, their fingers now caressing the account of the aurora across shoulders, arms, thighs, stomachs. Breasts, cheeks, calves, long twilights across the horizons, extracting poetry out of the incipient kisses, a kind of supernal beauty in every orgasm & sigh, grapes & thistles & figs breaking open their bodies' juices to astronomical unhinged orgasmic powers.

'What are you doing?' gasped Fringe as she pulled on L-Bomb's tiny knickers & ran her own fingers across the other's place of mysteries. L-Bomb gasped & felt the surge of the aurora decked with lambent flames as if between her curvaceous thighs lay the divine shrine of berserk night.

'I have ingested Mimic Morn, a hallucinogen that would have been fatal for anyone other than me. It enables my writing reflexes to produce the delirium of these incantatory scripts. These scripts, by the way, will give us all the knowledge we need to find out about the Yellow Hag & her plans & powers. The writing is a tranced-out existential meteorology. It's now all over your delicious backside & thighs, your belly & breasts, your miraculous face in dainty vignettes...' continued L-Bomb whose own face shone like the slant beams of unobeying snows, prompt & ardent like a powerless sun on polar ice, a beauty that hovered across a skin whose curvy intimacies were the unflinching courage of the terrors of polar nights. Her head fell back as Fringe kissed her slender neck like in an enchantment of romance & vast maniacal lust. They wound their legs around each other & transfused their several identities into a new & integrated wholeness, a melting across wild synaptic erotic diffusion.

'But I can't see the words. You write the words with your fingers & leave no trace,' whispered Fringe.

'I see some letters & occasional words – they come to me in strange operant colours – an array of purples, blues, greens, reds, but they are unstable & nothing makes sense. Once we have completed the writing we need to find us a reader...' replied L-Bomb, plunging her fingers deep into the place of all mysteries between Fringes thighs & then moving them with imaginative energy to arouse the writhing other. Fringe groaned in demented sex agony at its wildest pitch.

'You know about anyone who could read this stuff?' she managed to ask between the discordance & madness of the orgasmic bliss that now made her pliant, indefinite, unfixed.

'Yes,' said L-Bomb, turning Fringe over so that her thighs touched the other's thighs, her nipples touched the other's nipples, her belly touched the other's belly, her lips touched the other's lips, her arms touched the other's arms, hands, feet & place of mysteries all. Together in enchantment they sailed through each others' curves & blisses, their veils & banks,

prompt & watchful cracked agonies of intimate energies & primitive sexual desolation. Both sank deep into each other, smoking hot in wild & savage orgasmic derangement, rioting fingers now prodding & rubbing & caressing & slapping with fierce abandon, interweaving & transfused in a ceaseless interaction of destinies.

L-Bomb felt her own body allowing the other to now take control of her as the writing stopped & the orgasmic promiscuity overwhelmed her. Sweat dripped from her as she placed her hands now behind her back & allowed Fringe to pound her pace of destinies with the frantic & insane delirium of erotic existentialisation.

'There is no sex based on facts but only where there is the clarity & manifestation of attention coursing through affection's limbs & wild asses' screamed Fringe, mad with the thrusting oblivion of orgasmic delirium. Succumbing to the erotic assault of the beauty, L-Bomb now also writhed in a sensuous oblivion that assured her of her own limitlessness & Gestalt.

'The sign of inner harmony is to have more than one enemy,' she whispered to the hot existentialist who now lapped her honeyed place of bliss whilst frantically rubbing her with powerful intensity. The orgasmic frenzies shuddered both perfect bodies. L-Bomb had managed to read some of the divine script she had written on Fringe's smooth skin.

'The subject who wields deadly power is clearly defined: the godlike sovereign. But who is the subject who yields disciplinary power & biopower? Who is the ruler? Is life power or is biopower actually power in the true sense? The progress of industrialisation certainly made it necessary to discipline the body as well as the psyche, making them conform to the requirements of mechanised & industrial production....' She groaned quietly into the ear of Fringe who in turn now stroked L-Bombs' palaces of mysteries with increasing vehemence & dominating strength.

'But in the modern era a diffusion & scattering of power has taken place, & increasing disempowerment of power,' she replied to the groaning, writhing & convulsing L-Bomb whose subjective force & intentionality was now a wild interplay of orgasmic & deranged bliss.

'Yet it is impossible to think of power as purely nonsubjective. It is always a general system of domination of one group over another, a system whose effects, through successive derivations, pervade the whole society,' she finished, eyes closing on the promiscuity & totalisation of the erotic exposure. Together they writhed in an orgasmic derangement that lasted for hours, naked, doomed to the devouring powers of physical, spiritual & psychical unveiling.

'Our society is the exposed society, the pornographic society,' muttered L-Bomb later as they moved with purpose through the market towards a pub in which they sat in a corner sipping cold wine & glaring out at the streams of people crushed in there.

'Everything is stripped bare, & the face is the exhibited form of the countenance. Excessive exhibition turns everything into a product. Everything in the society is exposed, doomed, naked & has no secrets. Hyper-visibility is obscene. Let me quote – from memory – "More generally, visible things do not terminate in obscurity & in silence; they vanish into what is more visible than the visible: obscenity," growled Fringe.

'Who said that?' asked L-Bomb, her face shadowed by the dim bar light & the heaving crowd of hipsters that hid them from plain sight.

'Levinas. Ethics as First Philosophy. A fuck brutal read' said Fringe.

'You read Levinas then?' enquired L-Bomb.

'There's an interesting take on the existential in his thinking. He says that subjectivity is an irreplaceable oneself. Not strictly speaking an ego set up in the nominative in its identity, but first constrained to... It is set up as it were in the accusative form, from the first responsible & not being able to slip away. I like the idea of that "not being able to slip away." Too many thinkers slide away to let others drown in the fucked up bucket of cum they've left behind them, washing their hands & crying it was just a thought. That kind makes me puke,' grinned Fringe, hackles risen.

'What I've written on you is a development of the ordinary psychic mechanism that we're familiar with. Let me say this. Our psychic mechanisms have come into being by a process of stratification: the material present in the form of memory traces being subjected from time to time to a rearrangement in accordance with fresh circumstances – literally a retranscription in this case. What is essentially being overlooked by my theories of psychedelics is that it merely gives a new form of memory stratification. Memory is not present once but laid down in various kinds of indications. I'm thinking Freud here but I think you can see that the drug therapeutic technology I work with is just another memory transcription of previous ones,' said L-Bomb. She took a slow long swig of the dry white wine & studied the dark.

'What I like about this theory is that it avoids just considering the symbolic side of language. Doing that leads just to naïve idealism. When Hannah Arendt talks about language, that's what she's warning us about. Don't flop into naïve idealism. Language for her is understanding per se, the final aggregate & yoke, the pitch & putt in the long polar night...' she trailed off then restarted

'... She unites the political & the linguistic. The essence of the political for her is negotiating together, which is based on speaking together. Violence is speechless & silent according to her. When language ends, so does politics...' & she too took a long sip of her drink & shook her head.

'What she doesn't see then is the diabolical side of language, the language that lends itself to violence & blocks all negotiation,' commented L-Bomb whose usual optimism faded then into the severe darkness of Nietzsche.

'Existence is already violence,' said Fringe. 'The secret fate of every individual is to destroy the other, not through an intention to do harm, not through aggression & evil intent but just because of the fact of its own existence. The other must perish...' she mumbled.

L-Bomb wiped her rouged full lips. Her gentle eyes now turned to the diminutive brunette whose angst brushed like the wings of death against the mundane bric-a-brac of time.

'When I communicate myself I extend my violence over the other,' she began, quoting Nietzsche's Nachgelassene Fragmente from 1882-4.

'Kiss me hard,' said Fringe, melancholy floating through her limbs. L-Bomb felt the descent into the flux & reflux of twilight gloamings of consciousness, the melting into one another of the elements & the rising of new shapes from the abyss, a mosaic of raw stuff dancing death-fires on the upper deck of their colossal minds.

'The message expresses itself as the overpowering of others. To speak is to injure, just as to fuck is to control & murder. The first symbol is the painful impression of one will upon another will. The "injuries of the other" distinguish the "symbolic language of the stronger." Understanding takes place directly as the sensation of sorrow & pain. Symbols were originally scars. The logic of violence is continued in grammar. Conjugation is violent subjugation of the other through declension & inflection. Subject & object behave like master & slave. The deranged sexuality of language is lost if we treat language only at the level of symbol. Conjugation could no longer be violent declension. It would be adjustment & adaptation to the other. Sweet fuck naivety. Inflection would no longer be the perversity of the whip on the naked lashed backside, it would be flexibility...' L-Bomb said, her eyes heavy & quietening.

'My place in the sun... a usurpation which belongs to the others already oppressed or starved by me, expelled by me into a third world: a repelling, an exclusion, an exile, a spoliation, a killing,' interjected Fringe.

'Levinas again,' she added. 'Language is a hungry cunt!' she roared under her breath.

They had arranged to meet with a reader. The pub, packed as it was with casual hipster drinkers was a good cover. It's heaving sociability spoke to the theme: communication creates proximity. And the obvious corollary: more communication doesn't create greater proximity. Proximity lapses into distanceless indifference.

'Who is this reader then?' asked Fringe.

'She's hot but full of violence. Shimmers with it inside,' smiled L-Bomb with wry understanding.

'Sounds my kind of woman,' grinned Fringe.

'She is. Mine too. But she's serious, banging & a wild cat. Even you'd find her a handful,' laughed L-Bomb, amused at the juiced up response of the

hotty existentialist with curves in all the right places. Her own perfect curves paraphrased the erotic charge that accompanied all their conversations.

'Imperious images & letters force us to read,' said L-Bomb, realising that they both needed to be clear what was at stake. 'The pleading things of the world are begging our sense for meaning. I have covered your body with the pleading things of the world as imperious scars of letters. Go figure where that leaves us,' she said.

Fringe was thrown back into silent contemplation & thought.

'It seems we're dealing with the Cartesian individual, the extreme subjectivity's need to appropriate & overproduce attention as well as domination,' she finally responded. L-Bomb was impressed & nodded.

'Good, then you have understood. What we need here is a reader who reads without that diabolised overproductive & overaccumulated subjectivity. Baudrillard says that "so many messages & signals are produced & disseminated that they can never possibly be all read." But we must read them. Or rather, we must have them read. The violence of overcodification which razes all free space with rigid, regressive order is not our only threat: unbounded decoding & the dissolution of boundaries also brings with it existential carnage. A flood of undirected energies, stimuli & events distract & disorientate. They leave us with a surfeit of dislocating messages. The very decoding that frees us from repressive overcoding has become itself destructive,' muttered L-Bomb as she sat back down with a renewed round of wine.

'Deleuze sees decoding as freedom,' interjected Fringe.

'He's an idiot. Again, he fails to imagine the diabolic side of his so-called solution. Like Marxists who see nothing but freedom in their theory of the fulfilment of capitalism without asking the simple question: who deals with the bully boys when they make their move? So too all our moron Deleuzians who think they have it figured out – they can't see that their 'body without organs' is no better than a 'body overrun by metastases'? In their grand solution organic articulation is destroyed. Essence of course is abolished – & now we're in your world...' said L-Bomb, narrowing her beautiful eyes as she glanced at the hazy sheen of the lovely existentialist next to her.

'Ah, the schizophrenic table,' laughed Fringe, nodding knowingly, '... the table dissolves, loses all functionality, resembling little more than a heap of junk. The table top shrinks & vanishes in relation to the framework. Language becomes decoded & undifferentiated, it is an unarticulated mass of sounds...' she continued.

L-Bomb was impressed & shrieked 'OMG, you know, you know right?' & giggled.

'Fuck yes,' nodded Fringe grimly now. The diabolic side of deessentialisation was the hardest threat to her existentialism, & as they both went to smoke in the twilight she thought of the beauty of Deleuze's words & memorised the curves of L-Bomb's ass:

'In order to resist organ-machines, the body without organs presents its smooth, slippery, opaque, taut surface as a barrier. In order to resist linked, connected, & interrupted flows, it sets up a counterflow of amorphous, undifferentiated fluid. In order to resist using words composed of articulated phonetic units, it utters only gasps & cries that are sheer unarticulated blocks of sound.... A rhizome has no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, an interbeing, intermezzo. The tree is filiation, but the rhizome is alliance, uniquely alliance. The tree imposes the verb to be but the fabric of the rhizome is the conjunction, &...&...&... This conjunction carries enough forces to shake & uproot the verb to be.'

L-Bomb & Fringe both dreamed the lofty glitchy words as they took a drag.

'Violence isn't merely the repressive *neither-nor* or the *either-or* but also the endless &... &... 's said L-Bomb. Fringe shrugged.

'I know. It's a bastard fuck,' she replied. The air cooled over the earth & grey, damp mists rose from the nearby canal. People drew up their coat collars & moved rapidly across hunched vertebrae, shivering & huddled. L-Bomb & Fringe retreated back into the warm fug of the bar once more.

In these cold mists The Reader, Zero, approached, a murderous decentred presence of maniacal Buddhism, a little fist on her crazed breast, a coverture of silence, sex & enamel.



The Reader was a Taiwanese babe with curves in all the right places, a will of steel, icebrook's temper, contempt for fortune & an imperious response to emergencies.

'I'm Zero. Where do you want the reading done?' she asked.

L-Bomb shrugged.

'Can't you do it here?' she asked.

Zero gave her a contemptuous glance.

'Are you insane?'

'Ok, we can go to a place I know. We won't be disturbed,' interjected Fringe.

'Fine. But you must know how dangerous this is,' said Zero.

'We do,' frowned L-Bomb.

Elsewhere Ricardo Daphnia, a Receptor Dude who had gone deep cover, lounged in a bar off the Strand & spoke into his cell.

'There's a group now. This L-Bomb bitch has called up some others. They know a lot,' he whispered. Helen Baxter brought him a gin & lime & smiled at the sleek looking guy in the well cut suit with bulges in all the right places. He shot her a glance & smiled but was too busy to say anything to her.

'There's a hot Irish totty they call Fringe with her & she seems to be the one they need.'

'Then go kill her. Go kill them all. This is not what we need at the moment,' growled the guy on the other end of the call.

'Easier said than done. They seem powerful. L-Bomb as you know is powerful & these others seem to be armed too,' said Ricardo Daphnia.

'Armed? How armed?'

'They have powers. Not sure what they all have but there's something off about the whole situation. Like I said earlier, there's something not right about this situation. It just doesn't feel right to me,' explained Ricardo Daphnia.

'Feel? Feel? I don't care about what you're feeling. Just get the job done. Get rid of them. Extreme force. Nothing less. And quick,' the voice ordered.

Ricardo Daphnia drank his gin sullenly & then wandered inside to see where the waitress was who had caught his eye earlier. Despite his suit & dream boat tv star looks he was actually encased in a bivalved carapace. Having both male & female sex organs Ricardo never fertilised himself & enjoyed the quick fix pleasures of placing his ventral surfaces against any human that took his fancy.

'Do you fancy a shag?' he asked the waitress who was paying her way through university, studying medicine. She didn't feel like risking her job & steady income no matter how attractive he seemed. But Ricardo Daphnia wasn't one to really ask. He said the words that sounded like he was but really he was just a souped-up entitlement leech who took whatever he wanted when it came to sex.

'Wham bang ma'am,' he laughed gleefully, attaching himself to her by means of two suckers, with folds over his whole surface more numerous than those of his segments. A good meal lasts several months & he was hungry. During this time blood is stored in stomach pouches that can be seen through the body wall as dark bands, coloured deep olive green or mottled spots of brown. Hence the good suits. He's able to take over three times his own weight in blood in a single meal & injects into the wound an anticoagulant. Some meals take over a year to digest. He slipped away into the slow moving crowds along the Strand & decided he could easily accommodate three more meals before the day was out, if that was what was required. Yet even as he moved towards the Charing Cross station he felt uneasy. Like he said, something about the whole scene seemed wrong to him. It had never felt so wrong before.

Meanwhile Zero & Fringe were talking furiously whilst L-Bomb seemed more laconic & just listened.

'I hate sounding like I'm supporting the President's claims of fake news & all that bullshit, but the CIA & FBI lie all the time on everything that matters, as do the British government & its secret service. As do all Governments & their secret services. All governments always lie about what's going on. They aren't in the dark. They know stuff. But they keep it hidden. And the media lie to us because all they can do these days is report what they're told. They don't ask questions, they don't dig under what's been said. They just parrot it back to us. And then we are deliberately distracted by the media & our black mirrors so we can't be arsed to do anything ourselves either. So we're forever duped, & we act as if we are willingly duped. But we're not. It's just that everything is stacked to hide everything that's the truth...' said Fringe.

'You're not wrong on this. America is just as bad as anywhere else. I know the history of the place - I have friends who were there when US military tested bacterial weapons on unsuspecting Americans in San Francisco (MKULTRA), to cite one example of the contempt government officials can have toward ordinary people. The CIA lied to JFK about the Bay of Pias, knowing it would fail while telling him it would help oppressed Cubans overthrow the authoritarian Castro (had JFK, by the way, not shown enormous resolve in refusing US air support, revolutionary Cuba would never have survived). I believe that Malcolm X, JFK, MLK, RFK, Fred Hampton & many Black Panthers, along with so many young African Americans today have been murdered or their murders covered up by the national security state. It's human nature to believe the illusions that get us by. There's not going to be a time when we live a life that's tethered by truth Fringe. No way is that going to ever happen. We live the best way we can & let truth just look after itself some other place where we can never be...' said Zero.

'No, it's not human nature Zero. It's capitalism, straight & simple. The workers need to be exploited if capitalism is to continue.'

'Capitalism?' interjected L-Bomb, handing them both cups of some green drink.

'Look, in 1700 the national capital in Britain & France was seven times (700%) the national income. The ratio stays like that for two hundred years until WW1, the interwar Crash & inflation & WW2. The ration drops from 700 to 300 in 1950. Not until the end of the 1970s did it recover to nearly 700 – 650% in France & 600% in Britain. Over that time national capital changes its composition. Back in 1700 400% in Britain & 500% in France of national income was agricultural land. By 2010 non-agricultural capital – housing, factories, mines, government bonds, shares of stock etc have taken over as principal components.

But the interesting thing is that the 35 years between the two world wars & the Wall Street crash can be seen as an anomaly. Only during that time was it better to work than own capital. What has happened since then has been an aggressive re-establishment of the old order, one that patterns out as extreme inequality & control of society's capital resources & income from them. What we're seeing is the reestablishment of rentier capitalism, capitalism in which ownership of capital rather than wage earnings from commanding positions in the structure of capitalism becomes the dominant source of wealth.'

'I guess I knew all this. But why do you think it matters so much?' asked Zero.

'Because when things started to change at the end of the seventies many of us had lost sight – or had never really considered – the context in which we were living. The noughties have looked – until 2008 & the crash – unbelievably better – a new era, a time of hope & prosperity & everything. But once we get to see the bigger picture – the last three hundred years bigger picture, well, we see that actually all that's happening is that inequality is going back to what it has always been in the capitalist world – except for the brief period between the first world war & the oil crisis at the end of the seventies.

We're back to the historically very high concentration of inherited wealth in the hands of the riches 1% or 0.1% or even 0.01% of the population. And another thing that we can't avoid now is that the bottom half of the population in modern capitalist societies has a net worth of zero. They seem to own things but whatever value they seem to have is swallowed by debt. Collectively, on balance, they own nothing. In the USA the number of people we're talking about is about one hundred & sixty-five million people. And they may own nothing, but they work. And their work is essential to the asset rich. The asset rich depend on the assetless to live.'

'Income inequality is not as severe as wealth inequality is it though?'

suggested L-Bomb.

'Of course not. The bottom half have to have some income or they won't be able to look after the asset rich. But even that inequality is getting worse. The top 1% of the top Capitalist countries – including China & India & Russia, own roughly 30% of the countries' wealth. Half of that in many of the countries is tied up in property.'

'But we need capital don't we?' asked Zero.

'Of course we do. But not fucking capitalists,' said Fringe.

'Weber's Protestant Ethic argument suggests we did need them. The relentless religious activity of obsessive accumulation & reinvestment brought about the modern world & benefited everyone, even though it made these original capitalists very rich,' said L-Bomb.

'And don't we need the creative entrepreneurial geniuses who convert their genius into the ownership of huge enterprises worth unimaginable amounts of money whilst providing us all with the fruits of their creative energies,' added Zero.

'Yea yea yea...' replied Fringe, her face calling shapes & beckoning shadows & airy tongues.

'And why not also say that to make sure modern companies are complex & need skillful management & leadership to ensure that they achieve huge heights of productivity an profitability, & such leadership & management skills are scarce & need to be rewarded with vast salaries that allow these individuals to accumulate huge stores of wealth? And with these stores of wealth they can then invest it rather than consume it. Why not justify the capitalist like that too?' said Fringe.

'Ok, so why aren't these good reasons for having capitalists?' asked L-Bomb, grinning as she sensed that Fringe was getting more incensed the more she thought about the inequalities of the world. She enjoyed winding up the top totty.

'Ok well I'm down with the first argument because it's a historical one & there's no way it justifies the continued private ownership of the means of production. Back in the day to get the creation of wealth shifting it happened but I'm saying no more. Stop. And I'm not saying we should stop the genius entrepreneur from getting a shed load of money for doing their thing. Bill Gates, Steve Jobs, whoever, they can keep their money & enjoy. But what I do say is that there's no reason why their kids get it, & their kids' kids. What the fuck did they do to earn it?'

'Sounds a bit harsh,' said L-Bomb, just to provoke.

'They can have half a million say, the rest goes to the state when the parents die. It's good parents get to leave something for their children. That's fair. But as a token, not as a way of stopping them needing to work.'

'And what about the supermanagers? Aren't they worth it?' asked L-Bomb, feigning ignorance & a genuine interest.

'Fuck the supermanagers. There's absolutely no evidence nor reason why they are getting the right pay. By right pay I mean that they are getting an amount equal to their marginal product – the difference they make. Let em have substantial salaries but not these ridiculous ones. And of course, they shouldn't be allowed to pas them on to their children either. But that goes without saying. But you see what I'm saying. You would still have a pyramid structure of distribution of wealth & income but it would be a lot flatter & the base would not be zero. The base would be lifted. Because society would have the monies. It wouldn't be taken away from society & left with the undeserving children of the very rich,' said Fringe.

'Fuckety Picketty Fucketty. You're a goddam real life socialist. I would take you right now on that table it's so damn inspirational,' laughed L-Bomb. Fringe blushed with pleasure. Zero frowned.

'Will you two stop goofing around. I have to read,' she said.

The Receptor Dude Ricardo Daphnia shimmered through the hot London streets. The city divides repeatedly, a colony of flagellated cells arranged in a single layer on the hollow ball of jellylike material, the Thames a two-layer gastrula, encouraging the development of both dorsal & ventral psychologies, the bilateral embryo of life with the structural level of a flatworm. He held his constant sneer at bay. Here was a city of incomplete metamorphosis, like a cockroach. It had once been itself in miniature & was now an older, larger version of its younger self. Its hard outer covering had been adjusted over time, shedding & moulting outermost layers of its psychic cuticle. When the old cuticle ruptures another, roomier one is already in place beneath it. From moult to moult there's a gradual increase in specialisation, & here it never ends. Each individual mind specialises through these moultings, some hard-wired & others not.

At Green Park he took the Jubilee Line towards Stratford. He sniffed the air, nostrils feathery gills filled with blood channels, whilst between his legs membranes on each side were enclosed in cavities wrapped by the curving sides of the carapace. He considered the underground system to be arteries opening not into veins but into blood cavities in the very tissue of the city's psyche. Its shifting outlines hovered in the outside rims of his eyes, fantastic cosmographies & mappemondes of vivid fidelity, seeing each movement of the crowds seething in & out of the tubes in terms of pincers & bristles, antennas, body & appendages, daytime lives at depths sensitive to touch & chemicals, hard but flexible crusts moving in U-shaped burrows of space & time, wormlike, unsegmented, moist but clottish, leaflike in appearance, transparent head & thoracic balanced on stalks, abdomens reduced & bent under onto the ventral surface.

'This place is a huge well, frozen & chilling despite the apparent heat,' he thought to himself as he moved across the platforms at Stratford. He kept glancing at his cell where information was being continually updated

from his hidden sources. He rode the overground to Homerton & then walked past children playing ball & huddles of guys just standing at the foot of the blocks of flats, staring at him as he passed by as if trying to repel him by merely a look.

'I'm here. Have you anything more detailed? An address?' he hissed into his cell.

'No, just impressions now. From what we've got you're in the right vicinity. You need to hang out by the shops – there's a Tesco nearby but from what we can gather these jokers are into weird food shit so maybe the health food shops & hipster joints are more likely. You're just going to have to loiter until they pop up.'

Ricardo Daphnia sighed. He went into a coffee place that stuck him as very hipster & ordered a latte & sat in the window to keep an eye out.

'You live round here?' he smiled at Devonia Primpton, a twenty eight year old manager of a tile design operation located on the Whitechapel Road.

'Excuse me?' she responded, feeling a little uncomfortable at the wideboy tone of the suit in the corner.

'Sorry, didn't mean to be rude. But I'm looking for a place to stay. I'm not from round here.' He smiled winningly, as he hoped she'd construe it, whilst eyeing her up & down. She had curves in all the right places & he was hungry.

'Hotels. AR&B. There are many many options,' she rather frostily responded.

'Ok, I lied. You're a sexy thing. I was wondering if you fancied a shag before we both went our separate ways. I can see that you're not someone to stand on ceremony. It's not a threat. It's an invitation. No strings. It's just that a man can drink only so much coffee before he begins to see everything as very slow outside whilst inside everything's a million miles an hour.'

'You're a perky little bastard aren't you?' grinned Devonia Primpton whose public school background & rich parents had given her the confidence to play happily with this sort of unforeseen circumstance. The upper class always had confidence & this always gave them the upper hand against their working class enemies. It wasn't brains or anything like that, just sheer nerve. Of course their weakness was that they always had too much to lose. The working class wide boiz & galz had the opposite as their strength. In the words of Dylan: when you aint got nothing you got nothing to lose. Ricardo Daphnia winked at her & ordered them both more caffeine.

'So Mr Daphnia...' Devonia began.

'Ricardo please...' he interjected.

'Ok Ricardo, well, thanks for the offer but I have a boyfriend & he wouldn't want me to upset the applecart with a one-off dalliance with you my dear. Thanks for the offer.'

'He's a keeper then is he?' Ricardo feigned concern. Daphnia drew

back as if to scrutinise him some more, an intrigued grin playing around her face

'He's a strange boy I picked up on Tinder & I'm still in two minds. The thing about all this dating stuff is that everyone is available at the touch of a screen but at the same time emotions don't work that quickly or that directly...' she said.

'I get that. We've evolved to emote pretty automatically given certain triggers & Tinder is all about directing you to your triggers each time. So then you can't trust yourself because now there's a whole army of these strangers who are triggering you. And you go out on a few dates with the stranger who has literally come from nowhere in your life & boom. You're feeling like there's something intense & you're now hopelessly snared by your own chemical reactions that seem — inevitably — as if its romance, the modern fairy tales we've all been imbibing through movies & stuff since we were kids. So boom! And so you don't trust the feelings & you fight off any sense of commitment that comes with the emotions — the sense that you're actually falling in... wait for it... love.

You can't be serious. You feel a fool. You feel you're making an idiot of vourself. And then of course you realise that your sense of embarrassment is not something you want to share but is rather deep down inside all about vourself. You suddenly start to confront yourself at a whole other level. And you didn't think it would be like this. You didn't want it to be like this. In fact, you have always said that this Tinder stuff, the whole dating round - this would be a way of getting back into the game - & as you even put it like that you realise that it was never going to be possible to be just that. Because now you're saving that whatever 'aame' you're playing, you weren't playing. You weren't playing but rather you were - & now you start to go deep & you find yourself alone at night - it's four & you've had a few too many drinks but not enough to knock you out - you find yourself alone in your flat & you're looking at the shadows & the lights from outside your window, & hearing the wind blowing, the passing drunk, the low hum of the traffic that seems to be taking everyone somewhere else & you're wondering why isn't anyone taking you - & shit you start to go deep & realise that Tinder was never a game, was never just a thing to tie you over. Well it was, you correct yourself, ves, it was something that was just going to tie you over until he came along, or she, or whoever it was going to be – the one who was going to be the one. The one you could trust yourself to love.

Because that's what you're now daring to say in the night, alone, that what you're actually thinking your seeking, & what that is, what you're seeking, you are laughing at yourself whilst you turn this over & over, what it is, is so pathetic, is pathetic, is pathetic... You can hardly bear to think it.

You're actually blushing & there's no one else there & anyway it's dark but you feel your cheeks burning. Sex is great. That's what you say to yourself. It's about sex & just not being alone. Loneliness is a drag. You know you shouldn't be lonely but sometimes it just can't be helped, it just comes in, like it's a front of bad weather across a huge trough of ocean, an ocean that under the heat of the sun boils like a pot – love & life – to the south of it... but you then fearfully dare to think it again, say it even, in your thoughts. It's not sex & not loneliness, not just those, not even primarily those, but it's love. '

'Well I don't think that's right at all,' said Daphnia, frowning & then sipping her latte.

'This world of online dating is a strange new world. And no documents in the world are more eloquent than the laconic legends of the early maps,' he grinned back at her.

'Are you saying women aren't to have desire. Can't just want sex. Can't just want to fulfil that urge?' Daphnia adopted a mocking & cynical tone.

'Not at all. And I'm not talking about women alone. Everyone's doing it. It's a new world & the maps being drawn are tender & strange. There's a fifteenth century chart where across the whole world is written a single word in dim capitals. BRUMAE – chilling fogs & ice breath. Frigida & Perusta – frozen & burned. The frozen polars & the burning equatorial calms. On some charts the edges of the world are unknown & so are left undrawn. On some is written 'ocean unknown to the sons of Adam.' No human eye has beheld the places beyond these vague smudged borderlines. There are zones that no human eye has seen, just as with Tinder there are similar zones no heart has yet been touched by. The ancient early maps contrast deathly heat with deathly cold, & surely you can see the link now. The sea & the land both. The fervent heat of desire, the red heat of the hot land, deserts uninhabited on account of that heat, the hot desire that stands on a fifteenth century planosphere. And its contrast, beyond the ocean north is the austral zone so cold no one can live there either.

We are all medieval now when we go on Tinder. The adverts make out it's modern but it's medieval. We date according to the mappemondes, to bathe either in fiery floods or reside in thick-ribbed ice. Between these is the great zone between the living & the dead. None of us can go to them. None of them can come to us. Fire & ice & mist keep us from the hidden continent, the mysterious antipodal world we seek out. The seas are haunted. Our depths are full of silent, baleful & sinister things. Perils of whiteness, the frozen whiteness we collect as if in jars, the glacial moons & blazing suns & the blackness of darkness & creatures like sea monsters that squirm & writhe in us – these are the days we're living, this is the reality of Tinder & our desires & hopes & despairs. We draw maps of our lives & what we are looking for from cramped & obscure legends, forbidding in its shapes & sorceries...' Ricardo Daphnia trailed off & stared down at his drained cup.

'You're still not fucking me,' Daphnia said.

'I just did,' grinned back Ricardo.

'Yea, but I'm not fucking you.'

'On those weird medieval early maps – before the voyages of discovery – are illustrations & notes & the monsters. It's like a very weird Tinder account trail. Think of the Anthropophagi – cannibals that eat each other – you've met him yea?'

Daphnia chuckled.

'The Garamantes who dwell in the in the land who boil by day & freeze by night. You've met those types too, the mood swingers, who track not your emotions but just their own. You know the odd faraci who eats violence raw, who is all panthers' & lions' flesh – the virility of their violence overspilling & not fun after the showmanship phase is over & it settles in as their essence. You've met their neighbouring type, the Monoculi, cheerful ragabonds & ruffians, fertile & sunny, lounging around with one foot in the sun, drinking under parasols & yet able to run with amazing celerity, all soil & vine. Cum all night, again & again yea? And the Virgogici who live off insects, the small bugs of life that make melodious their beefs & gripes & whose cocks are serpentine, dance in xtc with too many fingers all over you, tossing their heads like daffodils in multidigital raptures.

There are those lovers whose heads grow beneath their shoulders, those whose lips are umbrellas against the sun, the Presumbani who have no ears, anonymous without tongues, who just don't listen to what you want, another whose mouth is so tiny they need straws for everything imbibed, & the little guys with the little wink wink... & then the Gorgons who freeze to stone desires, & the dragons who breathe fire & yet are always about to fly off, or ravage you, & the Sirens, those who seduce & seduce & seduce but never let you land but rather steer you closer & closer to treacherous & sinister rocks. These are the monsters of these early maps. These are the creatures you too could note on your Tinder map, a wild chaos of fantastic marvels awaiting incorporation within your slowly advancing borders of a known & ordered world that seems to you now still so far far away.'

'Tropic heats & polar ice & mists & monsters, those & others, they are still to be reckoned with. You're saying that aren't you? Nothing's been incorporated yet?' commented Daphnia.

'Oh come now. I'm not saying that exactly. I'm saying that already you're beginning to pick out the distortions & ironing them out so that they fade into common daylight. You're already seeing the projections as projections, the involuntary temptings as just that, & you're like a medieval voyager, inaugurating the discoveries that will bring order & truth & clarity to the maps. Yet here's the thing…' he said, & paused as if for effect.

'Yes, the thing?' she repeated, genuinely interested.

'Those terrors of insane heat & polar ice don't dissolve like mists but

instead are wrought into the very fabric of your epic journey. And with that we touch reality. $^{\prime}$

'You see me as an explorer?'

'An intrepid Navigator. Bartholomew Diaz turned East in 1488 & there was no land, just the cape & a sea of lions flaming barriers of the sun.'

'Is that you?' she laughed.

'No.'

'Trap Door spiders live in silk-lined burrows & wait beneath the hinged door for passing prey,' she said after a pause.

'Is that you?'

'No. The opposite really. I have an overwhelming feeling...' she started & then stopped.

'What?'

'Dread. An overwhelming feeling of dread.'

First: Fringe was wrestled down to the floor of the flat hidden off the Whitechapel Road. Zero's erotically charged strength made short work of Fringe's feeble attempts to resist or ask questions. 'Shut up,' instructed Zero. L-Bomb's wild blonde hair hung low across her bronzed shoulders & her eyes registered the wild sexuality of the ensuing reading.

'Fuck Zero, you're so insanely hot will you shag me later,' laughed L-Bomb. Zero was stern. She held the helpless Fringe & tore away her striped zebra print dress to reveal her codes & practices of wild flesh, her fine ass & breasts now laid out across Zero's consciousness challenging the hyper-individualisation of the surrounding culture. Zero pulled down her knickers & gagged her with them. 'I need silence,' Zero commanded & then she proceeded to read the skin, hands touching & sliding across the body as it writhed silently beneath her, a trussed panther. L-Bomb watched, her expanded mind unbearably alive with erotic visions. 'You must fuck me after this Zero,' she laughed, seriously turned on by the deranged voyeuristic opportunity this afforded. Zero frowned & continued to read whilst Fringe found herself yielding to the delights that go beyond language, her burning zones alive with the weight of stillness & silence that Zero seemed to command with her insane finger tips, her heart-shaped lips maybe only an inch from her own, unbearably held apart like leaves of a secret occult book or science manual, multicoloured & dripping with honeved inspirations.

Then shaman & darkfish together, roused to unbearable limits, rubbed & caressed until fingers plunged & reunited bodies & minds into the afterworld of pure delirious sexuality. The hallucinatory anguish of orgasms erupted through the room, a world that accords with our desires – a world without a simple origin, just as returning to Greece requires us to pass Rome. Through this idea, that there is no classical origin, we can begin to understand the origin of the world. L-Bomb ran her fingers over her places

of mystery gasping as she began to dream of laying bare the device of its erotic origin. Then the reading ended.

Zero now sat in the corner of the room, frowning & silent. L-Bomb & Fringe waited for her to speak. Zero suddenly sat up & stared at L-Bomb. L-Bomb blinked, & saw images that pressed her dress tight to her lithe body, fluttered hideous darkness & then a booming light, light of a million suns, light that tore across the scene like shards testing eyes to unbearable limits even though she pressed her eyes shut, feeling the weight of the eye ids on her eyes, astonished by the light that had made a hole in the air, a hole through the earth into which everything was falling, the earth itself was falling. L-Bomb screamed a scream & Fringe staggered back, realising the vision thing was kicking in, an electricity of another kind of passage, one leaving no trace because it blasted out the eyes, an alternative to a depiction of penetration that will leave no trace, an alternative of absolute fatality. The very edge of dusk seemed to fill the small room.

'What am I seeing?' she asked.

'The feelings are those of an improper art – kinetic, desire & loathing. Desire urges us to possess – maybe to be possessed, loathing to abandon or even be abandoned. We are shoved into these kinetics via pornography & didacticism. We dream of art that will lift us away from these emotions, to arrest ourselves so we hover above the imbecility of both desire & loathing. But this is not art,' said Zero.

'So what did you read?' asked Fringe.

'A constant risk of psychosis – an inability to distinguish between symbol & reality. It was extremely powerful. A dense & impassable fog, as if there was no such distinction to be had – not because symbol was impossible, but reality,' said Zero.

'Your body stripped & laid upon the chair, the secrets written onto your skin, a history of beauty, in painting, literature, always linked to women, a matter of currency & exchange, like a cinema coming out of the dark – & cinema always does come from the dark – & succumb to the dark too. The cinema is a sign & the signs are here. Cinema is the sign that gives us signs, where others, they have given us orders, directions, instructions & deliberations. The cinema gives us alchemical cave drawings, like creatures crying pitifully out of wombs that need to be suppressed. It's a mental disintegration & spiritual emptiness you read about in the blogosphere & yet when I looked again for what lay beneath, peering to reality, there was one but it was strange.'

'Strange how?' asked Fringe, slowly pulling on her black knickers.

'Each sound & image seems only an incidental quotation or reference. There's something deeply personal to all of us – we three & the other two. It may be the story of everyone, but it's somehow personal to we five.'

'How's that?' asked L-Bomb, still shaken by the vision of the suns & the

blinding moment ending sight.

'It's as if we have known all along.'

'Known what for fuck's sake?' said Fringe, shaking with fury. Zero too was angry, as if guilty of something that she couldn't run down.

'As if we have known all along that something was terribly wrong & yet we didn't record it. We didn't stop it & we didn't record anything accurately, & we didn't understand what had happened — or what was happening,' said Zero

'I don't understand any of this,' said Fringe, but her perfect body with curves in all the right places was now still, huddled in a chair, & she hugged her knees.

'From cradle to grave we are bombarded with sounds & images. They are beyond our control. TC, cinema, the black screens of our digital world, they seek us out, torment us with pleasures of light & sound, reworking images & dialogues, rapacious, sultry, carnal. No one resists for long. And yet we are given absolutely no control over these things. We cannot alter the content, save at the margins. Copyright laws & other laws hold things steady. Entertainment corporations have defeated any attempt to develop the free exchange of ideas,' grumbled Zero.

'What the fuck has this got to do with any of us. Or anything?' asked Fringe.

'I saw just power. Unadulterated white power lights, they burned out everything. Reality was there but with nothing standing,' said L-Bomb, crossed legged on the floor at Fringe's feet.

'Annihilation depends on us — just as repression does, just as liberation...' mumbled Fringe suddenly.

'Something happens & we're part of it. Five birds flying with tin hats, that's what I saw, or fish, five steel headed fish swimming, but in the sky.'

'The strong dominate the weak & the good life is lost, for the good life requires what? Wisdom & knowledge as supreme values?' muttered L-Bomb.

'That is why the strong should not dominate the weak. Truth & philosophy over argument & rhetoric – for rhetoric & argument are indifferent to truth & are about satisfying the passions only...' said Zero, eyes flashing.

'Rhetoric is underrated,' said L-Bomb, mildly disagreeing.

'What did you read?' asked Fringe again.

'I saw five fish birds with steel helmets & a hole in the ground, a well maybe, a primal darkness, something wintering at its heart. Perhaps it was the subjective world & a deep hole in it into which the world had fallen because no one had been able to catch it. I think we were there & the earth was falling in a spiral & we should have been able to catch it somehow — I didn't understand how we were supposed to be able to do that — but whatever — it fell because we weren't able to stop it. Maybe we just didn't

understand enough. Or maybe we were wrong. Indifferent. Perhaps we were to blame. But what I read was something about everything being demolished, everything just steaming about, with ragged teeth everywhere & mouths with grit & hands carrying scalps,' said Zero quietly.

'So what the hell are we to do with this? It's a maze. Impossible. Doesn't make sense,' said L-Bomb frowning.

'I know. But there were names too. Five names. It was as if...' Zero hesitated.

'Yes,' urged Fringe, eyes wide with fearful anticipation.

'As if they were our names,' said Zero.

'And?...' waited L-Bomb.

'Goldsboro, Yuba City, Savage Mountain, Palomares & Thule.'

'Are we ghosts?'

'Machines?'

'Lucky misses?'

'Are we far off?'

'An ideal insomnia?'

'In trouble?'

'Yes, that,' said Zero, her frown a dark swarm.



Wikipedia Notes 1:

The 1961 Goldsboro B-52 crash was an accident that occurred near Goldsboro, North Carolina on January 24, 1961. A B-52 Stratofortress carrying two 3 - 4-megaton Mark 39 nuclear bombs broke up in mid-air, dropping its nuclear payload in the process. [1] The pilot in command ordered the crew to eject at 9,000 feet (2,700 m). Five men successfully ejected or bailed out of the aircraft & landed safely. Another ejected but did not survive the landing, & two died in the crash. Information newly declassified in 2013 showed that one of the bombs came very close to detonating...

You walk down the stairs & cry & if you ask why you cry no one can tell you. Perhaps there is no psychology anymore. That's maybe a clue.

'We need to get out of here,' muttered Zero. Fringe & L-Bomb agreed. 'You have a sense what the danger is?

'Men with guns, cocks, everything sideways,' said L-Bomb.

'Fuck,' & they ran.

London was where all emotions & words for them had been eliminated. L-Bomb moved through the spaces like an actor from the silent period. She acted with her body not her psychology. Yet of course she was full of death, tenderness & awkwardness, tastes, quotations, questions, the need for convenience & inconvenience, a love of the presence of the sea, of car thefts, balance & ballet, memory counterpointed with freedom & transit.

'I'll know when they are here. I will sense them coming. I can sense them coming now,' she said. Fringe & Zero moved quietly behind her, marking time, repeating her steps, absorbing the sounds & images of the present that had aged terribly & made them feel sad.

They were now gangsters in the city, liberated from the need to be expressive & relevant to the world. The dance of sexual isolation, its blankeyed career-happy hurdy-gurdy had been substituted for something as close to romanticism as could be construed in such a desolation, all combined in essay, journalistic sketch, news, love lyric, satire & sex dream. As they shifted across the landscape they felt themselves breaking from previous attempts of history. This is pulp fiction plus Disney plus sombre politics plus emptiness.

'Emptiness, yes,' said Fringe.

'How?' asked L-Bomb.

'We show & we show ourselves showing, & how we do that. We show that as well. We continue to investigate. We continue to run with murky post-colonialism, we continue to show the inability of genre to deal with this but at the same time we love the genre & embrace it – we are no longer innocent & fragile girls going to end up tortured & dead by the end but we will drive away, drive away in a fast truck at the end...'

'Fuck, & here comes one of the goons,' interjected L-Bomb, her bronzed body suddenly tautening & lubed-up ready for physical action at no remove.

Her long insanely erotic legs shimmered, her breast nipples hardened, her curves curved & she felt waves of carnal energies buzzing like volts of electrical energy through her. Zero clenched a fist & yet couldn't take her dark eyes off L-Bomb's sensual figure as it clenched itself to hallucinatory powers that reached beyond all horizons. Zero felt primal desire clutch her own thighs, breasts & place beyond language & a small groan of intense pleasure sighed from her full lips.

Sure enough, a shimmering panther of a man seemed to emerge out of the grey hot tarmac of the city. Passers-by moved as if oblivious.

'What the hell is that?' asked Zero, closing her eyes as she began to suck in strength from the blighted heat. Her body surged with gleaming psycho-sexual power. But it was Fringe not L-Bomb or Zero who acted first.

'Cat Demon. I've met these fuckers before. They're somehow locked on to my own fantasy life & yet have fascist politics & dim machismo leanings that corrupt & erase all pleasure. I need to crush it,' she explained, her curves in all the right places & dream-like face glowing into the wild air. L-Bomb & Zero both were transfixed by her sinuous beauty as it curled forward towards the heinous beast. They fell back, content to watch Fringe's fabulous ass & legs approach the monster, dark hair swirling as if caught in a gale across her pale shoulders, her curving spine.

'Hot bitch when mad,' commented L-Bomb with a lascivious grin & Zero nodded in agreement.

The Cat Demon, all muscle & giant cock & startlingly dominant, twelve feet tall but packed tight at over, a ton in weight, something to do with a different way with gravity that allowed him to bulk so well without just breaking, he glared at the three Grrls with luminous slobbering mouth open & jagged yellow teeth grating in excitement, twitching mighty pulverising fists & an extended blood filled member.

'Well now girls. Whose wanting to die fucking today?' he grinned.

'Catman, can I call you that? You look like a cat,' said Fringe, rolling her shoulders & feeling all sex sincerity, courage, lucidity, the whole shebang, blasting through her streaming body, shining now under the spontaneity of what would strike her afterwards as a Pirandellian aspect of reality where adventures were to happen but no one would be able to bring them back alive if she didn't.

Catman the Cat Demon narrowed his red eyes in contempt.

'Prepare to die totty. You're a sexy fox aren't you so I'm going to enjoy battering your place beyond language to convulsive death with my cock. The verve & simplicity of my violence is my central virtue,' he raged.

'My friends & girlfriends know that the important thing is to stick to a personal world to gain a relative if not absolute freedom. This is the moment of ultimate danger where death comes like a rapist cat on hind legs - & is where we intervene to vanquish the threat,' explained Fringe

through rouged kiss kiss lips.

'You can't escape,' sneered the Cat Demon. Fringe eyed his extending cock like it was a serpent & couldn't help but feel a little aroused.

'To make anything all you need is a girl & a gun,' sighed Fringe, deliberately misremembering Godard's aphorism. Clenching her fists she launched herself through the air, an ascending bird of lyric song descending in an arc of carrion meat, a sort of insane counter-theology, a word bomb, a rattle of biological glee. The Cat Demon roared to meet the assault, swinging his leopard strength into the fray like a pussy berserker. His iron claws brushed Fringe but she dusked & weaved away to evade their lethal curves. Her own brutal fist tore into the Cat Demon's flank. The Cat Demon grunted in surprise & pain, & he staggered back a way.

'I got game,' swaggered Fringe with a cute smirky bravado twist & she threw a perfect uppercut to the brute's jaw. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere. 'Die fucker,' she cried, & then tore at him so his legs, arms, teeth were blasted away from the rest of him in a slop of gore & ripped screaming. With flashing white teeth she bit at the stricken monster, a figure now agonised by shocked pain & rolling in flame, held by the throat & screeching hate even as Fringe powered her fists into his blooded face until it exploded into the walls & his bombed out skull wore another face. His cock fell off in a flood of gore.

'Die fucker for you are death. Die death, die fascist...' Fringe screamed, insane with rage & fear & hatred. Her arms & legs flailed a mad psychosexual power-&-destruction, beating down at a thousand miles an hour, a wreathed vagina pouring out demon goddess moonbeam laser annihilation into the unsteady recollection of four & a half billion years of violence, making that nature into history & then returning it back again, an aesthetic, intellectual, ethical fury where sheer heart, imagination regenerated her stoked up, limitless primal infernos. Cat Demon was torn into a million gobbets of despair. He groaned, 'Truth kills everybody' he squealed & then blew up into fire & smoke & ash.

Her frenzy complete, Fringe crouched amidst the blood & flames, face covered in gore & soot. L-Bomb calmly walked to her & pattered her on her shoulder. Zero said nothing.

'Some days you give your mouth but Cat Demon comes & snatches it away & slaps you. Other days you give your breasts, other days your place of all mysteries & each time Cat Demons come & cut them away, stuff them in their pockets, sew them to trees or their own nipples or whatever. So when I meet a Cat Demon I need to curve all my feelings into my claw hands & scratch, scratch & scratch & take death further, to another star, all zigzaggy & so on...' said Fringe, panting.

'Come on, there'll be more coming,' said L-Bomb, looking around. She wasn't wrong.

Wikipedia Notes 2:

On 14 March 1961 an aircraft accident occurred near Yuba City, California, A United States Air Force B-52F-70-BW Stratofortress bomber, AF Serial No. 57-0166, c/n 464155, carrying two nuclear weapons departed from Mather Air Force Base near Sacramento. According to the official Air Force report, the aircraft experienced an uncontrolled decompression that required it to descend to 10,000 feet (3,000 m) in order to lower the cabin altitude. Increased fuel consumption caused by having to fly at lower altitude, combined with the inability to rendezvous with a tanker in time caused the aircraft to run out of fuel. The aircrew ejected safely, & then the unmanned aircraft crashed 15 miles (24 km) west of Yuba City, [2] tearing the nuclear weapons from the aircraft on impact. However, in a 2012 book[3] LTC Earl McGill, a retired SAC B-52 pilot, claims that the aircrew, after an inflight refuelling session that provided inadequate fuel, refused the offer of an additional, unscheduled inflight refuelling, bypassed possible emergency landing fields & ran out of fuel. The crew ejected, the gircraft broke up & four onboard nuclear weapons were released. The weapons' multiple safety interlocks prevented both a nuclear explosion & release of radioactive material

There are only two subjects here: death & the impossibility of love. L-Bomb walked as if she had chosen a violent end because she was sad. She needed the end she had chosen. A commentary on this can never be a substitute for what happens. Fringe had been arguing with Zero about Lacan as they walked, having decided that taking the underground was too risky.

'The infant asks the questions: where do I come from? Do my parents really love me? Why did their love create me?' These are the questions that are fundamental for Freud,' said Zero.

'In answering these on the couch with the analyst the analysand is able to understand her own fundamental self-image. The psychoanalyst & the analysand form a transferential relationship. The power is of course not equal. Just as with master/slave, teacher/pupil, doctor/patient. In such a relationship the opposite of love is contempt,' continued Zero.

'Dreams are fundamentally erotic,' said L-Bomb.

'Maybe,' said Fringe.

'Hesitation is a quarter of a second,' said L-Bomb.

'This is Fenelon country,' quipped Fringe, quoting the poet: '...a sublime so familiar that each will be tempted to believe she would have discovered it easily herself, although few are capable of actually discovering it.'

'What the hell is going on? Who are these cat demons?' asked L-Bomb.

'Proof that no language can represent reality. We are left in two registers of being — reality we have seized at this moment & in this way. That's all,' said Fringe.

'You're taking a classical line then?' asked L-Bomb, a little surprised.

'My lines are always neoclassical at the very least, a neoclassicalism first developed in the seventeenth century in France as a weaponised aesthetic for the French absolutist monarchy.'

'I am the reader Joyce speaks about when he talks of readers suffering from an ideal insomnia,' said Zero.

'Which is why we are now so forbidden & confused... And chased...' said L-Bomb, grinning.

'Are we still subjected to monopolies of taste? How can it be? The producer is the audience now. Social media has wrecked the old familiar way of looking at things. Economics has yet again shifted the game when it comes to creating the monopolies. It's all gone strange,' said Fringe.

'Cat Demons are our rainbows,' said L-Bomb as they strode on through incomprehensible, uncomprehending streams of Londoners. Victoria Park now opened out under a brutally simple sunshine.

'Rainbows?' quizzed Fringe, her body like L-Bomb's & Zero's a victory of interior light.

'Only seen if you're in the right place, at the right angle, with other conditions right too – the light, the water particles & so on. From elsewhere the rainbow is invisible. It encourages those who can't see it to say it isn't there at all, that it isn't real, that we are imagining it or that it is an illusion or hallucination,' stated L-Bomb.

'So we are seeing them because of who we are, where we are, our angles, our versions of who we are, what the world is, has become or is becoming...' said Fringe.

'Are we seeing them because we're neurotic or psychotic?' asked Zero, frowning as light zigzagged across the canal surface. They crossed a bridge.

'The neurotic accepts that she could be different. She could be a he, or a she/he or he/she or anything else. I remember – or think I remember a moment when I asked whether I was supposed to be this. Whether this was who my parents wanted me to be...' said L-Bomb, her body a furnace of erotic holiness, shimmering as a basic creative principle.

'Ah, the Freudian/Lacanian moment of castration,' smiled Zero, her pert beauty & high cheekbones constituted by her bringing together images that were both distant & true. These were images of the elegiac – the cheekbones were of death – & the art of love – realities not pessimistic but rather an assertion of life & the body folded together, her tortuously hot lips.

'Yea, the beginning of the world of the symbolic, & our resistance to that world, the world of representing the world via symbols, our resistance to language, the world of exchange. The resistance is the wound. The narcissistic wound we image in our original self image. The image of ourselves as unified, as girl, or as boy, or as whatever we take it, & ourselves, to be. The certainty of self identity is assaulted by the questions:

could I have been different from this? Did my parents want me to be this? And our neurosis follows our hysteria that fights against the choice, that denies it, that asserts our self as our real being despite the choice. Our neurosis goes deep: we deny the choice. We repress it. It's our struggle. Lacan calls this the Oedipal symptom,' said Fringe.

'If we are the neurotics, then the Cat Demons are our psychotic beings. They are gathering strength. They come from denying the very possibility of castration, the very possibility of the symbolic. They are manifestations of the denial of the wound. What is denied by our psychotic selves returns as hallucinations & deformations of reality...' Fringe nodded as she surged towards the café in the London park that overlooked a lake.

'What has been rejected in the symbolic returns in the real,' added Zero quietly, grimly. She scanned the crowds of youthful hipsters at the water's edge.

'The psychotic can't understand the separation between symbol & real, word & thing,' said L-Bomb.

'We're left having to interrogate the symbolic. We are neither neurotics nor psychotics, we transcend them' she said, ordering them cups of coffee from a bored waitress.

They sat on the grass & watched the buzz & antics of people relaxing. L-Bomb understood that her MDMA visions took possession of everything. It was a definition of her solitary nature. It explained why her little stories, the gags, music & jokes as well as her books & lectures & thoughts were worth something even though others might dismiss them as being as off-track as screwball comedies. It explained why she saw how reality had always seemed to be about a fatality of view, where the man fantasises the woman constantly, so that the history of beauty was about women & not men – & how she reversed this in order to escape.

And it explained why she accounted for all this reality as an absolute, as something that had to be paid, & that payment came from a darkness because she recognised how her visions had come – from the very start – from the dark – literally a darkness of night & also from the darkness of soul that was agonised & perplexed, needing to know an answer, puzzling ferociously through the night like a blood moon. And this was linked to her need to control the astonishments & her endearing ability to find power, perhaps even economic power, in all this. But more than anything – or maybe not 'more than' but rather as a culmination – it explained her playfulness, her appetite for interpretation & living with all the stuff, with all of it, with living life anyway, & nothing less, no matter what...

'What are we doing? Are we trying to save the world?' she laughed. Fringe shook her head.

'I gave up any idea of saving the world to save myself long ago,' she said firmly, so firmly in fact that L-Bomb wondered whether she was just

trying to convince herself.

'So what do we do? What do you think is happening?' asked Zero.

'We are registering everything but doing so without being overwhelmed or directed by ways of telling, ways of registering. We have to keep the wound we were talking about earlier open.'

'Ah, so we keep open the twins – death & love,' said Zero, sipping her coffee.

'So long as they, like all else, are not seen as systems of belief or codes. If they are treated as such they are just evasions. We can't evade anything it seems... so just so long as we do that...' said Fringe.

'That would explain why we find ourselves bound together like this. Our ways are not the failures of masculinity & its projection onto the too beautiful beauty of the woman. Rather we swim with the dead-end of masculinity & society towards something else,' said L-Bomb. Her gentle face gazed at the other two with a quiet compassion. All three realised that for too long the experience of sex with beloved men had been an experience of suffering.

'Desire, unfettered & uncontrolled, hands power to the powerful & the weak are crushed. Desire needs sublimation – perhaps art – or else wisdom & truth. Curtail a life of pure desire with truth & wisdom & art,' said Zero quietly.

'And in so doing escape representation, escape symbol. An act of penetration impossible to depict. Find a penetration that leaves no trace,' said Fringe, narrowing her eyes some more against the sheer light of the sun & the crashing waves of people in all their sensual eroticised movement, seemingly moving in the same dance as the shimmering light on the lake, in the same wave after wave of sound as the birdsong all around them.

'If I love you that's the end of you,' she quoted to no one in particular, making use of an aesthetic emotion. L-Bomb might have heard her, but neither she nor Zero said anything about it.

'45 degrees,' whispered L-Bomb.

'I see it,' hissed Fringe.

'You ok to do this without us?' asked Zero darkly. Fringe was already standing & moving away from them.

'This is going to be fun,' she said over her shoulder. Zero admired her awesome ass whilst L-Bomb gasped at her legs. Both renewed their lust for her curves & devices, her movement through the light towards the beast. For settled across the water was another Cat Demon, a panther masculinity of huge power & beauty, an asocial silence that suddenly rendered the whole of Victoria Park numb. Whereas Fringe refused generalisation at some fundamental level, the Cat Demon was an image of enormous generality, a stereotype of hunk male hero formation, a shimmering brand of body/attitude/mind set of convention & celebrity, a monster of desire & power with bulges in all the right places & the swagger of the regime of the

normal, an image muscled up to summons the onlooker to a pre-existent place which pretends there is no source of light, no angle, no shadows, no perspective, no subjectivity. Fringe hated all that & her mission was to coil herself from the very centre of the lie & erase it.

'Hi there sexy,' she greeted the looming monstrosity with a wry grin.

'So here you are. And I was beginning to think you were trying to hide away from me,' his deep voice swelled through the air. Fringe flashed her eyes & then her shear black lace knickers at the aroused hunk.

'Why would I want to hide from what you can give me? I'm all yours,' Fringe giggled with intoxicating glee.

'Oh wow. I'm going to enjoy doing you, you are a top totty,' he grinned back, suddenly suave & dark-romance-like.

'Listen to you, all wooing & stuff. It's like Shakespeare...' she mocked. He didn't hear the put-down but rather couldn't keep his eyes off the swirling figure approaching him, her dress clutching tightly her awesome breasts & ass, her curves in all the right places, her dimpled smile ghosting under a shock of curling brunette hair reminding him of Katherine Hepburn at her most lush & zany.

Fringe flashed her fist into his face, turning the iron rigidity of the handsome Hepcat jawline into a goosed distortion. Blam. He felt the electric pain but surprised Fringe by staying on his feet & landing a sweeping uppercut to her exposed chin. She flew through the air & landed in the lake, her striped dress now clinging to her bedraggled body, her mighty ass exposed to the cool waters.

'Fuck, he's harder than I expected,' she muttered to herself, grinning at the unintended double entendre.

'Nice one big boy. You've ruined my hair & spoiled my dress. I'm not happy,' she grumbled aloud & roared through the waters like an aquatic sex bomb. She high kicked the lusty boy, so now it was his turn to stagger back. He registered his surprise.

'Now you're making me mad,' he roared, tensing his six pack whilst from his fingers scythed huge golden curving claws.

'Gonna shred you bitch, no one challenges my hegemonic role' he smiled & he sliced through the air with wicked speed. Twisting just out of reach, the claws sliced through the dress which fell from Fringe's body revealing her sensual body hugged tight by scanty knickers & bra.

'That's very annoying,' she grumbled but before the hulking creature could admire her sexy body she had leapt forward & chopped her fist hard against his throat. Blood & gunge was everywhere as the blow smashed the neck & left the behemoth dead in the water. Yet the battle was by no means over. At the moment of fatal impact the Cat Demon started spawning identical duplicates of itself, a sudden multiplication of the generality that the first one had of course. Each arose as if structurally differentiated

subindividuals of a colony of identicals. It seemed that behaviour patterns were established from the outset, little or no learning whatsoever being necessary for each new individual to take its place in this colony.

'The behaviours, though complex, were clearly instinctive, as they needed to be. They were creatures intended to live for but a few hours, days at the most perhaps,' speculated Fringe as she calculated the numbers now bubbling up out of the fallen original.

'Life is short & these bastards clearly have a lot to do. Having to train & learn would be far too expensive in terms of time. Time is what these critters don't have,' she thought to herself. Still, this gave her some advantages. If they were only capable of purely instinctive moves then they wouldn't be able to learn new kinds of behaviour & solve new kinds of problem. They would have a fixed set of attitudes & response routines. She held herself like a ballet dancer, her strangely luminous body an illimitable horizon of sex, cognition & cosmic soul slipping moorings across waves of ice-like muscle, skin & horn.

Predictably, the Cat Demon colony renewed their assaults upon her with brutalising rapine vigour & multiplied strength. Each attack she repelled with fuck-off efficiency. Her fists & kick-boxing loops threw them back upon themselves in a blood bath of disarray. Tranced by her own violence, she crunched their skulls into the ground with a breathless ferocity that reached beyond dreams to nightmarish chimera. She screamed berserker cries at each pummelling blow as in a frenzy she ripped apart the Cat Demon army.

Wave after wave of the foul creatures raged towards her. Wave after wave fell back crushed & broken by her unleashed powers. Sweat dripped down her curved arching back, her ass gleamed like a fable of gold & nectarine sexuality. From the place of all destinies between her pitiless thighs shot gleams of rainbows & heat, vast sweeps of an unmarked world of orgasmic gleam that tuned her cries, limitless & terrifying sweeps of aural mass that pivoted from her into the very outer limits of this universe.

Zero & L-Bomb watched in astonished wonder, their yelps of orgasmic response burning through them, releasing cave birds of shuddering hallucinatory sexual revelation. With fierce pleasure Zero grasped the gorgeous blonde locks of L-Bomb's shimmering hair & crushed a kiss upon her open mouth, pulling L-Bomb to her knees. The aphrodisiacal rim of desire unleashed by Fringe's deadly performance against the maniacal Cat Demons enflamed both Grrls. Soon they were squirming together on the ground as the Cat Demons continued to be battered into total defeat. Zero hammered at L-Bomb's place of total desires, ripping screams of hallucinatory delight from the bronzed blonde as she frenetically assaulted every place of desire.

Wave after wave of frenzied insane orgasm shook their bodies as L-Bomb found her face forced between Zero's legs & her tongue wriggling in ecstasy in Zero's own place of burning ocean of desires. Twisted away with a gasp of deranged pleasure, Zero now pushed L-Bomb face down into the soft grass & pounded her sweet ass until L-Bomb again exploded in unfinishable spasms of orgasm. Fringe's violence visited upon the Cat Demons had swept a curve of desire that had cut them all open.

Fringe finally sat amongst the bloodied & shredded remains. Smoke & gore & flames were the remains of the storm. L-Bomb & Zero, still shaking from their bliss-out, lay clipped & waiting at the perimeter of the carnage, amazed & elemental. It was as if they had been part of – or maybe brought about – a magic warp, as if a line had been broached. Fringe walked as if to regain her dreams & vision once more. A strange light shone across the scene, oblivious to the to-ings & fro-ings of the inhabitants of the park who continued as if nothing had happened. It was as if this were a light on some other loom, an imaginative weaving of familiar & unfamiliar landscapes & patterns that only they could witness, deep rooted as their own selves & some elemental fact of humanity itself.

'These cat demons...' panted Zero across the calmness & the vast silence. Fringe listened intently. She wanted to know about them. She didn't know what they were.

'...they are your rainbows. And you killed them all,' continued Zero. No news could bring such realisation of intense horror to them that revelation. It was a revelation that revealed to them that they were literally fighting their own demons. But the horror was that their imaginations bent imagination to the end of reconstructing everything else. The very world itself seemed woven from these demons. Fringe felt a hot tear on her lovely cheek.

'If I walked across Paradise,' she whispered to both Zero & L-Bomb who were both intently listening to every heart beat.

'If I walked across Paradise & brought back a flower from hence, then what would it mean? What would it mean to be able to do that?' she asked.

'It would mean repression has ended,' L-Bomb said.

'If a man could pass through Paradise in a Dream, & have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, & found that flower in his hand when he awoke – Aye – & what then?' said Zero, her vast imagination channelling Coleridge.

'Coleridge was channelling the German Jean Paul: "Oh if mortal man were to wander in a dream through Elysium, if vast unfamiliar flowers were to close above him; if one of the blessed were to offer him one of those flowers, saying: 'Let this remind you when you awake that you have not been dreaming' – how he would yearn for that Elysian land, whenever he looked at that flower,"' added L-Bomb whilst running her finger through Zero's jet black hair.

'So our quest is for comfort & reassurance?' asked Fringe.

'Is this real?' she added, looking as if for the first time at the contrasting elements of the calm, paradisiacal North London Park & the apocalyptic

battle field scene of smoking wrecked demons hurled & deconstructed, ransacked, in their own vile blood & twisted bone.

'Let's get away from here. I'm feeling afraid. And I don't feel we're all here. I feel there are others that need to be with us. We're not complete,' said Fringe, shaking herself down so that her quiet torpor left her & was replaced by a decisive ceremony. She pulled on her wrecked dress so that like a rag doll she prepared to get away. Zero & L-Bomb listened to what she said & felt instinctively that she was right. They hadn't a clue what it meant though to say that they weren't complete. And that chilled them.



Wikipedia Notes 3:

The 1964 Savage Mountain B-52 crash was a U.S. military nuclear accident in which a Cold War bomber's vertical stabiliser broke off in winter storm turbulence. ^[4] The two nuclear bombs being ferried were found "relatively intact in the middle of the wreckage," ^[5] & after Fort Meade's 28th Ordnance Detachment secured them, ^[6] the bombs were removed two days later to the Cumberland Municipal Airport. ^[7]

They were marching like fugitives around the city. They were hiding yet they didn't know what was after them. They were in murky depths in a city that now spread out like a swamp. L-Bomb would sometimes close her right eye to see more clearly by bringing an uncoupled luxuriance to her visioning. They threaded themselves in & out of streets, roads, parks, broadways, markets, shopping malls, squares without ever being individual entities. They suffered the abundance of a kind of inexhaustible intermediate state. They were like animals of oblivion, & this was a literal fact too as all ancestors end up with apes & their ancestors, ultimately the stars. They were like creatures rooting around, anyone watching would assume there was some sort of fickleness in play as they would suddenly swing round & make off in a completely new direction to the one they had been following, as if thoughts were being freshly corrupted & their despair a butterfly.

They were interrupted by shouting from one of the cafes they had intended to pass. A sexy Grrl with curves in all the right places with a star-spooled shock of red hair was being berated by a couple of business types in suits who had some problem with the speed at which their hot beverage had been served.

'You should be sacked for giving such terrible service,' sneered one of the business types, Fiona McStock, a tanned & sexy hedge fund manager working for a multi-billion pound finance firm in the City of London.

'Yes indeed. We work hard & when we pay our well earned money for a decent cup of latte we don't expect shirkers. You need to go,' agreed Johnson Burnett whose muscled up black body had bulges in all the right places thanks to the hours he spend in the gym of the company he worked for as a perk of his already well-remunerated job.

'Fuck you,' replied the waitress who stood before them, arms akimbo, her nostrils flaring. 'I'm a Marxist & by that I don't mean a later manifestation of what Marx said but a classical Marxist. I understand the genius of capitalism in terms of its unstoppable desire to replace human labour. It does nothing else but create profit & with the profit exploits more & more labour until technology reaches a state when fewer & fewer humans are needed to create the profit. I understand that that is fundamentally what capitalism is. You & me are all just cogs in its wheel. I'm a little cog, you're a bigger one, but fundamentally that's what is happening here. Of course

because you both now own huge dollops of capital in shares & real estate the fact that you are working now is a short term hiatus. You will no doubt "retire" once you have accumulated enough to live very comfortably for the rest of your lives & in fact you only work now to max out your profits rather then fend off any threat of immiseration or even to just accumulate enough for a decent life

'You are just functioning as we all have to do, to max the profit. But computers can make calculations on stocks & shares at speeds humans can't hope to match. In the time it takes one of these machines to bid & counter bid on share prices a human working at her peak would need nine weeks. Your kind will be redundant in the next ten years. But of course capital is shifting once more into fewer & fewer hands. This isn't a surprise — it's what Marx tells us will happen. As machines make human labour less & less necessary & as capitalism's genius to maximise profit continues then rich & poor alike will be sucked into an end game scenario where at last we might be able to reorganise social realities to fulfil all our dreams,' Red said quietly.

'Fucking communist. I should have guessed as much,' sneered Fiona McStock, rolling her shoulders with disdain.

'Yea, kind of. Although, as Marx himself said near the end of his life, I'm not a Marxist. And what he meant by that was that his ideas had been so distorted by his followers that he didn't recognise them anymore. So don't take me for one of the so-called moral Marxists, or cultural Marxists, the sort of flim-flam that came out of Adorno & Horkheimer & Habermas. They'd say that ideas were as important as the logic of capitalism. They don't think that ideas are just bubbles of shit that steam out of the capitalist ass to cover the naked system of profit maximisation that is the real & fundamental base of our world.

Again I think you'd agree that actually, when we get down to our sexy underwear, there's nothing but markets & profit margins. That's our reality. That's what everything is actually about. Culture, language, art, everything else, its just material the genius of capitalism uses to further its end. Take the coffees you're buyng. Why pay so much for a beverage that you could make in your office for 300% less than you have just paid? Because capitalism has found a way of ensuring that your desires are calibrated towards things it can sell to you at a vast profit. You're not drinking coffee, you're being fucked up your capitalist asses,' said Red.

'You're talking so much bolshie crap,' replied Fiona McStock who although she agreed with Red's analysis of capitalism didn't like it to be made so clear.

'As a woman I find what you're saying to me disempowering & harmful. I think a few lessons in radical feminism would enable you to see that my being part of the corporate rich the world is becoming more just. For

many years women were crushed by a glass ceiling & were denied a place at the very top of the capitalist tree. You would see that actually I am a potent symbol of the better world that is coming about, one where gender is no longer a reason for not being part of capitalism's winners. And in my office we are becoming a company proud of reflecting the true diversity of our world in our personnel. Women, trans, gays, lesbians, non-whites, disabled, ugly, short, we have them all. Our recruitment policy is very keen to ensure that we are a glowing example of what a thoroughly modern & radical forward thinking capitalist company should look like. Your bitter & frankly envious tirade is sickening & probably rooted in racist misogynist self hating. I'd pity you if I wasn't about to tell your manager to sack you,' shrieked Fiona McStock who turned to her buff companion for support, sympathy & applause. Johnson Burnett didn't let her down. He leaned forward, careful not to stain his very expensive suit on the table top.

'My friend here is spot on. As a black man I'm sick of you white women denying me the chance to finally get recompense for the centuries of racist exploitation that have meant that my sense of identity has become inevitably a wormhole of insecurity & self doubt. Your working class cred is nothing to me because the white working class is a mess of post colonial racist scum. The world we now live in is at least one where oppressed peoples like my own can at last rise out of the clutches of people like you & live a decent life with honour & soul.'

'The oppression of black people & of women is of course something that as a Marxist I deplore. But I notice that when the civil rights movement in the sixties & freedom movements against colonial misrule happened they tended to be honed & targeted to adjust legally sanctioned oppression. Identity politics wasn't the sort of ridiculous narcissistic parody that you exemplify & which seems to be its debased currency these days. When Mandela fought against apartheid he appealed to class not identity – to all the victims of oppression to stand together. He terrified the capitalist class of owners – you guys by the way – because he made it clear that there was a solidarity of class that cut through race, gender & sexuality divisions in a way that strengthened opposition to the forms of oppression that he fought.

For you both to tell me that so long as every identity you can think of can join the capitalist ruling class we are living in a just society is just a sick joke. Of course, as Marx understood, this kind of thing is part of the genius of capitalism. It commodifies everything, turning even rebellion & resistance into something that can be repackaged & sold at a profit. If you don't think that's true than I don't know what you think you're doing when you listen to your favourite music. As a potent & sickening example of this think about the Fearless Girl statue. Fearless Girl was commissioned by investment firm State Street Global Advisors (SSgA) to advertise for an index fund which comprises gender-diverse companies that have a relatively high percentage

of women among their senior leadership. The plaque below the statue states: "Know the power of women in leadership. SHE makes a difference," with "SHE" being both a descriptive pronoun & the fund's NASDAQ ticker symbol. Everything is for sale because profits keep this fucked up world turning,' responded Red, her eyes half closed as if she was contemplating some alternative to this world, a kind of oblivion that might redeem her.

Red felt something of the compulsive desire to sink back into the corner of the room that was so familiar to her, & had been all her life. Half-lamb, half-pussycat, Red was doing her best to remain calm, though inside she was simmering with rage. She kept her head down to her chest as if somehow she imagined she was standing before judicial authorities & this was the appropriate stance. It was the same kind of thing she did when trying to sleep – to make herself as heavy as possible by crossing her arms over her body as if Nosferatu or Kafka in his little Prague bedroom before he plunged into the night from his bed ready to write.

Of course Red's Marxism was a version of her modernism. & it was that. her modernism, that accounted for how she saw herself. She understood herself as being, like anyone of with a modicum of self-awareness – something clearly missing in the two capitalists sitting before her – a being I thrall to an unfathomable mystery. That was life, a mystery we can't grasp, not fully, perhaps not even at all. This is what she thought defined her ordinariness. It was something she shared with the few friends she had. They were all ordinary in this sense. What mattered to her was not love or friendship or happiness but this riddle of existence. She didn't see it as a conclusion, nor an evasion. But as she lived her life she watched other people with a sense of fascination & a mood of aujet calculation. She was continually calculating what the other people she saw were actually doing. What their impenetrable behaviours really meant, what their announcements were about, were really saving. Her Marxism was of course not an answer to the riddle of life. It explained society, the world, what was happening at the level that left the riddle completely untouched. This was Marx's point as well however.

Marx had been a philosopher & his miscalculation of when Capitalism would terminate — at the date when technology would replace the need for all human labour completely — nevertheless shouldn't hide the fact that at the end of capitalism humans would begin to live properly — & by that they'd philosophise about the really big question, the riddle that stood at the heart of everyone's existence. Red suspected however that even in this post-capitalist world the riddle would not be something that could be anything but permanent. It was inevitable, unavoidable, of terrifying importance & yet shrouded in ceremonies, pedals, trapeze lines, half-caught rumours, clear interpretations, justifications & renunciations all, with the praise that all gets eagerly taken, & necessarily so, would peter out somewhere along

the line, & the proceedings would become the judgment. That's what she was thinking as she half closed her eyes & lost interest in the two dissatisfied coffee drinking customers.

Her reverie was brutally interrupted as her manager, a forty six year old Dalit Jaghera who had worked hard to gain his management position & who was afraid of anything that might jeopardise it.

'What the hell is happening here?' he cried in anguish as he half caught the exchange of harsh views between Red & the two seated figures.

This cretin Marxist has been rude & served the coffee we ordered very slowly. We demand that she be fired,' announced Fiona McStock. Dalit Jaghera's heart sank at the thought that he was being asked to fire a fellow employee who he knew only as a sensitive & quiet fellow employee who was no trouble at all usually.

'I shall of course deal with this according to our very strict policies,' he responded, shooing Red away from the table so that she would no longer be in the purview of the complainant.

'Disgraceful,' grumbled Fiona McStock who then turned in savage glee to her colleague. 'I'd like to beat her to a pulp just so she learns her lesson.'

Red heard her insane whisper & turned on her heels to return to the table.

'Your lesson was a very shortened version of the whole story. I of course omitted the Hegelian background out of which Karl Marx built his own theory. Let me you refresh you given that you seem unusually exercised by what I have had to say so far,' she said. Before Fiona McStock could object she continued.

'Hegel of course was a philosopher coming out of the German Idealist tradition. He held that every age was defined by a certain Geist – its spirit – & this spirit moved through history, each time resolving contradictions uncovered in the previous regime via his notorious process of dialectic. Each progression retained the parts of the previous time but in a synthesised new form. He brought a new twist to his own time & place's spirit. He thought that the spirit of his age – the forms of consciousness – the one he was living in, was actually the culmination point of the unfolding of spirit over time. His time & place, oddly, he considered to be the fulfilment of history.

The culmination of history itself revealed the truth that had never before been fully revealed. Being an idealist, this revelation was given through ideas. This is nuts of course but Marx took the idea of the spirit of the age seriously. The spirit of his age, he declared, was capitalism. Famously he declared that philosophy should change the world not merely interpret it. He thought the spirit of the age was found in the means of production. And this is what we mean when we say Marx is a materialist. We don't mean all he valued were material goodies but rather that the spirit of the age is

manifested in the mode of production & his – & ours – is capitalism. So now you have a summary of the Hegelian backdrop to his thinking. And you can now understand why he was so concerned to find contradictions that might end capitalism within capitalism, mirroring the dialectic of the Hegelian process.

So its technology added to labour power that adds to the productive power of humanity & this is the crucial matter of the capitalist & this produces relations of production – the property rights of the forces of production. I sell my labour power to this place for a wage. You own stocks of some of the forces of production as well as selling your labour just like me. You're an intermediate class. Some don't sell labour power & just live off what they own. The idle rich derive from ownership & for many its inherited,' she continued

'The genius of capitalism for Marx is to incentivise people to develop the productive forces to the maximum. Capitalists use capital to generate the maximum income & wealth. This is why the introduction of a couple of billion more workers to the capitalist system in India & China assures that capitalism will continue. Between 1750 to 1850 Europe saw wealth exploding. It moved from agrarian to industrialism. Marx saw Europe was about to achieve utopia. Technology would displace human labour power & produce whatever we wanted. The contradictions Marx identified are material contradictions. The relations of production are not conducive to the assumed relations of production. Class conflict arises from this need for the owners to exploit the technological forces in play.

It's not a moral story. It's all about the end point. Productive power is developed exponentially under capitalism but productive power is only about profit so the capitalists self destruct. The owners of capitalism end up having everything & everyone else is immiserated. That's the end game for Marx. And this is where his utopianism kicks in. He thought that at the point when technology has replaced the need for human labour power society will transform into something that ensures that the technology produces everything humanity needs so that humanity can develop itself without the need to sell its labour ever again,' she said. Fiona McStock glared at her with rage.

'I'm fed up with this,' she hissed.

'I'm not as much a utopian as Marx as it happens,' said Red rather sadly.

'I think it more likely that the capitalist class will hunker down, use the technology for themselves alone in a gated community sort of way. They will ensure the technology brings them all the good things in life – including immortality & vast knowledge & other undreamt of enhancements – & the vast majority of humans will be left in a state of poverty & misery. And it's likely that this will continue forever.'

At this Fiona McStock leapt from her seat & swung her fist at Red. Red however had anticipated the violence from the seething capitalist woman. Ducking beneath the flailing arm Red twisted & landed a perfect kung fu kick into Fiona McStock's rips. The angry capitalist crashed backwards & somersaulted over the table. Latte splashed everywhere, drenching the equally angry Johnson Burnett.

'Fucking hell, my suit,' he screamed in rage. Moving swiftly, he leapt forward & aimed a punch at Red's head but she was already out of reach. Red surveyed the situation whilst her boss groaned in panic. She then pivoted & leapt forward, landing another kick brutally smack against Johnson Burnett's square jaw. Blood & gunge went everywhere as his face exploded under impact. Fiona McStock, having recovered from the kicking was now upon Red, wrestling her to the ground.

'Fuck you, you Marxist bitch,' she hissed & battered Red's face with fury, her taut & gym perfect body powerful & venomous.

For Red everything was more easy to handle & understand if she was able to grasp the gesture of the people around her. It was a way of recalling whatever she seemed to have forgotten. Whatever she had forgotten was no pure individualised entity but rather a matter of historical oblivion, something buried in the lost years, millennia, the shifting interconnections with past monstrosities. When did she ever sleep? When she thought she might have finished her studies, or when she thought that nothing would happen. Her studying was a kind of nothing that was both insane & indispensable to her. She was aware almost to the exclusion of everything of how short our lives are. And she feared that the day might come when without warning someone might live forever. Somehow this was an obscenity which made all others who would die obsolete for the very last time. Hence she was always going here & there, dashing about – even when working in the coffee bar so she could afford her studies.

Everything struck her with the force of astonishment. She always hoped that even in the serving of a cup of latte she might come across fragments of her own existence in the gestures of the customer. Perhaps in a lost gesture something profound would rise up. There is always in playing the servant the possibility of studying the gestures of the boss. In these charades, played in real time in real life, games of imagination, she recalled Plutarch who said: 'everywhere in connection to mysteries & sacrifices, among both Greeks & barbarians, it is taught... there must be two separate elemental beings & mutually opposing forces, one following the right-hand rule & pointing straight ahead while the other turns around & pushes backwards.'

She saw the way forward in all this as being the studying of the way forward but not the practice of actually going forward. Only then might there be the hope of forward movement at all. She worked day & night to send ahead of her the student's burden so that she was free of such a

weight. That was why she studied & hardly slept, & why she worked & stayed behind her studies when she did so. All cities, it should be noted, are full of these kinds of student who in the absence of the predestined object act as if they already possess the means of grasping it.

'Hey, capitalist bitch, why not take a hike before I kiss your ass?' The voice was steady & pitched with menace. Fiona McStock turned to look at who had spoken. L-Bomb's blonde hair shook look a beautiful pretence as her toned body with curves in all the right places seemed to glide towards the crouching violent capitalist babe. Without another word she hauled Fiona McStock off the prostrated Red & hurled her across the room.

'You've been told everything you need to know to see that you're on the wrong side of we anti-capitalists,' snarled L-Bomb who knelt to check that Red was ok. Astonishingly, Red seemed fine. In fact, Red winked back at her. 'I was just resting a while until she tired. I was going to give her a good hiding & hope that she might see how she's just a tool. I wasn't liking her but at the same time I was trying to get her to understand that what she took to be her own proud achievements were nothing but the inevitable workings of the capitalist system. I wanted her to understand that she was but a cog,' explained Red. L-Bomb smiled in understanding.

'Clever,' she nodded.

'Never mind, I guess it would have ended in the same way,' added Red, surveying the unconscious capitalist babe sprawled across one of the tables. With a swagger she walked to the door of the place & over her shoulder told her quivering boss that she resigned. Dalit Jaghera fainted on the spot.

Outside Red stood before L-Bomb, Zero & Fringe.

'Well, you're all top totty aren't you?' she grinned as she leered at the trios sexy curves with juiced-up appreciation. 'Where are we going?' she asked. L-Bomb pointed left. They marched off right.



Wikipedia Notes 4:

The 1966 Palomares B-52 crash, or the Palomares incident, occurred on 17 January 1966, when a B-52G bomber of the United States Air Force's Strategic Air Command collided with a KC-135 tanker during midair refuelling at 31,000 feet (9,450 m) over the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Spain. The KC-135 was completely destroyed when its fuel load ignited, killing all four crew members. The B-52G broke apart, killing three of the seven crew members aboard. Of the four Mk28-type hydrogen bombs the B-52G carried, ^[8] three were found on land near the small fishing village of Palomares in the municipality of Cuevas del Almanzora, Almería, Spain. The non-nuclear explosives in two of the weapons detonated upon impact with the ground, resulting in the contamination of a 2-square-kilometer (490-acre) (0.78 square mile) area by plutonium. The fourth, which fell into the Mediterranean Sea, was recovered intact after a 2½-month-long search. ^[9]

'That same year, close by, the Spaghetti Western *The Good, The Bad & the Ugly* was being shot starring Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef & Eli Wallach directed by Sergio Leone with an iconic score by Ennio Morricone. It was the third of the so-called "Dollars Trilogy." The previous films had been *A Fistful of Dollars & For a Few Dollars More*. A feature of the film is the historical pitch regarding the American Civil War which the director considered a stupid waste of life.' Leone commented: 'I had read somewhere that 120,000 people died in Southern camps such as Andersonville. I was not ignorant of the fact that there were camps in the North. You always get to hear about the shameful behaviour of the losers, never the winners.' The character labelled 'Bad,' Van Cleef's Sentenza, was bad in Leone's eyes because he '...has no spirit, he's a professional in the most banal sense of the term. Like a robot.'

'The first film in the trilogy had been identified as a remake of Akira Kurosawa's Yojimbo & the production company of Yojimbo had sued. The sick joke about that was that Yojimbo was itself an adaptation of the 1942 classic The Glass Key, adapted from Dashiell Hammett's 1931 novel of the same name which had already been previously filmed in 1935 in a version starring the English gangster & bad-boy actor George Raft who came from Leeds,' said the sinister voice. Shrouded in a mist that moved with the character, Vertov the Assassin (for 'twas he) seemed to glide over the drained swimming pool of the Hackney Lido like a vampiric spirit, piss yellow & vile. He had made this his headquarters whilst stalking L-Bomb & testing her powers.

'The Clint Eastwood character is called Joe in the film but is essentially the man with no name despite this. He is a Johnson in the sense defined by William Burroughs. A Johnson is someone who lives a life & then sees someone that needs help. Out of nowhere they help & then move on, asking for no recognition nor reward of any kind. In the first film the Clint

Eastwood character is asked by the woman & her husband who he has just saved from the evil bandit Ramon why he did what he did. The Eastwood character says he once knew someone who needed help & there was no one there. His character is a Johnson,' explained Vertov. 'This is what we're fighting apparently. A whole brood of Johnson's,' he concluded with a grim smile. He paused & then continued.

'What we are doing is maintaining a language. I'm spinning my monstrous broods directly from the anthropology of Levi-Strauss & the lit crit of Barthes. Individual subjectivity & social meaning are all products of structures & systems, without remainders. Sartre's individual making individual choices is an absurd joke in this world I maintain & control. Language is the perfect example of this type of systematic structure, being a system no individual ever invented & yet being a medium in which everyone believes they create meaning. This illusion of meaning is what I manipulate, as I think you've gathered by now. Think of me as a cop. I'm imposing a grid on everything & beating up anyone who tries to get out. We've been doing it ever since the... disasters. And we can't allow these strange powered girls with their powers screw it all up,' he said, as if to the world but actually to the indistinct dark forms in the shadows whose yellow eyes glowed with malevolent understanding & perhaps, in their blinking, perhaps demonic love.

These were the liver demons, products of another, wider, set of meaning & interpretation that perhaps only the genius of Vertov the Assassin could understand & control. It was Vertov who chose the objects under his control & the categories he used were not objective either. In a sense that he enjoyed, this whole world was his own invention. Or so he liked to think. The liver demons produced versions of themselves in various guises — Cat Demons were just one — & they hugged the stenching wet dark with drug bliss & psychologies shaped like flowers. They found in this state the same intensity as given by acoustic impressions thrusting them with all hands in the direction of existence. They were folded twice into a phenomenon of bliss in these putrid darks. They felt blind hymnic bliss & the elegiac too. They felt this purely & without doubt, as if fully submitting to secretly felt & openly denied hopeless grief.

What had happened? What were they now involved with? Vertov seemed to be weaving nothing less than a dream, a cult of similarities across waking hours & later still, into nights & sleep. Never in isolation, he was dreaming a fragile & precious reality. It was the present built out of something immemorially old. He was working a force field into which a wide variety of currents were being uncovered in quiet echoes & physiologies of ceremony & metaphor & spell.

'And now there's this stuff about a well,' he grumbled. The liver demons held back in the dark, listening to their master's voice.

'Tell me about the well,' he shrieked into their silent reticence.

'Something is hidden from us in a well is all we have managed to find out,' said one of the liver demons in a quiet, fearful voice.

'Who is? What is? And what well? Growled Vertov the Assassin.

'We don't know. But we think it's something very dangerous. Very powerful. We reckon it's a big threat,' replied the liver demon. Vertov frowned & fell into self-absorbed thought without the least inclination towards consolation

'It actually makes some sort of sense,' he ruminated finally.

'A well may be a place where there is no image, a starting from zero so to speak... no, a returning to zero is a better way of looking at the whole situation,' he continued. There was a dry shuffling sound from the dark around him as the liver demons perked up.

'Ours has always been a practice based on the active investigation of the symbolic structures of matter & meaning,' he said. 'We must find the well & whatever lies within it.'

'We have some intelligence on this,' hissed one of the demons.

'We always wondered what drew us to this place,' said another.

'Here? The Lido?'

'Exactly. Why set up here of all places?'

'It's complicated, but I think we have worked it out to some level of satisfaction. Not only have we good grounds for thinking that the Lido is the well, but we have also information about the identity of the presence hidden in the well. It's a matter of linking together ideas by producing a fluid subject open to the most basic processes of signification,' said the first demon, her body stepping out of the oil darkness. Like all the demons her wild body gleamed in the revolutionary dimness, a hellish creature of awesome sex beauty whose destiny was to serve Vertov in an intense collaboration that served less as a critique than as a master -slave dialectic done as a rediscovery of common faith & broken promise, again & again, over & over.

Vertov licked his lascivious lips. A demon is a demon because completely a slave by pure act of will. These were existentialists in a strange relationship that would need further analysis. Vertov had embraced the lessons from Mallarmé, Joyce, Bataille & Artaud & rejected any notion of a pure subjectivity outside language. Vertov was a sort of demonic Maoist. Mao had distorted the purity of the Marxist analysis with a layer of ethical thinking. Rejecting Marx's analysis that a revolutionary was someone who emerged from the self-destructive genius of the capitalist relations, Mao had converted the choice of adopting the revolutionary line into a pure act of will, a vanguard revision some hoped to finesse by arguing that rather than it being an individual's choice it was the will of a whole class. It was a synthesis of Mao with Derrida & hence Vertov saw himself as an inheritor of Philippe Sollers & his revolutionary modernism. It was from this

basic premise that he had dreamt up the biscuit-worm nightmares of the Sollers Demon who even now slunk around in a rainbow of fog-smoke hell, a scattered image of memories flashing like sudden stars & dissolving, hunched in cigarette smoke & vapours of white rum.

'The clue lies in the Clint Eastwood vehicles being filmed near the Palomares site,' explained the sexy demon with curves in all the right places & a wild desire to kill fuck everything & everyone, a wasp Eros sometimes creeping, sometimes lying on her back, apprehending everything greedily, snatching now with mouth, now with foot or hand, a crocodile intelligence that can devour a man of course & set the air burning by the heat of her venom.

'Who knows about that link?' asked Vertov in a panic.

'They are beginning to piece it all together. They have brought in the occult Reader Zero, who has read the message inscribed in the skin-deep of the one they call Fringe. She's an absorber & has carried the codes on her skin ever since it happened, whenever it was, whatever it was. But until now they never had a reader. The reader is extremely powerful but although they've read they still haven't quite worked out what it all means. The psychedelic Blondie is channelling all sorts of crazy visions that sooner or later she'll have managed to organise & understand. When that happens then the message will be clear & they'll know. They've also recruited a young killer assassin who seems happy to run with them. They're a magic crew of four very hard Grrls,' explained the demon.

'Yes yes, & you'll have to stop them before they get anywhere closer. But we need the information too. We need the creature in the well. The threat lies with that doesn't it?' said Vertov impatiently.

'Yes, the Well creature is what this is all about. It seems that whosoever finds it first will have the upper hand. Until then these four nutters are going to be a pain in the butt,' said the demon.

'They're too strong as a group but one by one, can't we pick them off?' asked Vertov.

'They seem reluctant to split up. They hunt in a pack so it seems,' the demon replied.

'Well, we have to change that. The odds shift in our favour if we can just break then up,' said Vertov. He looked around at the Lido & then back at the lascivious demon with curves in all the right places.

'But you think you've worked out something significant that could give us the upper hand even if we don't manage to separate them? So what is it about this place?' he asked.

'The identity of the creature in the well will be, if consistent with everything else, another girl with powers. Yet there will be a relationship involved which will be given via analysis of elements right under our nose. This is consistent with everything else we have found, as well as being the ground of everything that we have done & discovered so far. So I have an

interpretation about the creature. I have factored in the relationship, first of all, between you & the rest of the demons here at the Lido. Clearly this relationship is a slave master perversity. We are your puppets who choose to be in your merciless grip & do all you ask of us. Of course there is far too much noise to see anything but a fog of pornography, Marxism, music & psychogeographic necromancy, yet I persevere. I have worked to reduce the noise, cut & trim until it is clear that the servant is the key here.

And once that was done the rest fell into place as if there was nothing to do after that but allow the psychological & metaphysical realities write themselves. Of course I'm not saying that the meaning was discovered, that they lay outside of my active subjectivities, but nevertheless I am saying that they can't be reduced to being just subjective,' explained the demon.

'Yes yes, quit the theorising. What have you found then?' said Vertov impatiently.

'A traditional story about Okiku, a beautiful servant girl. She had a master & the brute came onto her day after day. He was relentless. She tried to reject his advances. But he comes again & again to her room at day & at night. She is frightened because she is dependent on her job in the master's house but nevertheless she resists him. And then she breaks a precious dish, one of ten dishes. She weeps. Goes to the master who sees his chance. He says he'll forgive her so long as she lets him fuck her. She again refuses & in a mad rage the master beats her, fucks her, kills her & then throws her body down a well. The dead servant girl becomes a vengeful ghost in the well, counting the plates 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 & then shrieking a terrible 10 as if she has realised that the tenth plate has been destroyed. The shriek is so loud & terrible that anyone hearing it dies.'

'It's a ghost in the well? That's your theory?' asked Vertov incredulously. 'It's a famous story from Japan. The Dish Mansion at Banchō. There are many versions. And I think this is the well...' said the demon.

'This? You mean the Lido?' asked Vertov, suddenly glancing around in a strange & immediate grip of chilling fear.

'Yes, the Lido. Think about it. What drew you here of all places? There is nothing about the place that justifies you setting up here. Yet it drew you. You sensed something & you came. It drew you because there was something already here. Something important. Something you had to know,' said the demon.

'It's a leap. There must have been something else that made you link this place & our work to this ghostly servant,' Vertov pointed out.

'The story was first produced as a puppet show in July 1741 at the Toyatakeza theatre. That of course linked with the relationship between yourself & we sex slave demon puppets,' said the demon. As if to illustrate the point sunlight flitted across the scene, a red eye ominous & like a lump of blood

In the glimmering dusky gore light Vertov's demons were suddenly revealed, trussed like puppets in various stages of undress & sexual act, strings hanging from the ceiling & holding them all in a blank puppet show, submerged in hate, unable to finish, composed & decomposed, returning flesh to zero, the naked flesh dominated by frustration & despair, images not born of comparison, nor brutal & fantastical alone but rather distant & true, signs that were among everyone everywhere, realistic & pessimistic about the human & its total & permanent corruption, awakening new desires, but frenzied in their determination to decide between 'anarchist Fronde & revolutionary discipline.' The perverse dreams held as steady as religious, drug or sexual ecstasies.

Ornamentation of the cat burglar is just another way of finding the dirt of the symbolic, wherever it may lie. Spectral signs lay in the 'speed & straightforwardness with which we have all got used to using a single word to describe such complex entities as a crowd, a people, or the universe have no modern equivalent in poetry. Today's poets, however, are filling the gap; their synthetic compositions are creating fresh essence whose three dimensionality is as complex as that of the words for collectives...' as Apollinaire once wrote.

So too these puppets, hanging as if to release us all from our mystery, like the strange rumours of sexual fulfilment. But 'fulfilment,' in that case at least, is not what it says it is. There it means something like freeing us to die, having fashioned a way of forgetting the mystery of our lives. The fact is that these demon puppets cheated the body of its power to compete with fate. Perhaps with their beaten, tortured & submissive bodies they witnessed a telepathic miracle. The near naked body remains a most reliable instrument of divination. The forces of the cosmos lie in the shadow play & angles crisscrossing the modern flesh.

If so then the puppets were a form of intoxication stressing an optical link with space. They were improbable evocations not just of a home once dear to the heart but even a birthplace. They were about the decline of experience & the frenzy of destruction reversed by nights of annihilation. Each night became recalled in the intoxication of procreation organised in a shuddering hallucinatory rondo of epilepsy. This was a sanatorium for nature & its spore gods. Each body held in the web of strings, nets & shackles responds to the tenderness of the hand & the ardent subjection. What lies between spirits & people? Years of agonised emptiness. This was what the puppets revealed. And then the clouds covered the foggy, bloody sun & the puppets fell back into the dark whilst a strong scent of almonds, sultanas & preserved fruit hung in the heavy atmosphere. The puppet hunts for the spirits that animate them. What consciousness there is shines in a manic blur, dragging its spiky passions in a dream forest, climbing up their trussing strings like horrible deformed children crawling into their own source.

'Hunting down the story of the murdered servant girl in the well wasn't hard once the links had been made. The girl is called Okiku. We are searching for Okiku. And we have been drawn here to her well,' continued the Demon. She paused allowing the grim light to dwell on her manic beauty, her curves in all the right places, her trickling layers & streaming measure.

'And of course the question that no doubt is now prying on your mind is why the hell were you drawn here,' she said. Vertov spun wildly round, eyes wide with frantic energies like virginity renewing itself with its own penetrating hand.

'Yes, yes,' he shrieked, 'that is precisely the question. Why the fuck are we here? All the time I was thinking I was one step ahead, was managing the situation & getting on top of things, but now this revelation can only throw that into doubt. There is little doubt that coming here was a mysterious act. I have no explanation. There is no reason I can think of. And now you say that all along there is something here. That this place is haunted by an Okiku, a vengeful ghost. We saw ourselves as eternal wanderers & yet here we are confronting some force seeking an eternal home. Maybe here is her home. We are melancholics shunning contact with any idea of native soil, essential meanings & all that jazz & yet right here we find some creature, or some rumour of a creature, who might contradict us.'

'Old maps were drawn by the melancholic who travelled eternally, seeking the one who keeps the melancholy of home away from them. Yet here we are, suddenly aware that perhaps we've been tricked into a place where the lover of home wants us to be,' Vertov said wildly.

'All the time we thought we were on distant travels. It was an imagined picture that fed our wills,' added the demon whose voice was also now tinged with rising alarm.

The atmosphere became a ghastly spawn of duress, a knocked about remnant out of which a new future might be coming into view. Now that future was saddled with an alien weight & frightening sense. The ultimate entity had, to Vertov & his demons, once seemed a pure future itself, associated only with the elements of futures given in translation. But now any sense of fidelity to that image of the future seemed to broaden out into something out of their control. And maybe not just out of their control, but out of control per se. Vertov's liquid mind was, however, manically working to retrieve something from what might appear at first as being a disaster.

'Recall what Pannwitz writes about translation. Roughly, he argues that the translator should never assume a classical attitude towards her own language & then push the language to be translated into that stone mould. Rather, the translator should push herself '...back to the ultimate elements of language itself where word image & tone merge into one. She must widen & deepen her language with the foreign language. People have no idea how this is possible. The extent to which every language is capable of

changing language distinguishes itself from language almost like dialect from dialect but not if they are taken too lightly. In fact only if they are taken with sufficient weight.' He paused.

'So if we take the situation seriously then it may not be a disaster at all. It may in fact be used to our advantage,' said the demon.

'Éxactly. The original danger is that we become imprisoned in silence, trapped by our original future. We shall use this situation for the sense of the future itself. And to hell with everything else,' snapped Vertov, suddenly making a gesture to what might have been the demon but might have been the hidden force, the Okiku in the well, a gesture that was about a holy & sacred love. Yet his eyes were hard & his lascivious mouth seemed to speak of nothing but carnal things & immense pandemonium.

'But there's another question you haven't asked,' said the demon. 'It came to me via considering the Eastwood film.'

'So what should I have asked?' said Vertov, intrigued once more.

'I was thinking about the Eastwood films made in the vicinity of Palomares. Eastwood noted that as they progressed each one of the trilogy of films he made there & thereabouts watered his role down. In the first movie he was the sole character, working alone. In the second he had a partner. In the third there were two other protagonists. Eastwood decided he would do no more because he wanted the limelight. But this uncannily made me wonder about how we knew about the girls. I mean, why did we hone in on them?'

'It was the psychedelic blonde who we noted first off. She was channelling the bad shit we were tuning in. She seemed to reach back to time way before anything. Like, she was going back billions of years. Going back to the start. She was some watcher of the fucking stars, the psychic surmise, rocks, nettles, seas, tropical & arctic, stars & planets, the cosmos in the palm of her hand, in her grey eyes,' said Vertov & his voice softened & the demon wondered whether in that lowering of his voice she detected an impression of warmth, of feelings that verged towards an electric contact of one mind with another.

'And now we've noted that slowly she's recruited others. They've come to her & now it's a gang of hard Grrls with crazy powers. But unlike Eastwood, blondie doesn't seem to regret having companions. In fact she's relishing the whole thing. It's like she's found the fucking source of the Nile.'

'Except that the Okiku Grrl looks like it is the source. And they haven't found that have they?' said the demon with a grim twilight look.

Vertov in the café sat with his gorgeous Sollers Demon (Sollers D) & the equally foxy Althusser Beasty (Althusser B). By revealing themselves as intense interiors of lesbian wimmin radicality, it became clear that what Vertov was pressing was what ultimately makes a shot run on or change to another. He gazed with ferocious desire at their curves in all the right places, their intensity, sweet asses & legs than ran right to the stars. Continuity or dissociation? There was the question that drilled into Vertov's perplexed

mind. What the hell was his role in all this? Quite frankly, the more he brooded on this he couldn't work out who he was supposed to be.

'Ideology has to be judged by its politics,' bayed Althusser B.

'Neither economics or politics can tell you in advance how to distinguish progressive & reactionary ideologies according to you,' remarked the Sollers D

'Yes, because ideology is not a state of consciousness,' responded Althusser B

'So what is it?' asked Sollers D.

 $\mbox{\ensuremath{\mbox{'}}}\mbox{\ensuremath{\mbox{\sc discrete}}}$ set of practices, all of which have their relative autonomy, replied Sollers D.

'Your French Maoism is riddled with problems, not least this idea of ideology's relative autonomy. How can there be anything like that?' quizzed Sollers D.

'I like to focus on violence. Terrorism is what I want to be my legacy. Terrorism is violence determined by tactical not moral considerations. Without me then no Weathermen, no Angry Brigade, no Baader-Meinhof, no Red Brigade, no Bin Laden, no Isis. What do I pivot off here? Absolute disgust & rejection of society. "Our guts throb long after making love. Because of man's immense horror of his fellows." Godard,' said Althusser B.

'Disgust? Rejection?' said Sollers D. 'You sound sentimental,' he added, curling his mouth with strong disdain.

'Well, I'm strongly aware of an epistemological break. I drop notions of the individual – something that the Fringe Grrl seems to focus on, she being some kind of a sublime Sartrean – & the idea of society goes into the dustbin too. Just class struggle & surplus value will work for me, despite appearances.'

'You're a bundle of crap,' laughed Sollers D puckishly. 'Your terrorists are not working out of that equation. They're more existentialist than the existentialists. They choose to murder & kill as acts of your so-called "relative autonomy." You're a mess & they're Raskalnikov,' she continued. 'Violence kills itself, whatever it may stand for.'

Althusser B drove through the night towards an irony writ large in Cambodian agonies. She travelled with cat demons purring sinewy & ferociously by her side. Bombs blew markets to smithereens, banks to their base-line & the business quarter into incarnate violence. Hapless authority figures trained to kill were helpless before the rampaging cat demons. They disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared.

'He dressed us up looking poor so the visitors see us, they feel pity for us, & they donate more. But they don't really know what was going on inside the orphanage. That's Sinet Chan, the Cambodian Children's Trust ambassador, describing her experience in an orphanage as a child. Sinet Chan was repeatedly beaten, raped, starved & forced to work on the

orphanage director's rice paddies & farms without pay,' explained Althusser B later, through a fog of chain-smoked cigarettes & booze. She wore just lime green fretted panties & played with herself, touching her place beyond ideologies whilst enjoying the surrounding cat demons who sat in a circle around her bed, watching her writhe & roll in wave after wave of orgasmic pleasures. She occasionally rolled onto her front & pressed her curving ass into the air to allow the voyeurs to slap it & rub the soft hot skin.

'Sentimental?' she raised her eyebrows in a quizzical stare. Sollers D drew on her spliff & watched the world spin, looking like Bardot in 'Contempt,' strong primary colour filters stylising her flesh & somehow confusing the pornographic charge & the psychological explanation that might have been expected. If psychology was what you were after here then it were best you study the space & the circle of voyeuristic cats.

'Ok, here's what I'm focusing on. This is why I'm a terrorist. This is why I kill. This is why my violence is endless. In Haiti, some families had been paid 75 US dollars to give their children away to orphanages on false promises their children would receive an education & opportunities for the future, only for them to end up living in slave-like conditions there. Vulnerable children being separated from their families & placed in orphanages to attract funding, volunteers & donations from well-meaning tourists is an occurrence replicated across Southeast Asia, & has also been reported on in Nepal & across Africa.' Althusser B sprawled across the bed & took a drag from the spliff her audience were handing round, blowing the smoke across her aroused hard nipples, admiring for a brief throwaway moment her belly & her shining legs that lurked amidst the sheets.

'Or take tea...' she continued, handing back the spliff. 'Many tea blends include tea from Assam, where people get poverty wages, are scared to speak up & have no way out. The big tea brands — Unilever (PG Tips & Lipton), Twinings, Apeejay (Typhoo), Yorkshire Tea, Tata (Tetley) & Clipper — are well aware of this. The workers work long hours in the tea gardens carrying heavy loads, often without proper equipment or even shoes. Workers are paid just £1.50 a day, & the services the estates are supposed to provide — like housing, clinics & schools — are often poor quality or even non-existent.'

She paused once more & this time dragged one of the on-looking beauties to her & began to strip her. Once the sexy cat demon was shimmering by her, ebony skin glowing through the hot lucid exactness of their magical lusts, Althusser B slowly kissed her whilst her hands & legs wrapped themselves round the keen dark flesh in an ecstasy of hallucinatory derangement. The cat demon wrestled her over & bit her throat & her nipples & then descended to feed in the place beyond language. Through rising groans of orgasmic delight Althusser B continued to answer the charge of sentimentality whilst the cat demon's tongue drank at the well of

all loneliness whilst her hands prowled Althusser B's wide ass & cruel legs, her own wild ass in turn flailing thin the hot air. Aware of the watching cats that surrounded them, Althusser B gasped further justifications for terror & assassination, for the disgust & rejection of the current state of things, of capitalism's cruel, self-defeating genius.

'Or take sugar. Forced labour & human trafficking have been identified as serious problems in six of the largest sugarcane producing countries...' she gasped but then had to throw herself back into the agony of orgasmic tremors as the cat demon continued to assault her place of all mysteries with tongue, fingers & pelvis jousts.

'Or take incarceration,' she gasped, resuming. 'Immigrants detained in a private prison in San Diego allege that they have been subjected to forced labour & threatened with solitary confinement or restricted visitation rights if they refused to work. The complainants say the company that owns the prison – one of the largest private prison companies in the US – pays at most \$1.50 per day, & sometimes nothing at all, for their work as kitchen staff, janitors, barbers & in various other roles. But reports of forced labour are not isolated to immigration detention centres. In Oklahoma, offenders sentenced to rehabilitation end up forced into labour on chicken farms, without any recourse or access to an actual recovery program. Prisoners in California are forced into labour & made to risk their lives fighting the state's wildfires for a dollar an hour or less. Forced labour in prisons is not an immigration issue, it's an American one, replicated worldwide.' She squirmed out of the grip of the cat demon & pulled the girl's luscious body & all its curves to her in a shuddering hug.

'The United States is home to the largest prison system in the world, housing 25% of the world's prisoners but only 5% of the global population, & spent more than \$80 billion a year in 2017. Incarceration rates in the United States have increased by 700% in the last four decades, even though crime has dramatically decreased. Among those incarcerated, more than 60% are people of colour. And Black men are six times more likely to be incarcerated than white men. The President has called for an increase of prisons & detainment centres by upwards of 450%, perpetuating & embedding a system that exploits people of colour for private benefit. China is a close second to the USA in terms of the size of its prison population & just as exploitative. When the Presidents of these countries meet they never talk about any of this. Why wouldn't I blow these people up & not blink?' she muttered, her eyes omnivorous & the futures she dreamed little more than a cadaverous silence that went on forever.

Bombs & mass shootings in the USA. Cat Demons at the heart of them all & Althusser B the mastermind. Crisscrossing the US looking to disrupt & register sheer disgust & rejection. Every maniac walking around with their automatics, their troubled catacombish thinking, their stolen nights &

insane absent twilights brought a dwarfish dark, too sudden in every case for anyone to grasp & imagine, even in reverse.

'The Thirteenth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, which intended to end slavery, shockingly permits its use as a punishment for crime. This system of mass incarceration – at a rate per capita that surpasses every country on earth – is inherently discriminatory, disproportionately affecting communities of colour while creating a never-ending pool of people to be exploited through forced labour in prisons & detention centres across the country for corporate gain. Victims of modern slavery & trafficking in the UK come from more than a hundred countries, including from within the UK itself. These children are known to be in situations of sexual exploitation, forced labour, criminal exploitation & domestic servitude – & they are some of the most vulnerable in society, with many being alone in the UK with no family.'

No soon was the sun dipped below the horizon London was caught in a chaos of shattered elements & fragments, a vivid concreteness into a downward leap of night like that of bomb flare & later, glum riot.

'Elsewhere, since 2015, hundreds of thousands of refugees & migrants have crossed the Mediterranean into Europe from Africa & the Middle East. Known as the 'Gateway to Europe,' Libya has seen many people pass through its borders as part of their journey. Unfortunately, traffickers are exploiting the complete lack of governance in the country & migrant & refugees' desperation. Slave markets are flourishing around the country. Traffickers offering to take refugees & migrants to the coast are instead selling them to the highest bidder. Migrants & refugees faced with the loss of their savings & huge debts are often unable to buy their way out. They took people & put them in the street, under a sign that said 'for sale. In any market, men & women are sold for between \$200 & \$500 each. Once bought, they are held for ransom in mass prisons & detention centres, or used as forced labour or sexual exploitation.

Conditions are extreme, with hundreds crammed into filthy rooms, with little space, food or access to water. Often, they will be resold & moved between prisons as their slave masters demand more & more in ransom. Those that escape have spoken of the methods used by the slave masters to extract ransoms from relatives, including beating & torturing their captives, often while on the phone to their families. People were tied up like goats, beaten with broom handles & pipes every blessed day, to get the money. Those that do escape are often severely malnourished & bearing the wounds of torture. Almost 100% of women reported to have been sexually abused. Many aren't so fortunate – death & murder are a reality for those who can't pay. The IOM have reported the findings of mass graves in the deserts of Libya. The escalation of chaos & violence in Libya since the overthrow of dictator Muammar Gaddafi in 2011 has encouraged the spread of crime & exploitation. With no stable government to uphold the law, there is no

protection for the hundreds of thousands of migrants, many without legal papers or funds, travelling through its lands.'

Possession & a place where there is no latitude nor yet either recollections of olive groves or poetry wherein civilisation in its depth admits to longings it would never openly admit. The desert is unhinged. The unimaginable vastness of the sun works a grim beetle of sudden spectral madness in the hot brains. The terror is little more than the epitome of the geography. At night the eastern edge of the moon hunted Mars. Althusser B sits on a dune surrounded by massacred cops, soldiers, the household wife of a diplomat. Blood dries quickly & hardly swims up to consciousness. In the bright equatorial light long is broad & broad long. Her visionary music only played in her head, as if everything in her t thoughts had been led astray. It was Orlande de Lassus – Psalmi poenitentialis – it was Palestrina – Missa Papae Marcelli, & Victoria – Tenebrae responsories – O vos omnes & Tallis – Lamentation.

'And take the second biggest country in the world. A country with more billionaires in it than the USA. Almost every family in India's big cities has a regular maid. The maid who cooks, cleans, takes care of the children, irons clothes & completes other household work. The 'bai' who goes home at the end of a long day to take care of her own family. The 'aaya' who always gets paid at the end of every month. But chances are that someone just like her, a maid working near your house, is being ill-treated or even forced to work – with no pay, no contact with family or friends, working from early morning to midnight & vulnerable to sexual & physical abuse. The demand for live-in maids in big cities is rising, & feeding on this vast market are numerous, obscure placement agencies that lure vulnerable girls from villages with false promise of a good job in the city.'

With a small handgun she walked through a house of a Delhi billionaire & shot everyone dead except the aaya. What struck her were the scents & perfumes, the fine prints on the silks, the well-stocked library & sophisticated art on the walls. It made her half a poet at least to ruminate on these things amongst the dead. She killed their horses too, a hundred of them, & lying dead they looked like shapes of water in the fields. Then light glittered on their flanks, making them seem like animals of another world, strange & transformed by her deadly storm.

'In Uzbekistan, the government operates the world's largest state-run system of forced labour, in which more than a million citizens each year are forced under threat of penalty to produce cotton for a state-run enterprise that benefits government elite. The World Bank Group is an international institution that provides loans for developing countries. Right now it is providing almost \$500 million to Uzbek agriculture projects. The World Bank signed a contract agreeing to suspend certain loans if evidence of forced labour was uncovered. Yet despite two years of documented proof showing forced labour continues on World Bank project sites, particularly

in the poor & vulnerable region of Karakalpakstan, the World Bank has not suspended its loans.'

On the eighth of the month she decapitated a leading member of the World Bank. Within the circle of the death it seemed something lingered whilst hysterical reactions across the world were both profoundly moving & imaginative.

Late June 2016, 14 migrant workers escaped a chicken farm in the Lopburi region of Thailand. Their reports of harsh treatment, exhaustive hours & despicable work conditions made instant headlines. The 14 workers told MWRN that they were subjected to abusive supervisors, working hours that stretched through the day & night. With little to no time off, they endured terrible living conditions – sometimes forced to sleep alongside the hatchlings. Trapped on an isolated farm, workers could only leave for a single two-hour supervised trip per week. Their passports were confiscated, preventing them from leaving.'

Althusser B castrated fifteen men on a beach in Thailand using a scythe & then drove in from the coast to set fire to key tourist attractions, including elephants, monkeys & birds of paradise. And tourists, many of whom were rich capitalist sex tourists. Everything was done at a soft pace. Something intervened between the ocular impression & the event. Pictures of sightings of this terrorist were blurred, indistinct & trodden away somehow. Indistinct pictures appeared on the web but were too indistinct to provide more than an aura. These grainy images trembled with reflections of the future. Like all pictures they were a witness to the heightened state of mortal peril the modern age instantiates. They turned her into a mass movement through iterated repetition. As has been noted before, the camera in its many auises suits mass movements such as war, dictatorships & sport. These strange hallucinatory images gave a unique manifestation of remoteness, no matter how close, the opposite of propinguity. They made her unapproachable, a quality found in the paintings of Caspar David Friedrich, for example & the theatre of Beckett.

'Over 90% of Qatar's workforce are migrant workers, brought to the country under kafala, the 'sponsorship' system. It is a foreign worker sponsorship programme that jeopardises basic human rights of migrant workers, allowing slavery-like conditions to flourish leaving thousands vulnerable to forced labour & other human rights abuses.'

After a bomb blowing away hundreds in a Qatar shopping mall her presence seemed to slip even further behind a ridge, her own segment of that ridge, no longer really distinguishable from any tiny star. Her violence was now a kind of amber, images of memory flowing in on the impulses of immediate impression. She had become a trooping ghost, a shadowy image of her own rumours, a kind of wraith bringing wandering death & a sheer, unfamiliar, unaltered reality. The great dead were everywhere. She moved

where every sky belonged to her. Subtle, she kept, passed & turned again & again. The cultic value of her actions was to an extent driven out by her uniqueness. Her genuineness never ceased to reach beyond authenticity.

'Some of the most mundane things in our shopping trolleys are high-risk products for slave labour. Frozen prawns from Thailand, rice from India, & cheap toys from China are just three examples...' she gasped, convulsed in deranged orgasmic flux with her intense cat demon partner, the hundred eyes watching in moist hallucinatory desire.

She blew up Paris.

Sollers D & Vertov continued to turn over their odd situation in the café within walking distance of the Lido. Yet as they sat there & the dark began to fall it became clear that neither felt compelled to return to it. Somehow the story of the girl in the well, the vengeful Okiku who lurked in the depths, had frightened them both. Vertov had never felt fear before. Yet as he sat ordering far too many cups of coffee & smoking far too many spliffs he realised that there were many mysteries coming to the fore. Associations of weird & potent things bothered him.

He watched the people going to & fro before him & felt a chill descend. His mind twisted like a water snake. He couldn't remember when it had been ok for there to be demons & super powered Grrl gangs & so forth. He felt he was going mad.

'Althusser B is regressive. Her strategic use of terror is merely another way the capitalist logic works to protect itself. The endless war footing enables governments to scapegoat & make the oppressed feel protected & safe. Each act of terror, each kidnapping & assassination justifies & routinises the day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, decade by decade, millennium by millennium progression of capitalism. Her relative autonomy is contradictory & the reason we tried to forget about Althusser in the first place,' grumbled Sollers D.

'Then stop her,' mumbled Vertov. Yet his mind was elsewhere, a big bag of snakes. 'What if there were a billion philosophers rather than a few thousand. Would the philosophical problems be rapidly solved? Would we have new ones we haven't thought of yet? Mind you, there are probably more philosophers working today than at any time in history – surely the last hundred years have seen more than at any other time, & yet the numbers are relatively small compared to other disciplines, & in the margin for error of zero if compared to the total population. Why so few if their questions are ultimate questions?' he was thinking. 'Would the aura of philosophy be diminished & lost if it became a mass movement? Would philosophy be diminished without the aura?'



Wikipedia Notes 5:

On 21 January 1968, an aircraft accident (sometimes known as the Thule affair or Thule accident (/'tu'li/); Danish: Thuleulykken) involving a United States Air Force (USAF) B-52 bomber occurred near Thule Air Base in the Danish territory of Greenland. The aircraft was carrying four hydrogen bombs on a Cold War "Chrome Dome" alert mission over Baffin Bay when a cabin fire forced the crew to abandon the aircraft before they could carry out an emergency landing at Thule Air Base. Six crew members ejected safely, but one who did not have an ejection seat was killed while trying to bail out. The bomber crashed onto sea ice in North Star Bay, [10] Greenland, causing the conventional explosives aboard to detonate & the nuclear payload to rupture & disperse, which resulted in radioactive contamination.

The United States & Denmark launched an intensive clean-up & recovery operation, but the secondary stage of one of the nuclear weapons could not be accounted for after the operation was completed.

The four Grrls – L-Bomb, Fringe, Zero & Red – moved like actors, primitive, barbaric & slowly melancholic whilst a chaos of impressions poured into them.

'We're travelling in circles. Whatever goons are after us don't seem to fully lock onto us. Or else they don't want to,' said L-Bomb.

'It's strange,' agreed Fringe.

'I'm not even sure what is going on,' agreed Zero.

'You three kill me,' grinned Red. 'I should shag you all & see where that leaves us,' she added with a wicked come-on flash of her eyes. Fringe lit a cigarette & blew smoke into Red's face whilst taking an appreciative glance at her big butt.

'Great as that sounds I'm feeling a growing dread,' said Fringe uneasy with the ambiguity of the whole world as she saw it at that moment.

They found themselves standing by the Hackney Lido. It had been a heat wave & now was cold & wet. It had been summer but now the leaves were falling off the trees & the skies were stormy & grey. It had been morning but was now twilight, late afternoonish just before the gloaming & dusk. They shivered.

'We're here again,' said Fringe, cocking her head to one side as if trying to measure up the dimensions & anatomy of the place.

At that very moment Vertov turned up wearing a hat & a large overcoat with fur lining & buttons & everything.

'You're Vertov,' said Fringe, who then immediately wondered how she knew that.

'Hello Fringe,' replied Vertov, stroking his youthful beard.

'Are you our arch-enemy with an army of strange demons & monsters like Cat Demons, Receptors, Yellow Hags, Sollers Beasties & Althusser

Demons,' asked Fringe.

'It's the other way round with the last two. It's Sollers Demons & Althusser Beasties. But that's me being picky. Am I your arch-enemy? Good question,' Vertov replied.

Sollers B & Althusser D arrived in winter gear. A couple of Receptor Dudes stood under trees. Cat demons sat in branches & on roof tops. Ghost Anthony lingered around the churchyard. Yellow Hag sat on a bench. Pete the Third sat next to the vile monstrous creature with a benign smile & plums in a brown paper bag.

'Have you noticed the days have turned to Autumn, nearly winter?' said Vertox

'Yes, & you're not in the Lido. I thought that was your secret lair,' said L-Bomb.

'So did I,' replied Vertov.

'So what happened?' asked Red.

'I don't know. Somehow we all left the place & now feel that it is a place containing immense power,' said Vertov.

'That's what we think too. But we thought that maybe you were the power,' said L-Bomb, narrowing her gorgeous grey eyes.

'I know that when you narrow your gorgeous grey eyes you are thinking something profound,' commented Vertov.

'Yes. I am thinking that you are not the arch-enemy. In fact, I'm thinking that there is no arch enemy anywhere,' said L-Bomb.

'And yet you've been fighting my monsters since the very beginning,' gasped Vertov.

'I know. But think about it. When did all this begin?' said L-Bomb.

'I don't remember,' said Vertov.

'Exactly. And neither do I. All I do remember is that somewhere at some time or other things gor strange. Your monsters kept popping up everywhere & people started acting as if they had lost their old senses & replaced them with very different ones. I am an exaggeration of my older self before this all began,' L-Bomb explained.

'What do you mean?' asked Vertov but truth be told they all wanted to know.

'Well, I dimly recall being someone who liked to experiment with psychedelic drugs. But one day I became someone who didn't need to take anything because they were already me. I was able to travel through psychedelic space & time to the very start of the cosmos. I saw great wonders, fought dinosaurs & swamp creatures & pirate space alien robots. And began to eat several new varieties of ice cream that before had repulsed me.'

'Taste buds are connected to so much neurological stuff,' nodded Vertov gravely as he assessed her wild story.

'And then I was having conversations with ghosts & fighting yellow hags

& all your gang. It seemed obvious that this was what had to be done & I had the power. And there was a mystery written out the skin of Fringe which could only be read by a Reader, which lead to Zero joining myself & Fringe who was there bringing existential depth to the party,' continued L-Bomb, shaking her wild blonde locks.

'You're welcome,' grinned Fringe.

'Whatever,' said Zero, angrily looking for some excuse to hit someone.

'Red we recruited later because there was always a left wing thing happening here & she brought kick ass Marxism to the table, pure & simple,' said L-Bomb & Red blushed with pleasure & felt fierce tingling pleasures in her places beyond dreams.

'Wow, so you were able to go back to the start of the universe & everything? That's a wild trip,' said Vertov, trying to grasp everything he was being told.

'Of course. I have immense insightfulness & the world is now intensely horny in a strangely off-centre way,' continued the gorgeous blonde.

'All the while I have seemingly been in charge of monsters who are intent to stop you from doing whatever you are wanting to do,' said Vertov. 'But I don't know what you're trying to do,' he added.

'That's the strange thing. Neither do I,' responded L-Bomb with a puzzled sigh.

'It doesn't make sense. Two groups, both exhibiting strangely unreal powers facing off about an issue both are in the dark about. And both of us arriving at the Lido as if the secret of everything was there,' said Vertov.

'What's in the Lido?' asked Zero, rolling her shoulders as if preparing for a fight which in her present angry mood was just what she wanted.

'You don't know?' asked Vertov, surprised.

'No we don't. I had an inkling that you were there & therefore you were our target, but you've quit the place,' replied L-Bomb.

'Where's the fifth girl?' asked Vertov.

'The fifth?' said Red, looking a little confused.

'You look a little confused. Okiku, the fifth of your little gang,' said Vertov.

'She is in a well. She is actually not Okiku but a sweet girl called Aurora Hora but somehow she became Okiku because she was living down a well. The story of how she got there is something out of eighteenth century Japan. The horror movie *The Ring* draws inspiration from this old story. Okiku's well is located in Himeji Castle in Japan & was fire bombed during the World War. But although a fire bomb directly hit the castle it failed to detonate. This in turn links with the five strange US thermo-nuclear bomb accidents that seem to be part of everything I am intuiting,' said L-Bomb.

'Yes, which makes sense of there being five of you. You somehow are those accidents,' said Vertov.

'The Japanese version of the book by Koji Suzuki, who in turn adapted the folk story of Okiku, included a video tape with the words, "Watch until the end, you will be eaten by the lost," & as in the novel the strange cursed tape sequence is analysed into real scenes & abstract scenes. The real scenes are those that include the eyelashes & the darkness of the eye blinking. We are looking with our eyes inside the ghost's eyes. The average man blinks twenty times a minute. The average woman fifteen. Calculations using this rough heuristic leads to the conclusion that the eyes are those of a woman. Okiku is in the film called Sadako/Eun Suh & is a hermaphrodite in the movie, having testicular feminisation syndrome whereby she is female except for a pair of testicles beneath her vagina,' said Vertov.

'Our Okiku, who is actually a girl called Aurora Hora, is not a hermaphrodite,' interjected Zero. 'I know. I've seen all her places beyond language,' she added with a sly grin. Fringe giggled, knowing from her own personal experience that Zero was telling the truth. Vertov waved this away, as if he saw the sentence in a bubble between them & wanted to burst it.

'Anyway, like Tiamet who was severed in two & like those offspring of Ouranus whose testicles were severed by a rake, Okiku was a creation being formed out of rupture & unimaginable, immeasurable violence,' explained Vertov who with his hat & facial hair, his long overcoat & woollen gloves (which they'd only just noticed) looked like a character of unusual intelligence from an Edwardian salon or a Conan Doyle fiction. Or Dostoyevsky, come to think of it.

'In the old story & in the adaptations of that story – book & films – Okiku is raped & murdered before being thrown down the well,' recalled L-Bomb.

'And out of that great trauma she comes back as a vengeful ghost,' added Fringe.

'So where's the well?' asked Red.

'The Lido is the well,' said Vertov.

'Are you saying that Okiku is in there?' asked L-Bomb. All of them turned to stare at the abandoned Lido.

'I am. At first I decamped there thinking it was my HQ. But as things have clarified it was obvious that we weren't supposed to be there. Some sort of powerful psychic suggestion forced us out, the same one that drew us to it in the first place. I presume the same force has drawn you here.'

'I think it's worse than that,' whispered L-Bomb, '...I think everything, everything is coming from that force. It began with me because of my psychedelic research. My research broke through something. My research let me see through a tiny fissure. I kept pushing at this, seeing new visions, new colours & shapes, incoherent at first, pure sensations that were beyond language & that seemed to rip open the cosmos. And I kept inserting myself into the crack & tore it wider & wider. That's where this all started...' she explained.

'I thought at first that I went to the very start of everything, time space & consciousness being born out of undifferentiated darkness & chaos according to some principle or other. But I was wrong to think that the darkness I saw was the darkness lying at the very beginning, before the cosmos was created...' she added, her voice strangely drifting off at the end.

'And we all somehow came through the crack,' muttered Vertov.

'Yes. It was like the aura of the actual world was severed & the wider the breach, the more the aura became infected. Everything seemed to be thinning out around us & yet we seemed to be soaked in genuineness, originality, images that seemed guite beyond simple optics. We began to reinstate a sense of a unique remoteness that in the life before the breach had gone rotten. We dwelt in futures after existence itself had erased its aura, or, as Benjamin puts it, stripped the object of its sheath, shattering the aura... We were in a world which had reached a point whereby similarity undermines uniqueness to the point where now even the unique can be mined for similarity, even at the point when whatever it was happened only once. Of course Benjamin linked the singularity of a work of art to a tradition, & hence the dissolution of tradition, the classical line, renders the possibility of the work of art in these terms obsolete. Now the attempt is to either make a future tradition of similarities – hence the endless film art, the notion of curatorship & cataloguing – of enter a new relationship with art outside any traditions at all. But even the tradition that eats its children will become a tradition. And this breach wasn't artistic. This breach in the very cosmos, it shouldn't have been possible,' said L-Bomb softly.

'Not unless the breach wasn't in nature but in a representation, as if cultic value was drawing a last ditch line,' added Vertov, following her train of thought.

'Nature becomes a wedge idea, dividing interest & practice, concept from action, presuppositions from enquiries. In other words nature isn't something lying in wait to be discovered but is a pawn inside a certain set of ingenuities & strategies. It's a matter of regularity, & when comparing regularities, there are massive differences, & they lead to preferences' interjected Fringe, her eyes fixed on the stark Lido building as erebus light fell across it & shadows swelled up.

'We're facing an indeterminate mixture of primordial elements, a mixture of chaos needing kosmos, ornament, something to wear, a necklace maybe or a ring.' L-Bomb paused & nodded. 'Yes,' she continued, 'a ring...' she whispered, grey eyes flashing with the gloaming.

'We're to order chaos, dress ourselves from toe darkness to top light, from our forms, wear ornaments born out of chaos, become our own offspring,' said L-Bomb, polishing up her deeper understanding with a kind of Hegelian, Hessiodic vim.

'Offspring?' asked Fringe, a little nonplussed, chain-smoking now at a

ridiculous rate, holding her cigarettes at a louche, carnal angle between fingers & curved rouged finger nails, a kind of existence held in erotic blue frissons of smoke forever poised to fight or love, she hadn't yet decided.

'Calculated imaginings,' said Zero who was listening but also continually watching the cat demons, yellow hags & the other assortment of monsters hanging around the place with a growing sense of resentment, alarm & anger. She just wanted to smash them & tear them to pieces. To her mind it really didn't matter where the fuck they had come from nor why. All that mattered was the startlingly obvious fact that they were the bad guys & her life was about killing bad guys with the sustaining emptiness that eradicated all egos by being itself empty.

'We're nocturnal & dark primeval realities, Eros, Chaos & Gaia combined, beings with unrivalled vital powers, where life & time coexist with the chthonic earth, shamans coming through a vast & beautiful shroud, from a grey, indeterminate underworld of undifferentiated gunk,' summarised L-Bomb.

'That just occurred to you? You just worked it out right now, here?' asked Red who was working out how the fuck any of this was part of capitalism's cunning & self-defeating genius. Her beautiful eyes narrowed as she wondered whether this might be the moment capitalism ended, suddenly & without warning, an unanticipated collapse that nothing happening immediately beforehand could have signalled. She rubbed her long red hair & flashed her eyes at the Althusser B demon & realised that she would have to crush that one. Althusser B had perverted Marx. Perverting Marx was something Red could never tolerate. She mouthed the words 'Bitch you're going down' & stood arms akimbo in the edgy gloom.

'Yes, whatever's in the well is feeding me these things even as we speak, a kind of mental streaming download. Everything swirls like oil. There are rings. Nine rings. Like a firmament. The stars are blood red though. And it's so cold. All I sense is an enormous sadness. The colours are those of a keening sound, lamentations in the air, utter abjectness & despair,' said L-Bomb.

'Other than ourselves, what have you seen through the crack of the cosmos?' asked Fringe, her sense of dread rising. She seemed to be a ghostly presence, standing in the smoke clouds that curled & whispered around her, as if her very being was just a blue swirling vapour & life somewhere else.

'One by one all the stars went out. All humans were dead. The whole earth was shrouded in a dark veil of ghastly ash that kept falling like fat black dew. Millions of years of silence passed save for the howling of a terrible storm that never ceased. It was a darkness & silence that went pitilessly on & on as if to the very end of time. Huge naked insects crept or flew about. They sipped at liquid coal tar & desolate lifeless sea water.

But the strange thing was that even as I managed to register all this there was something about all this that at first I was too afraid to confront, to even contemplate, but now it's certain...,' said L-Bomb & she paused & swallowed hard as if her throat was parched. She looked afraid, a look that horrified everyone listening to her, sending shudders of abject dread through the assembled company.

'Whatever I saw through the crack in the cosmos, it was happening now. It was here. And it was now.'

There was a pause as the words sank in.

'You mean once we look through the crack in the cosmos all we have is a dead world. A world where literally no humans live & apart from insects – & presumably other invertebrates, plus maybe bacteria & viruses – nothing stirs that isn't being blown about by a never-ending storm,' said Vertov whose hat now seemed far too large for his small face & hefty beard – or maybe the hat now appeared to be part of his head, as if grafted to the face & pulled back to cover his interior skull & inside that, his electrical brain.

'Yes,' replied L-Bomb & a pearl tear was running down her soft cheek, as a great sadness welled up & tore through her very being. Now an unbearable pessimism gripped them all. She was giving them a vision of the present that seemed unpardonable. It felt to them all that if any authority tried to pardon it they would inevitably fail & all they'd achieve would be the usual banal substitute of issuing directives. There was no impunity here, no cancellation, no way of justifying events or ontologies.

All that seemed to count was what counted as being buried alive. This news at first struck them as a revolving, spiralling black circle, & then stopped & appeared to be a single circle, with its centre childishly scribbled in as if with a black biro or pencil – childishly as in as if by a child's hand – a young infant – rather than petulantly. All people, civilised & barbaric, gone. All cities, towns & countryside, gone. All light & nature, day & night, gone. All philosophy, science, architecture, arts, humanities, theology, magic – everything, gone. No books, films or digital media of any kind remaining. Just ash, wet & cold & dreary. And then all that, gone. Just a terrible darkness that went dooming on forever. And this was everything, not a corner of everything, not an ornament of everything but rather, it was everything & there was nothing else.



L-Bomb sat herself in the wintry grass as the moon flew up into the sky & everything became bathed in a lunar light. Waves of helpless terror & loss swept through her. All her friends, all her lovers, all her companions were just this, a vast & irredeemable darkness.

'And yet here we are,' nodded Zero, grasping the doomsday scenario immediately & feeling even more keen to kick ass the bad dudes in the park. An empty universe to her was just an obvious reality. Her sexy body with curves in all the right places twisted & curled like a purring space-age cat looking to hunt some cosmic mice. She licked her crimson lips & felt the ripples of rage hurtle through her.

'We should just kill the bad guys & see where we are after that,' she hissed but nothing happened immediately.

'The five incidents,' Fringe muttered, smoking wildly, holding her new cigarette at an expressive angle that gave her the look of Seberg in the 1959 Godard movie 'Breathless,' especially with her wearing a short-sleeved striped top, just like L-Bomb's come to think about it.

'The five incidents involving the US accidentally dropping thermonuclear bombs & them miraculously not going off,' Vertov agreed, scratching his hat with a sort of brave systematisation.

'What have they got to do with anything really?' asked Zero growing angrier by the minute.

'Goldsboro, North Carolina, Yuba City, California, Savage Mountain, Palomares Spain, Thule, Greenland. Thermo Nuclear bombs fell but they didn't explode. They are miracles.'

'They seem to be why we four are all together. In fact, given that there were five incidents it seems likely that the reason we are at the Lido is to save the fifth of our gang,' said L-Bomb.

'So Okiku is in the well, the well is the Lido, so we are at the Lido. That much makes sense, kind of. But Okiku is one of us. In the folk story isn't she a devil? In the horror films too. So how does that fit in with the idea that we are connected somehow with the five miracles. And that we're the good guys if we like her?' said Red.

'Yes, yes, she is. A heinous & terrible force of everlasting darkness,' said Vertov.

'So why do we think she is a friend, in fact more than just a friend?' asked Red.

'Okiku is not just a heinous monster in all the stories. In the film versions loosely based on the original story & filtered through a sophisticated novel by Koji Suzuki the ghost girl in the well is a monster. But even so, in all the stories & even in the films Okiku is a victim of terrible violence, raped & murdered & thrown down the well. She is a victim made mad by evil done to her. Our Okiku is Aurora Hora, a sweet Grrl with a powerful sense of the ethical stance that exists between people. Read her face by listening to her talk,'

pointed out L-Bomb, her golden afro & grey eyes zapping with electric light.

'Are we going to try & rescue her from the well then & end her curse?' asked Zero, fed up of waiting & training her steely eyes on the cat demons & their bad luck friends whilst wiggling her lovely ass all sex sassy & so on, growled threateningly. 'Let's kick butt,' she said with awesome fierceness that made L-Bomb almost faint with wet desire.

Zero lunged across the dark cold winter, L-Bomb followed, & their shining bodies were taut orgasmagons curled round the heart of the scene like golden vicious bracelets. A couple of receptor Dudes with bulges in all the right places, six-packs senseless & resonating with pure power, pecks alowing without remorse or regrets, without excuses, just there, ready to do their work, upsurges in being, strong enough to work as signs for whatever is needed to carry the weight of being, they lurched forward. Zero smashed her fists into the oncoming goon's face & blood & gunge splattered everywhere - but the Receptor Dudes were resilient & saw life as nothing if not a useless passion. They fell back & then regrouped & leapt forward again. Zero nailed the first with a drop kick, the second with a savage upper cut to the jaw, the third to a chopping slice blow to the throat. The three giants fell before her onslaught. But Yellow Hags without their eyes had managed to float silently around L-Bomb so the agraeous blonde with curves in all the right places found herself for a moment fazed by their speed & the congealed sliding of their universe. With an upsurge in her very core being she fired out a megablast of psychedelic force, a rainbow beam of sheer bliss. It caught the first of the blind yellow hags in the face & immediately the monster fell back howling in a sort of ecstatic joyfulness that rendered her completely useless in a fight. Her mind, full of the bliss beam, now resonated with joy & a loving feeling that disarmed her completely.

L-Bomb stayed grim as she realised that the hoard of yellow hags were moving towards her thought the air too swiftly for her to take them all out like that. She threw a punch & smashed her fists against the rock jaws of the deadly hags. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere. As she pummelled & lashed against the marauding gang she explained to the battling Zero how she saw the situation regarding Akiku in the darkness.'

'About Okiku in the dark well. She is the necessary incomprehensible, the necessary darkness of the world...' she began, dancing left & right, jabbing & punching & kicking & somersaulting through the murderous yellow hags & their venom & pure anguish.

'...It seems we're looking for clarity & clarity can mean perspicacity & commitment – both for our epistemological & psychological ease. Because what I see here is a translation problem. We are wanting to know exactly what this all means & what there is in front of us. So we have to generalise & we have to place everything into a theory,' she explained.

A yellow hag suddenly managed to grab her by the throat in a vice like

grip, lifting her for a moment off the ground so that she dangled in mid air. The other hags leapt forward. She twisted like an eel & landed a fierce blow on the hag's nose. Blood & gunge hosed out. The hag's grip weakened in the instant & L-Bomb was free. With a brutal kick slamming into the ribs of the yellow blind hag L-Bomb shifted across the dynamic electric spaces & from her golden breasts & the place beyond dreams she fired multi-coloured spurts of bliss beam. Upon hitting the yellow hag a feeling of intense love filled up the monster who fell back with thoughts of setting up an orphanage for desolate kids & an immeasurable desire to show everyone that love was the best response to dealing with a human reality whereby every belief falls short so one never fully believed what one believed. She sat on the grass & began singing the uplifting & stupid love song Bat Out of Hell imagining a full orchestrated version playing in the background, plus a choir.

'I have a friend who thinks we should follow Frege & his model of clarity – to approach the whole thing in a scientific spirit. Epistemologically, this approach is abductive, & its methods judged on the elegance of its result & the fit between its results & what is already independently known. On this view, science typically begins in confusion. There are no agreed procedures & standards. All claims to expertise are contested. Fundamental principles of one theory contradict those of another. Eventually order emerges with established theories, principles, methodologies & expertise,' she summarised whilst aiming further bliss creating zaps beams at the mobbing hags. Her sweat drenched body danced so her awesome ass, breasts & legs gleamed like liquid gold through the wintry light & Zero, battling the behemoth Receptor Dudes, admired L-Bomb's shining ass & breasts & fought with a horny vigour & moist application.

'...But how plausible is mature science understood in such terms given what we know now? Mature science assumes a metaphysical realism. It results in the idea that there is a world that exists in some way or another. But I come at this as a Romantic metaphysician. I am committed to the idea that no sentence is committed to just one meaning & that there isn't an all encompassing Absolute Theory of everything. And ontologically there is not one world, an everything that is out there even if we can't know it. My epistemological ideas are rooted in early Philosophical Romantics such as Schlegel & Schelling — Schlegel in particular — who make clear that it's impossible to live up to any idea of clarity that can include that all-encompassing theory of absolutely everything. So as always there's a link between my epistemological commitments & my ontological ones. As Schlegel says, absolute understanding of an Absolute everything isn't possible, & anyone who says it is is just being a dogmatic. Of course he can't just state that without having good reasons, but he does.'

Meanwhile Fringe of course wasn't just standing on the sidelines. Envigorated & turned on by seeing the super sexy babes Zero & L-Bomb turn into fighting machines, wrestling erotic shapes of orgasmic pentagrams through the cold & desolate air in the erogenous primal spaces before the mysterious dark Lido, she also hammered her perfect curves across the frozen grasses & wintry trees to smash down onto the heads of the cat demons. She took one of them in her powerful grip & played with her place beyond reason, wriggling a sacred-sign system in celestial Egyptian hieroglyph & with a blistering kiss of existential consciousness condemned the whimpering sex-bomb creature to freedom. BOOM!

With a dark sensual voice coupled with wild Irish brogue she whispered in the collapsing cat demon's ear, 'From the very fact, indeed, that you are conscious of the motives which solicit your action, these motives are already transcendent objects from your consciousness, they are outside; in vain do you seek to cling to them: you escape from them through your very existence. You are condemned to exist forever beyond your essence, beyond the affective & rational motives of your act,' she said, placing a Sartrean mind-pill into the demon's dilating ear with her slow ribbon of tongue whilst running her rebirthing fingers into the place of all mysteries between the long dark & powerful thighs of the demonic creature.

Shuddering with the fierce & swift orgasm, the cat demon faded away until she was just a mouth half open in liquid desires. 'See, you are now the instantaneous present, & everyone knows that it is not at all: it is the limit of infinite division, like the dimensionless point, like the ginger cat's smile in Alice,' grinned Fringe, feeling horny & indestructible all at once. She whipped herself round & confronted the remaining glare of approaching cat demons with nothing but nothingness carried in her heart. Her battle cry was imagination at its highest, neither the abstract & materialist fetters of Trismeaistus-Mercury not the hard-hearted geometry of a Platonic God but rather a Blakean take on Sartre's opposition as true friendship riff – 'I do not cease to experience my being-for-others; my possibilities do not cease to "die," nor do the distances cease to unfold toward me in terms of the stairway where somebody "could" be, in terms of this dark corner where a human presence "could" hide. Better yet, if I tremble at the slightest noise, if each creak announces to me a look, this is because I am already in the state of being-looked-at,' she whispered, her sensual legs like the compass linked by a bond of love & justice wherein lies true bliss. 'Fuck you all,' she hissed & with a cute swagger she plunged into the armies of cat demons with a internal sense of Dionysius Andreas Freher's paradox 'The One is not included by any limits' buzzing a primitive matrix of love & the outer limit of energy.

L-Bomb continued to brutalise the powerful yellow hags whilst blasting them with her bliss beam. Zero was hacking her way through the Receptor dudes, enjoying the playful cock tease routine her shimmering body, its lines & curves & crosses & zeros, its macro-micro primal animality hunkering down in the fog, clarity & health of her sex bondage dominatrix routines

presented to the lumbering creatures of fascist authoritarian mindfulness before hammering them into desolation.

Her subliminal voice merged in the sanguine air: 'Form is empty; emptiness is form. Emptiness is not other than form: form is not other than emptiness,' she whispered to the great darkness surrounding them. 'The joy & glory of humans, as well as the skill of humans, are the principle of carrying the burden of others' aim, because staying only in one's own aim is shared with the animals. For that reason, the character of the great ones is limited to the benefit & happiness of others,' she murmured, like water, like a spring, like a brook, like reality conversing as a mantra, bringing through the shady trees & the curved grass roots of consciousness, the appearance of a nonexistent duality, just a percept above the roots. For a moment everything was hushed & nothing moved as she stood with all her curves & movements held in a ripened sensualised momentum of precise emptying. The Receptor Dudes just got their hard-ons whipped by this.

Elsewhere.

'Absolute truth implies absolute intelligibility,' continued L-Bomb, '...But working from Schlegel the idea that somehow we can all agree to approach understanding everything & each other from just a single universalisable perspective doesn't make sense. And of course, without such an approach the idea of a totality of things, an uber-object, an absolute world, – & as I'm running metaphysics with meaningfulness here I'll also say an absolute sense – a world that is everything that there lying in wait for us to discover in a theory of everything – well, that becomes unintelligible. So any kind of that metaphysical realism is impossible. I think like Schlegel & Schelling & of course Gadamer who lies in this same long Philosophical Romantic tradition.

There's a freedom to play in theory-building & translation & hermeneutics & metaphysics that contradicts the metaphysical realist & her approach of one single theory & an all-encompassing object that we call everything. We understand in fragments & gestures. Without being a sceptic we ask not how but whether anything is really fully intelligible. And we see that it really can't be. Kant asks how intelligibility is possible. Schlegel on whether. He focuses on the communicability of ideas & whether we can actually fully communicate them. Any idea is an object of some theory about reality. What we choose as a starting point are both 'departure points' presupposed before we start theorising about them, but they are also included in the theory.

They are the untheorised elements of any theory, any model. They are a theory's darkness. Any theory whatsoever must have this darkness in it. There has to be a part of any metaphysical theory that the theory includes in its reality but about which it can say & know nothing. This is Schlegel's point. It is constitutive of any theory that we adopt some objects which we then investigate & play with & interpret & generalise into a theory – because if we don't then everything is unintelligible & incommunicable. But when we do that

— we always have to do that — there is always an untranslatable & incoherent part of the theory, a darkness that can't be grasped. Clarity itself requires this darkness. There can't be a complete theory because whatever departure points are taken as the genesis of theory, understanding & communicability, it is a presupposition of the theory & so can't be explained by it. Okiku is our darkness, beautiful & necessary, our very departure point, but unknowable, empty...' she said, as her fists slammed into another yellow hag & blood & gunge splattered everywhere whilst rainbow blasts of bliss shimmered through the atmosphere triggering the hags to ecstasies of unfearful loving.

'Reality is not something necessarily beyond us. Schlegel says because the departure points required for a theory are incomprehensible to the theory then a theory of everything, & the consequential ontology of an absolute everything, would involve a contradiction. There would always be something left out of the theory of everything. And metaphysically too, there would always therefore be something more than everything. Unless contradictions exist & if everything involves a contradiction then everything doesn't exist. And we can't know everything,' she gasped as a yellow hag slammed a chopping blow to the back of her neck, sending her tumbling into the long cold grass.

'And where do we get our objects for the departure points bit? Metaphysical realists say there's a conceptual space out there & what we're doing is mapping it out with our theories. Spinoza, for example, thinks we map out the conceptual space using mathematics. Williamson thinks we do so by modal logic, a specialised branch, as you know, of mathematical logic looking at necessity & possibility. But Schlegel & his followers – Gadamer is my main man but Derrida & Heidegger can be read in this way – without the radical relativism of the one & the Nazi-ism of the other, & Wittgenstein too - they deny any such conceptual domain. What they say is that the departure domains are products of socialisation – social, political, aesthetical & whatever interactions – & it all boils down to being pragmatism. And to being hugely individualised in the sense that we all have our own individualised departure domains. And each one requires a theory that cannot be fully expounded as I've already explained. So instead of a single Spinozean domain waiting to be mapped & explored, there is just a chaotic mess of these different individualised domains...' she managed to gasp as she rolled through the long cold grass as the yellow hags blindly swarmed around her, raining down a hail of punches to her curvaceous writhing body.

'...And so there can't be full communication between any of us, & nor can we fully understand ourselves either. But that's not a scepticism about the possibility of communication, or realities. They overlap to various degrees. We translate one reality to another & see what can be shared & what can't be. The translation problem is both obdurate & stubborn & yet not unresolvable to a degree. Fictions, for example, such as Eun-Suh the illegitimate daughter of a female psychic & hermaphrodite who was

romantically involved with her half-brother & worked in a night club for a while in the South Korean version of *The Ring* called *The Ring Virus*, are real but you won't ever find them if you travel to South Korea. Just because we can't meet them doesn't mean that they're not real though.

'And there is a lot of overlap between the world we're in & hers. All the things I've just said about her are true & known. Eun-Suh's not a frog, for example. So there's overlap & we can communicate between these levels of real. And yet there will always be darkness in our clarity somewhere. We make playful translations. Through a process of continual exploration we can endlessly discover what others mean & what we mean too without suffering from the illusion that there is even the possibility of knowing the full story. Goethe wrote in 1789: "The same won't do for all. Let each man look to what he does. Let each man look to where he stands. And whoever stands, that he not fall." Is this hermeneutical freedom without grounding then? You might like to say its grounded in history, in all the various readings through history that we feed in to our understanding. But even though the historical totality looks like a totality it isn't fixed. Schlegel's readings are wild readings.

'For Schlegel there is & cannot be a single all-encompassing reading. So there's no single reading of Plato, no single reading of Kant, & so on. No utterance is fixed utterly independent of social interaction & each interaction has multiple meanings too...'

A yellow hag grasped her by the throat & fiercely punched her so that she was winded. She twisted & writhed to escape the wet-nurse orphic blows of dark venom that the other yellow hags were now smashing down onto her stricken body. She felt her movements were becoming a useless passion, as if there were too many of them & her struggle against their separating movements was becoming like a life in cataracts, a void shrunk to nerves & globes of blood trembling at the void branching out into roots, fibrous writing upon the winds, fibres of blood, milk & tears. She screwed her courage & refused to despair, but there were too many to hold off & she felt them beginning to overwhelm even her ability to fire out the rainbow beams of bliss.

Zero too was beginning to find the overwhelming numbers difficult to repel. Receptor dudes with bulges in all the right places were now measuring their blows better & each crushing blow began to stun Zero's ferocity & slow her deadly movements. There was a great dark chaos, called Hyle, called Matter, called possibility, called heat, moisture, frost, concealment & dryness & pain now flooded in like a burning lake over a dark abyss. Whilst she fought L-Bomb's voice buzzed in her head, & as each macho fist & cock battered against her in insane immeasurable insatiability her mind became increasingly confused with three contrasting views that seemed to connect & disconnect with L-Bomb's voice which seemed to be fading away into a blank distance

Zero thought about the limits of interpretation & the idea that classical texts are utterly inexhaustible, not that there is no meaning in them but that there are endless, bottomless meanings. And then she thought about the chaos of interpretation coming from the chaos of reality. 'Is Schlegel committed to just the contradictoriness of incommunicability or that contradictions are how the world is, a chaos?' she wondered as the Receptor Dudes one by one smashed into her body & face, slowing her down until one of them wrapped his muscled arms around her slim waist & lifted her off the ground in a mind-numbingly powerful bear hug. As his mighty arms coiled around her Zero wondered whether the limits of interpretation L-Bomb spoke of came from our individualisation & whether this left us in a situation where we could only approximate what others are thinking...

The Receptor Dude increased his bear hug so that Zero felt herself weakening. Her legs flailed helplessly off the ground & her arms pushed against the mighty chest of the Receptor Dude but she was too weak by now & could not break free. Thoughts became messed up & jumbled.

'A classical text must never be understood completely... Gadamer loved this quote... We understand but not completely... There is no absolute that withdraws... The absolute is misguided... Transcendental philosophy is misguided if it assumes transcendence escapes because any theory is relative to its posits... Everyone has a different set of posits... So there can be no total overlap between speakers, between theories of the world...' were the thoughts running through her mind as now the Receptor Dudes gathered round the one holding her in his merciless grip. They pulled her skirt from her & ripped her undies down to her ankles & then began to spank her beautiful ass as she writhed & wriggled trying to free herself from the terrible grip of these nethermost beings, suspending her self-enclosed ass like spheres above the realm of darkness & pandemonium.

From the long grass of ancient night L-Bomb's voice rose through the darkness but the assaulting yellow hags were now straddling her & ripping her clothes from her whilst one held her cruelly by the throat & other pinioned her beautiful arms & legs. Others began to fondle her breasts that were more than imprisoned precautions & others plunged into her pace of mysteries with cruel & lascivious intent. Deranged orgasmic waves shuddered through her.

'It's only when we put our thoughts into propositional form that there can be meaning. I assume Quine is right on this. If we are confronted with the non-propositional then it's meaningless & I don't care about it. Why would I? Reading — a text, a world, a person, a politics, whatever — we have to assume we've got it roughly right & then argue about details. But its not like there's a Korean movie rolling & we're just writing the subtitles in English whilst it runs. We have to put the world into propositional form if we're to communicate & be intelligible...'

The blind hags were now in a fiery fluid state, furnaces of pitch & fire, internal pulses of planet lava, dismal canals & chaos seeds.

'...Philosophy is not about THE conceptual space out there...' L-Bomb gasped, her body shuddering over her own broad & beaten ways, an enclosed space of subterranean orgasmic lava flows in wild balm & sex grease. '... Quine in 'Word & Object' says that to have objects in the departure realm you already have assumptions & these assumptions will be local not general. He says: "Everything to which we concede existence is a posit from the same point of a description of the theory-building process, & simultaneously real from the view of the theory being built." Only dogmatism can assume a shared set of assumptions as being universal...' she gasped as the saturnine hags ravaged her upper fires & waters from her places beyond translation. She moaned glories of orgasmic bliss whilst she explained.

'...Schlegel says the blindspot is not just inevitable but is required. It's what drives us towards making metaphysical theories in the first place, & of trying to communicate... He asks; "Is incommunicability so completely reprehensible, so base?" & then says: "I think the welfare of families, of nations, rests on it. If I'm not utterly deceived states & systems, the most artificial works of human kind are sometimes so artificial that one cannot admire the wisdom of their creator enough. An unbelievably small portion of incomprehensibility is adequate if it is only kept completely true & pure & no heinous understanding dares to approach its holy confines..."'

The combined relish of the inspiring words & the vitriolic attack of the hags brought her roaring to orgasmic heaven, a source & spring of life with fiery rays of influence strewing its subtle seeds through the air & water so that the air sank with a seed into the earth & the earth received seeds of air, water & heaven to rise like a balm healing all deadly wounds. Her mind exalted this.

She half opened her grey eyes & saw the hags were transforming now so that they seemed to hold a skull & one of their legs was a fish & between their legs a sheaf of straw hung with its tip ablaze. Snakes writhes around them & a lobster chewed on their withered breasts. One arm was a crow's foot with talons & there were owls flying madly about from tree to tree.

What was Red doing all this time. She'd flashed across the green space so her curves appeared like sublime keepers of mysteries. Althusser B twisted her own wild torso but was only able to avoid Red for a moment. Red crashed her fists into Althusser B's face & knocked her across the green into the walls of the Lido. With brutal efficiency Red powered up & leapt after the stricken demon. With slick, cold, sharp & strict astringency she hauled the stunned demon across her knee & began to spank her round & sublime ass as if to renew paradise itself. Each blow reigned down on the quivering exposed flesh of the demon accompanied by Red's voice making clear her disagreement with the helpless demon's revisionist Marxism.

'In the social production of their life, men enter into definite relations that are indispensable & independent of their will; these relations of production correspond to a definite stage of development of their material forces of production. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society – the real foundation, on which rises a legal & political superstructure & to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production of material life determines the social, political & intellectual life process in general. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness. Consequently there is no room for any autonomy. Not even a little bit,' she hissed over the whimpering Althusser B who twisted & wriggled in abject attempts to avoid the beatings.

'Nothing human is alien to me. Happiness is this, to fight. Servility is detestable. Gullibility a vice I excuse. Of course Marx saw weakness in a woman as her most endearing virtue. He had the usual lizards in his head. As a guy he was a twat,' Red hissed as Althusser B faded into orgasmic unconsciousness.

And now the whole area became an intense warzone as Vertov & his demons joined the fray. A buzzy swarm of Žižek Loons, huge & hairy beasts that emerged out of Vertov's defining process of the emergence of necessary features from chaotic contingency, small mad thinker-killers of contingency's slow-boat self-organisation gradually rising their singular order out of chaos with intense violence & autopoiesis.

'Fuck, Žižek Loons,' commented Red as she saw the swarm ducking & diving across the open spaces like a Lacanian horror Tolkien scene shot by Peter Jackson

'If there's anything that seems less necessary than revisionist Marxists its Hegelians in any shape & form. And these Žižek Loons seem to be the most persistently annoying in the whole fucking pantheon of disasters,' Red snarled & having lashed the Althusser B's into a state of senseless primitivism she pushed the demon aside & set off to intercept the creatures.

'Come get it you Hegelian horrors,' she roared, her red hair swirling out through the atmosphere like pythons of supreme medicine, spiritual emanations ready to dispel the Hegelian freaks of their strangulating powers. They latched onto her furious curvaceous figure as it roared towards them.

'Red, you need to understand Žižek's attempt to understand a form of materialism that avoids your crude reductionism, your antiquated conception of matter, & any notion of nature that is a whole organically at one with itself & its parts. We want a conception of nature that is desubstantialised qua conflicted, disharmonious, inconsistent, & so on. And yet we also accommodate a hyperstructuralist ontology of strong formalism as well as a Deleuze-inspired new materialism, such as panpsychic & mystical variations, as well as the alternate temptation to the negative theology of

the void,' the troll creatures hollered back, long arms & strangely ethereal beards winding back & forth through the air in savage carnage delivering swipes. Red remained silent in the face of such provocations & launched herself at the two leading creatures & pounded them to oblivion with fist & feet hacking them down in a torrent of mighty blows. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere. Her curves had never seemed so fucking awesome.

Red shimmied around & exploded chopping blows left right & centre until the goon squad was in disarray.

Red now began to harangue the group: 'Hegel has no explanation for your sundered world, the split between subjectivity & objectivity & merely repeating the fact that such a sundered Being is what we are given leaves us with no solutions to the fundamental problems a sundered metaphysics raises: how do the subjective & the objective interact? how could objects be conscious? how could subjects move objects? know them? fuck them?' screamed Red & her body seemed to dance around the hapless Žižekian freakshow until they were all destroyed in a fog of blood & gunge that dripped from the boughs of the trees & the blades of gore soaked black grass.

Red moved towards Vertov, her eyes flashing, her beautiful body a fecund dragon-snake of hither & thither quicksilver. In panic his Sollers B thrust her fingers into her place of mysteries & in a moment of violent auto-seduction exploded in a mist of orgasmic rain. Vertov was madly screaming into his cell phone for backup. It arrived in the form of unleashed Derrida dog packs, long-legged & sleek beasts whose ability to shape shift & avoid any definitive point of contact brought with them the obvious problem of contradicting Derrida's own assertion that monsters cannot be announced, that one cannot say: 'Here are our monsters,' without immediately turning the monsters into pets. These were not pets. Great teeth filled their mighty jaws, half pens, half syringes, & when they howled they howled in a language that wasn't their own. They were ghosts more scary than anything alive, loosening the multiplication of signifies into the fray with rigor & the insane conviction of devils.

Red strode towards them, dragging the bloody corpse of a Žižek Loon with her. As the Derrida Dogs flew at her throat she suddenly swirled the corpse around her head like a club & smashed it into the oncoming monster ghost dogs. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere as she danced beneath the carnage & launched herself at the creatures, caring for death like an awakened vigil, a conscience that looks death in the face & which she knew was freedom itself, framed in an escaping mode. She split the creatures in half to great howls of misery & pain as the blood & gunge continued to swamp out of the creatures in ghostly gestures of absolute solitude.

Fringe saw the carnage & found renewed strength. Never had Red's ass seemed so inspiring as sweat drench its shining curves as if sparkling droplets of honeyed dew. Fringe exerted herself, lit a fag & with existential noire cool tossed aside the cat demons in a supreme surge of the living

particles of her that lay even within the traditional dead ones. The cat demons were scattered.

'The flesh is the pure contingency of presence mother fuckers,' Fringe sneered, pulling on her fag & then she hurled herself into the clamorous war zone bringing with her the fog of ironies & the hell of other people.

'In irony a man annihilates what he posits within one & the same act; he leads us to believe in order not to be believed; he affirms to deny & denies to affirm; he creates a positive object but it has no being other than its nothingness...' she roared, lashing out with fierce tranquillity & the Derridean dogs began to panic & yelp for oblivion. It was the ultimate cinematic psychoanalytic science of ghosts as fringe & red now carved their way through the confused & hammered canine phantoms.

Zero flecked her powerful torso, her torqued hips & wielded her pinioned arms to smash back the vast strength of the Receptor Dude who had held her helpless in the air.

'Our first question,' she angrily screamed as the Receptor Dudes fell back in confusion at her breakout, '...is what is it to be? What is this "being" & we know that this is just a version of the question: what is love? What is the heart of love? And we know that the history of love is divided between the who & the what...' she continued, her fists now flashing momentous agonies of future oblivion into the fascist beasts. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere.

Fringe smiled grimly as she heard Zero's battle cry. 'Whoever starts to love, is in love or stops loving, is caught between this division of the who & the what. One wants to be true to someone – singularly, irreplaceably – & one perceives that this someone isn't x or y. They didn't have the properties, the images, that I thought I'd loved. So fidelity is threatened by the difference between the who & the what…' continued Zero, sensing in the Derridean sentiment something that she understood, something held like a small seed within her immeasurable anger. Her brutal fists tore into the giant Receptor Dudes with additional fury.

Fringe herself now pressed her back to Red's & their asses mingled in a mourning erotic power-base that recharged & rekindled their energies. The dogs & the receptors & the cat demons screamed & wailed as they sensed the turning tide yet they also knew that surviving is just the other name of a mourning whose possibility is never to be awaited. Arching their curves & bulges, the crazed demons regrouped & fell once more on the battling girls.

'We can't escape anguish,' said Fringe with a wry grin, heroically weighing up what seemed hopeless odds, 'for we are anguish,' she completed the Sartrean moment.

But then smiled. 'Your anguish not mine fuckers,' she added her own gloss & with Red & Zero by her side swept back into the battle with additional ferocity & vim. Blood & gunge exploded everywhere as they collided with the monsters. They met blow for blow, kick for kick, slash for slash as the

mental battle turned into a colossal last day, the one day left, the one that is always just starting over, the ne given to us at dawn & taken from us at dusk. Here life begins on the other side of despair where their finite point had meaning because it had an infinite reference point too.

And yet just as the cat demons, Derrida Dogs, Receptor dudes, Althusser Bs & the rest began to press back & begin to make ground despite their losses, despite the blood & gunge, a great shout arose & the yellow hags tumbled across the cold wintry scene.

'We cannot understand without wanting to understand, that is, without wanting to let something be said... Understanding does not occur when we try to intercept what someone wants to say to us by claiming we already know it 's gaid the voice

Zero smiled for the first time in her life. 'Gadamer's back,' she said. Red grinned & Fringe shook her shoulders & found renewed strength.

L-Bomb's golden locks now shone bright & fierce like a romantic desire for a new mythology & consecration. Her warrior spirit inhabited a certainty that came from an immediate living certainty from where all ends & values appear in human consciousness when absolute claims are made. It was a certainty that wasn't scientific, wasn't proceeding from dispelled Cartesian doubt but rather was always anterior to any process of being doubted. With casual ease she flicked away a yellow hag with the deft flick of her wrist. Her whole being now glowed with the bliss beam & it began to infiltrate the darkness. The yellow hags fell back into self-awareness of a new working consciousness that contained all the elements that make up practical Bildung: the distancing from the immediacy of desire, of personal need & private interest, & the exacting demand of a universal. They were creamy with love.

And within moments it was all over. Sitting exhausted atop a mound of crushed & destroyed demons of various shapes & sizes, the four Grrls gazed silently towards the Lido across the common ground. Snow fell & nothing living came near. The battle had been play, a common willingness of the participants to lend themselves to the emergence of something else, the Sache or subject matter which comes to presence & presentation in whatever was available through the medium used.

That now they had exposed themselves through the mountain of death to the meaning of death itself, that their lives had always been lived knowing themselves to be dying, to the past & its concerns, & the present & its future, to the feeding of histories of agony, that they had broken free from being just marks in context, beyond duplication & citation, accident & anomaly, origin & end point, that they were so simply, so simply, so simply... & nothing else, well, that gave them the strength to just sit, exhausted & feel it was too early for love. The great darkness L-Bomb had seen in her vision through the crack seemed to be a terrible abstraction, like murder & suicide waiting for them down the well.



1966. Thermo nuclear bombs slid down from the blazing plane. Next day, near the church of Palomares, Okiku was talking to American serviceman Bob Rank about what had happened.

'Get lost you freak,' he said grimly.

'No need to be rude,' rebuked Okiku. She was a wild chick with curves in all the right places & a political agenda he'd hate.

'I can shoot you & no one would blink, I could rape you & the boyz'd cheer me on,' he snarled.

'No you couldn't. Even if they would. But this place has become a very strange place. How can a place like this survive four thermo nuclear devices being dropped onto it? The story isn't making sense,' replied Okiku calmly.

'You're sounding mad,' said the soldier.

'This situation is mad,' replied Okiku. 'Tell me what you know.'

'Give me a blowjob & I will,' said Bob Rank, thinking that he'd get that & still stay quiet on what he knew after. He'd made this kind of promise so many times it was second nature to him by now.

Okiku suddenly fell back & started to count wildly... 'One. Two. Three.'

'What the fuck are you doing bitch?' asked Bob Rank, eyes on her hardening nipples slicing through her clean white blouse...

'Four. Five. Six...' She spun wildly & collapsed onto the dusty floor. He now gasped at her curvaceous ass & writing body, her gorgeous exposed legs. He felt his cock swell in a frenzy of desire.

'Seven. Eight. Nine...'

'I'm going to take your pussy to heaven,' he gob-shuffled.

Okiku spun round & there was no face, no form, just a rim of terrifying absence, a hellish dark emptiness screaming across voids of space & time forever

'Argggghhhhhhl!' screamed the serviceman. Rob Rank exploded cock first into a billion parts, spraying the Spanish air with a vast & grandly human background that wouldn't make sense until many years later. The sexy Grrl vanished into the well of her own darkness that spiralled seemingly through time & space. She swallowed literally everything.

That was then. This is now.

Dimly at first but then with increasing bright intensity a scene was projected onto the Lido walls, or rather, a scene seemingly lit from the interior of the Lido itself. From the mountain of defeated demons the four Grrls slid down & approached the glowing vision.

'It has a strange 3-D quality,' commented Fringe, lighting up a new cigarette, her strange eroticism dancing in the fug of weird blue smoke. Red agreed, winding her long red hair across her face & shoulders as if whips of imperious carnality. Zero frowned, sex gorged rage swimming through her billion receptors to shake her whole body from top to toe, nodding agreement. L-Bomb felt the lure of adventure course through her beautiful

limbs, engorging her places beyond language with liquid thrills.

'OMG. Look, on the beach. We're there. On the beach,' she gasped when it became clear that that was exactly what they were looking at. L-Bomb, Fringe, Red & Zero stood with mouths ajar as they saw themselves staring back at them from the beach screen. And then each of them felt a tingling sensation & without another word they were sucked into the vision & absorbed into themselves on the beach, as if they had been the figures on the beach all along. And yet now Okiku was with them.

'We're in the well in the Lido,' they all thought simultaneously. 'Okiku has brought us into the well. This is her darkness...' they whispered & felt a little scared

A heavy-set tall tanned beefcake with bulges in all the right places & slicked black hair moved across the beach, his mouth twisted in dishonourable & permanent hatred, a weird smile that was as cold as death hanging like a used up gibbet on his machismo handsome face. Fat black flies buzzed around his head which was too heavy with blood. His dragon tattoos were alive, wriggling across his muscled up body, trying to fly off. His body shimmered & switched in & out of existence like a badly tuned tv channel.

Five Grrls watched the creature striding across the hot sands towards them. L-Bomb let her blonde afro hair fall across her cheeks & hot electric shocks buzzed from spine to all her insane sex receptors, white, purple & golden. Red tensed her ass & thighs, her long red hair alive & twisting in hallucinatory erotic consciousness. Zero pulled insane rage into the needle black centre of her eyes & stroked her place of wonders between her powerful thighs, waves of pleasure surging across her fired up synapses. Fringe pulled her hot lips & wild tongue from her super hot babe companion Okiku. They rolled apart to lie so their round hot asses perked up under the blistering sun, dripping with the sweat of sex action that had blissed them out into heightened sensory awareness & salt-skin sweat-jive trembling. All five had curves in all the right places.

'Looks like this is another Receptor dude,' commented Red, keeping her eyes fixed on the approaching nightmare.

'He doesn't look happy,' smiled Okiku with a grim smile, rolling onto her side to keep watch as the figure approached. Okiku was again feeling the frenzied lusts for Fringe that had for the last hour occupied her deranged sex beauty.

As the Receptor Dude grew closer he grew in size so that by the time he was nearly upon them he stood well over ten feet tall.

'He's hot,' sighed Fringe, torn between watching this strange delight & the wild curves of Okiku. Zero giggled & agreed.

'He's not there,' said L-Bomb as if to herself but the others shrugged & sighed.

The thing is a fragment, retrieved & carried over, unclipped &

unassimilated from the wreckage of this place & '66,' she continued. Zero couldn't take her eyes of the bronzed skin of L-Bomb's round ass.

'The horrors of war, poignant suffering of the sick, a mere impression whilst the sick fucks in Washington & Madrid sift circumstantial accounts to overflow with mother's milk. A whitewash across the stratified sands, these...' trailed off L-Bomb, enjoying the sight of the spread-eagled bikini curves of Red. She suddenly wished the monstrous Receptor Dude gone.

Palomares is (reading from the Wikepedia entry) '...an agricultural, fishing, & tourist town along the Mediterranean Sea in the Almería province of Andalusia, Spain. It is about 20 metres (66 feet) above sea level. The village falls within the municipality of Cuevas del Almanzora & measurable levels of the radioactive elements plutonium, uranium, & americium over 10 hectares (24 acres) ensure that it remains undeveloped as a tourist venue.' Of course the five super hot super powered Grrls weren't there for the sun & the sea.

'Now you die,' gargled the monstrous phantom who would, from time to time, look just like a souped-up version of the exploding US serviceman from '66, muscles rippling & dead eyes flaring.

'Fuck, here he comes,' growled Fringe who took on the appearance under the hot Spanish sun of a kind of hermetic symbol of the virgin earth, which was a kind of cosmic joke they all liked to use from time to time.

'Hey big boy, wanna play?' sneered Zero, her wired solar body moving suddenly across the sand as if emerging from the depths of matter itself. From behind she took the form of a pulsating organism whose central pillar forms her spine through which the divine emptiness flows down into the lower womb of itself, working outside of time & beyond understanding, a form dependently co-arisen explained by emptiness & nothing else.

The Receptor Dude sneered, a feeble impression of being there crossed his face & then his whole being like an ore-bearing shadow, mobile & diffuse.

'You OK taking it out?' asked L-Bomb whose attention was on both Zero's imperious ass & legs that seemed like pure movement, no friction, both extinct & incalculable, marching centuries into a combined sex power violence combo of Promethean spirit, beyond the zenith of moon, sun, anything.

'He is dying, Egypt, dying,' hissed Zero, as if this was an answer. The other four heroes glanced at each other with a sense of sublime energies buzzing up & between them.

Receptor Dude tilted his impressive head & glared at the approaching diminutive figure.

'You're another crazy bitch. I met one before. Can't recall what happened. I think I got a BJ from her. You all look the same to me. Anyway I'm going to gut you like a fish, after fucking you like a horse,' he grinned in a sexist learned no doubt from the Commander-in-Chief himself. Zero

unmetamorphosed a thousand poems from within silence.

'I just want to point out that when I talk about emptiness what I'm talking about is change rather than ontology or metaphysics or anything like that. I don't do metaphysics,' she roared out angrily. Her fist slashed across his face, parting his black outer sun from his golden inner, a dark consuming fire belching from the black sun's fire to its red shadows, a mess of ragged impurities, washing away in insane violence the mistakes of common gold, red winged & ill.

'Her violence carries perspectival elements I never quite understand,' commented Fringe, her gorgeous face frowning with limpid concentration & a porcelain willingness to learn. 'But the poetry is awesome. It's enough,' she concluded. L-Bomb stroked her come hither ass gently to show her appreciation & switched her physique to kill mode i.e. to die for.

'Nothing is dissolved, nothing diffused, nothing inwardly reincorporated,' screamed Zero as she scissor kicked first the giant's jaw & then his gut in a single movement of unfolded & decentring waspish anger. Zero was a sexy killer.

Marching centuries stopped. Dinosaurs appeared in the blink of an eye & then faded.

'Fuck, there was another time there in that,' noted Red, who had risen from the hot sand to walk with circumspection round the scene of unfolding violence.

'Remember, he's not there,' nodded L-Bomb enigmatically, trying to get a grip on the murderous scene.

'The Palomares incident. It occurred on 17 January 1966, when a B-52G bomber of the United States Air Force's Strategic Air Command collided with a KC-135 tanker during mid-air refuelling at 31,000 feet (9,450 m) over the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Spain.' L-Bomb downloaded the official story but knew that it wasn't right. As Zero continued to pummel the Receptor Dude L-Bomb lifted her head to gaze into the blue cloudless sky over them as if trying to visualise the scene. Enhanced naturally-occurring psychedelic bliss flooded through her, racing her back to the start of the cosmos to its end somewhere out there, in a future.

'The KC-135 had been completely destroyed when its fuel load ignited, killing all four crew members. The B-52G broke apart, killing three of the seven crew members aboard. Of the four Mk28-type hydrogen bombs the B-52G carried,[2] three were found on land near the small fishing village of Palomares in the municipality of Cuevas del Almanzora, Almería, Spain. The non-nuclear explosives in two of the weapons detonated upon impact with the ground, resulting in the contamination of a 2-square-kilometer (490-acre) (0.78 square mile) area by plutonium. The fourth, which fell into the Mediterranean Sea, was recovered intact after a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -month-long search.

Here we find evil arising from an eruption of severity. When it was

separated by a blockage of the intermediary channel from the mitigating influence of love. We have a cosmic fracture here, where strange spiritual light is now only a scattered mess, unable to concentrate itself as in primal times. Desolation & shells, snails grown to enormous size, wild Allspace in a Notshall, as Joyce put it.' L-Bomb knew all this.

The Receptor Dudes were the result of the contamination, radioactivated beings resident not in matter but in the power of the accident that moulded everything in these desolate parts into strange violent & deranged form. She glanced at Okiku who sat quite still & strange at the edge of all this.

'What was her role?' thought L-Bomb to herself. And as she stared Okiku become transparent & faint, just an outline, & then vanished.

'Fuck, that's not good. She's lured us into here. Now what?' wondered L-Bomb with trepidation.

The shape of power & its gigantic thermo nuclear spirit, shape shifters of crazed violence, the creatures were beginning to emerge from the land sites of the accident. They were malevolent stanzas of bomb imaginations whose furies were inner volcanoes of memory & despair. L-Bomb sensed all their poisonous emptiness, & Zero, who lived to perfect a better emptiness, was the ideal destroyer.

Voices emerged from the Receptor Dude, a ghostly echo of the Commander of the B-52, as if on a loop... 'We came in behind the tanker, & we were a little bit fast, & we started to overrun him a little bit. There is a procedure they have in refuelling where if the boom operator feels that you're getting too close & it's a dangerous situation, he will call "Break away, break away, break away." There was no call for a break away, so we didn't see anything dangerous about the situation. But all of a sudden, all hell seemed to break loose...'

L-Bomb closed her eyes & put her Ray Ban shades back on. Like in a dream she saw navigator First Lieutenant Steven G. Montanus dropping from the sky, his parachute failing to open, becoming in that last free-flight as extinct as a pterodactyl.

The hallucinatory violence of Zero dragged the moment into an abyss. As her furious physical violence continued a strange sense of the shapes of pageant light descended on them all. Immense loneliness & despair tracked them. It divined the light, the varicoloured animalcules of shining, inhuman transformations, the vast beach, the strange rock formations, the dusty mountains inland, the pale heat, shimmering & shrieking in the diseased landscape. There was a sudden unease, a sense of a huddle of images that were somehow in the wrong place.

'This isn't right,' whispered L-Bomb, & a fear rose in her head she couldn't suppress.

'What?' said Red, feeling the hysteria & wild torments washing up against them all. L-Bomb stepped back.

'What's happening?' asked Fringe, dark Celtic eyes wide with existential fears. Zero lowered her head so that her black straight hair fell across her face, obliterating it completely. Her pale skin shimmered like the dead creature itself.

'Zero? What the fuck...' muttered Fringe, astonished. Red's hair snaked round into the phantasmal air.

'Yea, I sense this place is more fucked than we thought,' she managed to whisper. But the moment was now transfused with sheer terror.

'Get back Zero,' L-Bomb suddenly screamed in panic. There was something wrong with the whole scenario & the frantic violence of Zero's assault upon the now vaporising body of the Receptor Dude took on a very bad aura. The smoking hot body of Zero seemed to be surrounded by a dense white light, something that wasn't from the sun. It was a hard metallic light. A torment of the metals itself. L-Bomb screamed again — 'Get back here Zero. Get back,' but her voice didn't seem to carry across the sands but fell away back inside itself like a spectral persecution.

Zero felt herself being weighed down by an oppressive sense of dream & somnambulant powers. Her limbs began to weaken & she began to recall the nonexistent duality likened to that of the magician & her audience. A wired voice intoned strange things: 'like an elephant that appears through the power of the magician's mantra only the percept appears, the elephant is completely nonexistent...'

'What the fuck,' she groaned, & looking round she saw her companions far far away, tiny specks in the distance, & the sound of the sea fell away & was replaced by deafening silence. She fell to her knees, sweat tricking down her brow.

'What's happening to her?' asked Fringe.

'What we've taken to be real isn't. Zero has been drawn into the faraway zone of illusion. This place has been contaminated,' responded L-Bomb, her voice full of fear.

'Fuck, the question of reality arises out of our awareness of our own finitude & to that,' said Fringe, '...is to already have some sense of the infinite, the unconditioned, the absolute.'

'I doubt if Zero sees things like that,' commented Red in hushed concentration.

'Well, whatever, surely she can't escape the quest for the ultimate ground of being,' continued Fringe.

'False ultimates,' whispered Red.

'What are you going on about?' shot back Fringe.

'Some things might be treated as ultimates but they are what old religions called idols. The genuine ultimate,' continued Red, '...the genuine ultimate must be something in which we ourselves participate, something that transcends the subject-object relationship, something that rises infinitely

above all existent objects,' she said.

'Hmm, sounds too much like God to me,' said Fringe.

'Go figure,' shrugged Red.

Zero was now so far away it was like we were looking down the wrong end of a telescope, all bounded in a nutshell of infinite space...

'We're losing her,' screamed L-Bomb. Fringe, Red & L-Bomb were gripped by panic. Standing on the warm sands of Palomares their awesome bodies with curves in all the right places shimmered in a moistened erotic fear & sense of loss. Zero herself gasped & could no longer stand. The shimmering Receptor Dude flickered in & out, shaping as a gothic shedragon one minute, lindworm the next, an ink-blot nightmare out of Justinus Kerner & Yves Klein's vampire. Klein's work had been a sensation just six years before the Thermo nuclear bombs had dropped over Palomares. But now, each time Zero attempted to land a punch or brutal drop-kick her hand or foot merely sliced through air. There was nothing solid there. There was nothing at all. And now the form changed once more. The brutal machismo image fazed out.

It was replaced by a leather-clad sex bomb dom with curves in all the right places, a whip & chain in her hand, & a cruel lust that seemed to burn out from the mercury moon.

'What the hell are you, some vanilla sex dream stereotype from the repressed suburban bourgeois male imagination?' gasped Zero.

'Don't ask,' mocked the banal sexed up vision. Reaching out it grasped the weakened Zero by the throat & threw her face down into the sand, her quivering round ass like domes of the mercury white phoenix, a palace of revealed chemical sex.

'I'm going to enjoy this,' hissed the newly configured Receptor Vixen, licking her black lipsticked lips, her nostrils flaring with indecent hunger & lust as she glared at the dazed Grrl lying before her. Holding Zero by the nape she tossed her whip chain aside & plunged her gloved hand inside Zero's bikini between her legs & wriggled her fingers into the place of ultimate dreams. Zero found herself overwhelmed by floods of desire & orgasmic derangements. She shuddered groans of weird hypnotic lust across the whipped up sands as the monstrous powerful she-creature roughly brought her to the ecstasy that reveals the lunar tincture of vegetable, animal & mineral truths.

Gulls spiralled in circles of denial & ecstatic shock, forming crowns in the sky above this deranged Saturnine vanquishment. They centred their cries on the wonder of something rather than nothing, the hot & the moist absorption where 'you need me as the cock needs hens...' Zero's head fell back & her eyes closed over the scene as she felt herself being provoked to the feeling beyond all feelings between her wintry thighs.

It was in this extreme state of emptiness that Zero worked through – not

the emptiness of inherent existence but rather the emptiness of subject- object duality. She was wrestling with the dilemma of deciding whether the ultimate emptiness of all phenomena entailed that nothing – including emptiness itself – lacked inherent existence or if rather all objects of consciousness were merely non-existent & imaginary, leaving just the mind & the absence of duality as truly existent. What with the multi-orgasms wracking her body simultaneously, this was no mean feat. Gripped by the towering monstrous Receptor Vixen whose curves & power worked their charms in Zero's place of all mysteries, Zero curved her sexed-up body to work through the implications, panting & struggling to get to the final end of the puzzle.

Where she ended up depended on her working through whether what was attacking her was real & whether, if real, rather than an attack it was merely a part of her own will, her desire self consummating through a mystical auto-sodomy-routine fantasy she'd harnessed to break free of the world of mere representation, illusion & falsehood. Her perfect mouth parted & sighed as orgasmic bliss swept through her whole convulsing sweaty body. 'Of course its real,' she whimpered as orgasmic hallucinatory spasms shook her quivering body.

The others were miles away by now. There was a great silence. By the edge of the sea ghosts of dead pilots stood, mournfully staring back at the Grrls. Their forms were transparent & grey, a ghastly crew left behind by the downed bomber. Past & future were here as empty & unreal as any nightmare, the present the boundary between the two, without duration nor extension. Mixed shades & shadows stood in the raging sunlight. The substantial shores washed seas up in a long slow process, an unravelled world whose margin must continue to fade forever & forever to the outpost of the world.

'There's something wrong,' said L-Bomb & Red nodded, her wild hair streaming like snakes around her pale skull, a daring fiery ardour flecking across her silver face.

'Phenomenon means representation & nothing more here. All representation, be it of whatever kind, well, all object is phenomenon. But only the will is thing-in-itself... It is that of which all representation, all object, is the phenomenon, the visibility, the objectivity. It is the innermost essence, the kernel, of every particular thing & also of the whole...' continued Red, quoting a fragment of Schopenhauer in a low burnt tone, the voice from a husky yezirah – the world of angel forms. L-Bomb pondered the words, whilst keeping her eyes on what was now the faint dot in the far distance where Zero & the sexy Receptor Vixen seemed to be struggling in a very one-sided way.

Fringe paced to & fro, anguished & fierce.

'What the fuck is happening here? And Zero — where has she gone? How did she end up over there for fuck's sake? This is nuts,' she growled, stopping suddenly to raise her eyebrow in enquiry, hoping that L-Bomb or Red had some kind of an answer. She lit another smoke.

'We're seeing thoughts & ideas that have never been conscious before. They are growing like a lotus. They form the most important part of some perverted psyche. Our dilemmas will need be solved by our very everyday, intimate perversions, new positions & inspirations that appear suddenly from the unconscious,' said L-Bomb. Red nodded & couldn't help but fixate on the wild thighs & ass of the blonde psychedelic chick.

'Yea, we fear dentists rather than death. The clock is ticking however,' she murmured.

'With LSD it all happens on some other plane of existence. You don't have to kill or be killed,' said L-Bomb grimly. Zero & the Receptor Vixon were now less than a single dot on the far horizon.

'This place is a place of illusion with a strong negative element. Like with the fine art world & the commercial art industry both. But they're about money. So maybe this too is all about money,' concluded Red.

'A serious artist should be on the fringe. The fine art world sells illusions. It's easier to lie & trick humans than tell them the truth. People don't want the truth. Truth is a downer, a bummer,' she added. L-Bomb fixed her grey eyes on Red's fierce curves & felt the pressure of desire rise slowly.

'Hey Red, my compulsions are twisted & perverse. They get channelled into lunatic sex. I want to ravage you. I think the tension of this benighted place has brought this about. Like, there are forces here that rule our destinies don't you think?' she said. Red eyed up the pitch-perfect blonde with her cruel thighs & curves in all the right places & felt killer desire ascend like the brilliance of the sun, an infinite open plane without shadows.

'Fathers that go to war come back killers. They've fought another tribe, killed someone. Maybe en mass. That's their glory. And all the time I had this idea that as a kid the adults were hiding stuff from me. I would watch tv & everything on tv would be sweet & fun & exciting but all the time I knew, I sensed it, something twisted, strange & perverse lurked behind everything. Fire engines & police sirens scared the hell out of me. Mass media of course knows how to do this, how to hide fearful things, lie, & make money out of the whole monkey scene. Money is what makes me scream these days,' confessed Red.

'Innocence betrayed by a predatory economic system. Children are easy...' she added bitterly.

'I want to savage that amazing butt of yours, beat it raw with my open hand until you pass out cumming again & again, gasping for me to stop...' smiled L-Bomb. Just saying it juiced her beyond words.

'Sure. I can dig that. We're living in a sombre world where utopianism means we have to have heroes, heroines, the good & the bad. Puritanism is a sort of utopianism too of course. We're all supposed to be representing something. We're supposed to be this or that, either that or deconstructing something. Or symbolising. Or fitting in with norms of a critique that are

easily digested because acceptable,' said Red with disgust.

'That's what I like about us. We don't do any of that,' added Red wryly. She grabbed L-Bomb by the throat & with her other hand grabbed her perfect sun-bronzed round ass.

'Fuck that's sexy,' hissed L-Bomb, immediately jerking orgasmic floods of dream from her place of mysteries whilst instinctively grasping Red's curvaceous breasts as they tumbled together into the hot sands.

Within moments Red had been flipped by the sexy blonde beast that was L-Bomb & lay straddled over the other super sexy gal's knee, her bikini pulled roughly down by her ankles, her perfect bubble ass pale & huge beneath the vast blue sky. Gripping her long red hair in one tight fist, L-Bomb began to ferociously spank the round ass with her other hand & as she did she felt her place of mysteries explode in surges of flowering mystical frenzies of shuddering orgasm.

Together they felt themselves slipping away into a derangement of enclosures & limits, although at the time they wouldn't have recognised it as such. Red screamed her paradoxical joy as the fierce tang of pain stung on each smack of the open hand against her naked skin in delightful synchronicity with the liquid desire streaming between her gorgeous legs. L-Bomb noted how the shining & reddening ass freed Red from the tiered cosmos & placed her instead at the centre of creation.

'Only mankind enjoys the honour of participating in everything... She participates in matter in her own subject, & in elements through her fourfold body; in plants through her vegetable strength; in animals through the life of the senses; in the heavens through the ethereal spirit...in angels through her wisdom; in God through the epitome of everything... & just as God knows everything, so we can come to know everything that can be known...' she panted whilst the powerful & lush Red squirmed in orgasmic pleasure beneath her strong hand.

'Never have the strange poetic Gnostic doctrines of Hermes Trismegistus felt so apt,' groaned Red as her globe ass took measure of the whole universe in its pleasure & pain.

'Nettersheim says that we are the most beautiful & perfect work of God because we have a harmonic bodily structure, more so than any other animal, that we contain all numbers, weights, measures, movements, elements, that we are the most sublime, & that no part of us doesn't correspond to a sign of the zodiac, a star, an intelligence, a divine name in the idea of God herself. The whole form of the human body is round, & my spanked ass is therefore the perfection of a cosmos defined,' continued the gasping, flailing Red.

The sun now beat down mercilessly too, as noon came & went in a sudden moment. Radioactive crabs moved along the shoreline, black & knowing about the abyss of the dark world they knew as the 'dark world.' In

their memories the crabs held an ascending salnitric fire-crack, the kundalini in Hindu sex yoga that rises through the body, something they recalled from that January in '66 when Palomares had taken the death of death into itself.

The shore was the place where death was now captured in this tincture of eternity, right here on the beach. One of the crabs spoke to no one in particular, her voice drowned by the waves... 'Space: what you damn well have to see. Through spaces smaller than red globules of man's blood they creepy-crawl after Blake's Buttocks into eternity of which this vegetable world is but a shadow. Hold to the now, the here, through which all future plunges to the past... as James Joyce writes.'

Miles down the beach Zero & the Receptor Vixen were out of sight.

'I can't see Zero anymore,' murmured Fringe, who had stood to one side & plunged her own fingers into her own place of mysteries, strangely aroused by the feverish ass beating Red was receiving at the hands of L-Bomb, enjoying the delirious whimpering that gasped from Red's gasping mouth & rouged lips. Within moments Fringe too was swimming in the orgasmic delights brought on by her own efforts whilst gazing in feverish sexual hunger at Red's buttocks. Sweat of the sun, white mercurial milk, the uttered liquid mystical bride waters, it all crossed over the three super gals in synchronised orgiastic pleasures.

And then Okiku rose up out of the white sands. She stood with her black hair drawn down over her face like a veil. Her whole body was a bewitchment of curves & sexual mysteries coupled to terror & death. She began to speak from behind her ash black hair that hid her face:

'To draw a limit to what can be thought would mean we would have to know what was on both sides of the line. If we couldn't then we wouldn't know if this line was truly the limit line. And as Wittgenstein noted, to do this would be to be able to think the unthinkable. So the very idea of thinking to the very limit of thought is nonsense. His *Tractatus* is self advertised by Wittgenstein as being literally the instantiation of such nonsense. "My propositions serve as elucidations in the following way," he writes, "anyone who understands me eventually recognises them as nonsensical, when he has used them – as steps – to climb up beyond them. (He must, so to speak, throw away the ladder after he has climbed up it.)

'Of course, if he's right then the ladder was nonsensical too. So how the fuck do we get to throw it away when it can't have been anything in the first place? We can't use something that's impossible to exist. It's a tough one. We seem to express the inexpressible, but on second thoughts, how can this be more than just an illusion?' Okiku fell back into silence, a silence like the red point of the sun & the lapis, as she pondered these things. The lapis is the 'philosophical egg,' a clarified body with the gift of immortality which has risen above the four elements into the purest centre as the fifth being of the whole of nature, more splendid than its parents, the sun & moon. Okiku

was channelling this – maybe even finding herself there as a quintessence.

'All limits have this paradoxical nature,' she thought. 'If the limit of assertion is appearance then we seem to be committed to knowing what lies on the other side of appearance, in order to know that appearance is really the limit. Sextus in his Outlines of Pyrrhonism is therefore hooked on this dilemma. Kant thinks we can't know anything about the realm of the "thing in itself" & again he's committed to knowing the unknowable in order to do this. Russell says we can't quantify over all objects in order to solve the paradoxes of self reference as in the liar paradox & he too is also doing the impossible when he says this. The attempt to identify the limit eats itself.'

Okiku spoke from behind her sooty veil of hair, a spooky invisible college of a voice, shipwrecked in a spiritualised land of Caphar Salama, a circle-round stage of wisdom, scarier than the ghost monster in the classic 1998 Japanese supernatural psychological horror film *The Ring* directed by Hideo Nakata, adapted from the novel *Ring* by Kôji Suzuki, which in turn draws on the Japanese folk tale *Banchō Sarayashiki*. In that original story a servant girl Okiku breaks one of ten plates in the household where she works. The penalty is death. The young man of the household says he will save her if she agrees to be his lover. She refuses & he suspends her over a well & beats her for erotic satisfaction again & again until she finally dies. He deposits the body down the well. After that her ghost returns counting the plates & screaming when she reaches ten. The sound is so terrifying that people die of terror when they hear it.

'The idea of knowing the limit falls foul twice. Firstly, it transcends the supposed limit. It thus is a claim of unjustified transcendence. Secondly, it falls within the limit & so can't be the limit. This is practical you theorise about the limit & thus show that we aren't at the limit. This is closure. Transcendence & closure together equals an enclosure.' Okiku's gentle voice hummed across the sands, across the flamed soaked ass of Red, into the quivering sensual salt-points of Red, L-Bomb & Fringe, the tantric sex insanity now a softly spoken line of perspectival vanishing points reaching through their enflamed places of insane desires building the whole world again from nothing.

L-Bomb, Red & Fringe fell back onto the sands & looked over at Okiku. They swiftly pulled on their clothes & listened intently, focused now on what was being explained to them. It struck them immediately that Okiku had worked out something that their own erotic derangements had failed to make explicit.

'Zero is working outside the confines of a Western philosophical tradition. Her Buddhism contains a limit contradiction that's different from the familiar ones of Wittgensteinian, Pyrrhonian, Russellian, Kantian descent.'

'Fucking hell, that's right,' exclaimed Fringe, now brooding in the long

white heat of the beach as if in the sex-charged moisture of a pornographic Chirico painting.

'She works with the idea of Two Truths – there's conventional truth & there's truth about ultimate reality. The first can be about things like how its conventional to drive on the left in Australia & on the right in the USA, & also do in Rome what the Romans do kind of bullshit, & finally whatever linguistic truths happen to be the case – a million kinds of white in languages subtle about snow, just one in languages not so subtle, like English & all that crap...' continued Okiku.

'But there's another element to 'conventional truth' here. It's the idea of concealment, of something being hidden, obscured, occluded...' she said.

Red frowned, her cute face a circumcircle of intelligent Parzufim, the very face of the deity herself (were one to believe in that...!)

'So are you saying that Zero is working through that last idea. She's making creative use of the idea that conventionality conceals truth – & is therefore radically inauthentic alongside the idea of convention obscuring the mind, because such a mind hasn't understood the role of convention & its concealing ways when asserting truth?'

'I am,' replied Okiku.

'Fucking hell, that's brilliant. So what you're saying is that Zero is working with the line between that multi-layered notion of conventional truth – & ultimate truth?' L-Bomb shook her head as it dawned on her how important this might be.

'So what is this ultimate truth in Zero's world?' asked Red.

'Zero is about emptiness. And emptiness isn't non-existence. Emptiness is the ultimate truth. Everything is empty. Emptiness is empty...' replied Okiku. 'It's about action. Pragmatics. It's the idea that everything is real & there is no metaphysical everything.'

Her three companions gazed over at her. A cloud obscured the sun & a shadow fell over them. A chill breeze blew.

'There is no distinction, for example, between characterised & characteristic. Spatial properties, for example, can't be essential, because if they were then we would be able to either have objects without location or the location of the object without the object. What Zero concludes is that everything, including emptiness itself, is empty. The emptiness of emptiness is the radical claim that takes Zero away from the other schemes,' said Okiku.

'Sounds like conventional reality is Kant's noumenal reality...' commented Fringe with a frown, remembering her existential heritage.

'It can't be. Ultimate reality is as empty as conventional reality. Ultimate reality is thus only conventionally real,' responded Okiku softly.

'Fuck, but then ultimate & conventional realities are identical,' gasped Fringe.

Exactly. "To say that this is conventional & this is ultimate is dualistic. To

realise that there is no difference between the conventional & the ultimate is to enter the Dharma-door of nonduality," to quote one of the sutras Zero uses,' agreed Okiku.

'So this place, Palomares, is not an entity, nor a nonentity, neither a space nor a non space, not characterised nor without character,' said Red, running the sand through her fingers.

'Zero has turned it into a Dharma-door,' concluded Red.

'Fuck a duck, that's heavy,' sighed Fringe.

'According to some of my psychedelic buddies the universe is no more than a construction of structural analogies & correspondences following laws of harmonic principles & logic, a network of hieroglyphs. It seems they & Zero are on the same page,' added L-Bomb.

'You're remembering something else then?' asked Fringe, watching the golden face of the sexy blonde.

'Athanasius Kircher & his idea that creation is a combinatory act, a process of endless multiplications of endless permutations of hieroglyphs with meanings going far beyond anything grasped by the senses. Sufism, Neoplatonism & Pythagoreanism just came to me in a wild ardent vision...' L-Bomb answered.

'All diagrammatically represented like by Ramon Lull & others, pictured as a ladder...' she added.

'Wittgenstein's ladder?' asked Red, intrigued.

'Can't be sure. These visions aren't controllable & can't always be put into words or thoughts,' reflected L-Bomb, her grey eyes glazing over as if seeking something outside of sight.

'Reification might be the clue,' interjected Fringe, her sexy tight eel body wriggling in the sand, curves in all the right places a sure sign of her infinite, circular horizons.

'What?' asked L-Bomb who now fixed her grey eyes on Fringe & felt the warm glow of liquid desires rising as if angels, death, weight, number & measure were their deeds watched over by saints using a fuck-compass & square.

'Rather than assert emptiness, Zero merely rejects a certain framework that requires the logical law of the excluded middle for assertions of emptiness or non-emptiness as entities. She rejects the illicit ontological commitment of both "Space is an entity" & "Space is a nonentity,"' said Fringe.

'But then how is change possible? If there are no essences how could they become other? How could anything change if there's nothing to actually change?' asked L-Bomb intrigued.

'Change can't be anything that requires an essence, for that would lead to a contradiction. So Zero rejects essences. This is the key claim. Ultimate truths are about ultimate reality. But ultimate reality is empty. So there is no ultimate reality. So there are no ultimate truths. All truths are therefore

conventional,' interjected Okiku.

'Wow. Does that mean that we are to be silent? That we must throw out views about ultimate reality? That ultimate truths are ineffable?' Fringe sounded profoundly worried.

'Nah,' smiled L-Bomb. 'Zero never shuts up. She talks a lot. Silence wasn't her gig. Isn't…' she corrected herself, feeling a little guilty at placing Zero in the past tense.

'Saying a non-empty thing doesn't exist is to say something about ultimate reality. So it's an ultimate truth. So ultimate truths exist...' said Okiku quietly.

'But you just said the opposite...' Growled Fringe.

'Shit, that does contradict the other line of thought...' commented Red. 'Fuck' said Fringe.

'So this is back to that place Wittgenstein showed us,' exclaimed L-Bomb.

'The ultimate truth is that there isn't one, the ultimate nature is that there is no nature, the ultimate emptiness is that there is no emptiness & so on' concluded Okiku.

'So how the hell does this help get Zero back? How can we save her?' asked Fringe, suddenly aware that Zero was far far out of sight.

'Assume what is happening is also contradicted. That both are not true. That the events & everything we've been shown are not true,' said L-Bomb as it dawned on her where this all might be leading. The strong Grrls waited in silence as the whole scene opened up new possibilities.

'There are no ontological depths,' snarled Fringe.

A Royal Owl hooted as darkness fell suddenly like a cubic stone. 'Don't be so fucking sure,' commented the last of the radioactive crabs as it sank back into the night sea.

'Frolic in brine, goblins be thine,' whispered Okiku the well-witch.

Just as despair threatened there was a whoosh of air & a crackerjack of noise overhead. The four Grrls watched as Zero crash-landed in front of them. She brushed off the explosion of sand-dust & glared back at the horizon.

'Receptor Vixon was strong but not strong enough. I've completely destroyed her & with one bound am back,' Zero explained.

But before the reunited gang had time to celebrate the sky unfurled a roaring wind, fire-flag sails of cloud, & black & jagged rain. Rather than wan stars there was a fire-flag electric storm, & rivers of dense water pouring down in a vast river of ethereal blackness. Desolate white sands became an immense gulf of waterland, bare rocks, naked gravel & thin-scattered grass unblended & unfused in the lash of it. Through the dark something seemed to be twisting & living, an immense dragon-like serpent tongue in both the sea & the sky, sharp hook teeth curving like a Tacazzi moon. The sky was an open horrible mouth. Then everything was swallowed up again by Okiku.



'Watch until the end, you will be eaten by the lost...'

Not everything co-exists. Why? This is what we mean when we say that the world doesn't exist. To say something exists means it's in the world, like in a box. Whatever exists, put it in that box. Zebras, the number three, democracy, trees, planets, salt, coke, your sister, death. Put them in the box. And that's the world.

Some people's boxes are crammed full, other's not so much. A scientific naturalist pares everything down to whatever her ideal science says can go in the box. So all the things of a finished physics, & finished chemistry & finished biology, all the finished subsets of those, they go in the box. No values. No truth. No proof. No democracy. Because they're not covered by science. It's a pretty spartan box. It's hard to make any sense of this box because to select those things you'll need some of the things that don't go in, like values, truth, beliefs, proofs & understanding. Numbers for jeez. That kind of stuff.

But if they aint in the box, you can't use them for shit. Nothing gets nothing. End of. Just as you can't climb a non-real ladder to get in through a high window, even if you're Wittgenstein you can't. Such beautiful incoherence. Such insane stupidity. And it's almost universally considered our best option. So we're really fucked.

Of course there are some others who want to put in what the naturalist leaves out. So in go minds & proofs & values & truth. Some go crazy & want Gods & wizards & witches. They want Being. Meaning. All sorts of crazy shit. They'll add in what the naturalist leaves out. Everything the naturalist discards. But even though this might seem a much better load, sure is fatter anyway, & although there'll be those not wanting the magic & those not wanting the theology & those not wanting the values, or those wanting to pick just these values & not those, & just this theology & not those, & these magic things & not those, etc. there's still a fatal issue that kills their project just as securely as it kills the naturalists.'

Ask yourself this simple question. Where do you put the box with everything in it? If everything has to be in the box, where's the box? You can't find another box because then you'd have to find another box for the new one, & so what you've been thinking was the box wasn't really the box after all. But you all can see this is a dumb solution because for every new box on the block you can ask where does it go? And there's no way of stopping this. So it's not possible to have the final box, the box that has everything in it. So the very idea of a box of everything is fucked. And so it is. But as you might expect, this is a disturbing result. If you take it in, then you've just proved that the box, which is everything, which is the world, can't be real. It can't exist. And so we're left with this startling crazy truth. The world, thought of as the box with everything in it, can't exist. It can't be true. It's not there. Boom! The naturalist vision goes up in smoke. Boom! The theologians' too. Boom! The mage's. Boom! The existentialists'. Boom! The phenomenologists'. Boom! The lonely solipsist's. Boom! The transcendental idealist's Boom! Boom! Boom!

Well these are bombs that just blew the world out of existence. That's got to be the very the definition of a crisis. What the hell can a poor girl do? Everything just went up in smoke & the smoke went too. But here's the twist. The rub. The remainder of the Cheshire cat in the tree. We're facing nihilism. Nihilism is subtle though. Nihilism can't be an empty box. If it were, it'd face the same problem as a box with something in it. No, nihilism can't be an empty box. Nihilism must be the absence of the box as well as the absence of any stuff in the box. There is nothing in the box & there is no box either. But how can that be? Nihilism is something. It is the state of there being no box. But that is self-refuting. Self-contradictory. And besides, believing in nihilism disproves it. For a belief, even a false belief, is something. It's real. Belief in nihilism proves nihilism is false just as well as not believing it. Or believing anything else. So Boom goes nihilism too! And now we face the shit storm of the world not being real & of the impossibility of the world not being real. And if you're looking for a sign that things are awry, let's say, well, this is the kind of thing that gives you it. A real head crunch

Maybe there's wriggle room. Maybe we can just assume, pretend, act as if there is a final box, even though we know there can't actually be one. We don't say as much, of course, we don't admit we're just desperately blaguing, that the claim that science explains everything is insanely false, for example. So people throw out cover terms, technical terms, like 'regulative ideal,' like 'place holder,' like 'deflationary' & so on, there's a whole new language for this move, & then they can go on talking as if everything is as it seemed before, whilst all the time knowing the emperor's got no clothes on & this talk is no more than snake-oil sales patter bullshit in the face of the emperor's stark bollock naked hairy ass. Maybe a higher form of bullshit, maybe even an honourable kind of bullshit in the face of fear, but nevertheless, bullshit all the same. You can't climb an imaginary mountain. You can't fill an imaginary box. You can't live in an imaginary world.

What's a poor girl to do? One solution: forget the box. Accept that reality is in principle intelligible. This isn't a claim about the compositionality of the world or the structure of the fundamental reality. It's an account of what is intelligible on a whole other level. Everything intelligible is real & there is no hierarchy of reality, no need for a single box but rather, lots, for lots of different facts – mental, social, natural ones – each of them sharing a fundamental structure guaranteeing each their overall intelligibility & therefore guaranteeing their realty. There are theoretical facts & there are non-theoretical facts & both types exist. The theoretical facts are unified by belonging to nature. The ones that aren't theoretical belong to Geist, spirit. Facts must be so topic-neutral that they can cover both. Nature facts are not more real than spirit facts. Nor vice versa, Intelligibility isn't a quality of nature because it has to cover nature & spirit. Up quarks & the Grrls of Palomares are equally real. Nothing in nature unifies the field of nature nor spirit just as nothing in spirit unifies the field of spirit nor nature. And neither nature nor spirit unify everything. So there is no unity & so there is no single unified world. So if there isn't one big object which includes everything (the world as the box) then she can affirm the intelligibility of a co-existing plurality of worlds, each with their own real things. And now we can see that there's no ontological gap between the things we can think & mean & what can be the case. What one thinks is truly what is the case. There is the pure correspondence between the concept & its reality. And so.

Palomares is real & can be investigated. What happened back then can be explained. Someone should be held responsible. They should pay. The US state department has a lot to answer for. They could have wiped us all out. It was just luck that meant we didn't all die. But the Palomares swallowed by Okiku is real too, though it isn't natural real. It's spirit real. Fiction real. As such, it too can be explained. It exists. Just as real as the other one. With the miracles of the five Grrls. What do we know about this Palomares? We know the names of the Grrls & that they fought a strange

battle & won. We know they all had curves in all the right places. And we know that when the bombs went off & the world ended it all actually seemed a more likely real than what actually happened in the non-fiction real.

Of course, this Palomares can't be visited by us. We can't physically go there & find the well or any of the Grrls. Vertov may be able to if he were to have somehow crawled under his hat & beard & made his way on hands & knees out of the place during the fight & somehow escaped alive. But we can't. These are facts that aren't accessible in that way by us. But if you did take a plane & then drove through the Spanish countryside to the fishing village by the coast you'd find many aspects of the Palomares in the story in the Palomares you visited. But you wouldn't find L-Bomb, Zero, Fringe or Red. You wouldn't find Okiku. You would't see the well. You'd see the sunlight on the sea & the yellow sands & feel that something is strange there. You'd feel the desolation in the atmosphere, & the sense of abandonment even after all the years that have passed since the bombs fell.

And you'd understand Okiku & her haunted, thinly scattered intelligibility. She's the one who isolated the disasters of thermo-nuclear death & turned them into miracles. Whereas the Okiku in the folk story breaks a plate, & is murdered & thrown down a well, in this version she is sucked through a vortex of time & space to a place where nuclear bombs detonate. In that moment, in the cluster-point of certain oblivion, she re-imagines the outcome & swallows it whole. Instead of the bombs detonating, so fires of a thousand colours lit up the world & the sky was dipped in blood, blazing lightening over land & sea, rolling across the earth with a constant tremor followed by a thick black cloud swarm of dust, smoke, ash, gutters of bursting upper air & tempest, in which everyone died, instead of that, in that moment, in that devastation, right then, she re-imagined everything so the detonation didn't happen & everyone kept on living. And in doing so her powers flowed backwards & forwards so that at each of the incidents the detonations were refused & the world kept on.

In each place a miracle Grrl was planted. Like seeds. Red, L-Bomb, Fringe & Zero grew like wan stars dancing about in the aftermath. The short journey made by Okiku's lips speaking a word that saved the world transformed everything. Yet to do this Okiku had had to collapse back into her mind, which now had become a well of darkness. She lay at the bottom of it in dark, cold watery thought like she was wearing a terrible black bracelet or ring. L-Bomb had seen through Okiku's imagination & half understood. The others had followed. Their battle had been to crush the overlapping realities, to prevent them overwhelming Okiku's, something that would have resulted in thermo-nuclear oblivion. Having succeeded, everything was now back as it had been since Okiku had started, leaving hardly a trace.

There's a hipster café in Hackney, London, & in it there happen to

be five women. On the walls movie posters of classics hang: A Fistful of Dollars; Le Mépris; The Ring, Breathless & so forth. Of the five women, there's one with a golden afro just returned from a swim in the Lido round the corner in jeans made of the softest aniline leather. She's making notes on Gadamer's hermeneutical imagination eating a plate of scrambled eggs & avocado on toast. It was on a day like this that she took the dose base of 500 micrograms of LSD & then half a gram of ketamine from which she'd tripped a cosmic blowtorch, a tempest of bewildering colour, like being thrown overboard into a storm spinning out of control & tossed like a cork – to half bake something she'd read from the Erowid vaults. Or was that after an intravenous drip of N,N-Dimethyltryptamine – about 36 milligrams given her weight? She couldn't recall. But to mumble quote Robert Weisz: 'What is experienced on DMT is real.' And from there to Okiku's well had been no trip at all. And had saved everyone.

The one with the sweet fringe & black wool beret is rolling a spliff with camomile flowers next to her plate of baked cheesecake running a jazz soundtrack in her head. She holds a tattered copy of 'Nausea,' & is both reading 'I am alone in the midst of these happy, reasonable voices...' whilst also wondering why is it so important to think the same things all together, scrolling through Tinder profiles, knowing what it takes to start loving somebody, & thinking about that moment right at the start where you have to jump across an abyss & how, if you think about it, you don't. We've seen her before.

And there's one in the far corner in grey Wolford stockings with leather riding boots furiously attacking her halloumi & papaya salad whilst she's slowly, inexorably, & unbeknown to herself, becoming the next Buddha, the incomparable leader, endowed with auspicious wisdom in conduct & knowledge of the universe, a master – or is it mistress – or something nongendered – of angels & mortals & all. And by the counter the one with a scarlet duffel coat & red hair orders sweet potato wedges & camomile tea. She cracks an '...all proper tea is theft...' joke which draws a wry smile from the woman behind the counter before switching the order to a flat white as she goes to sit near the window to gaze at the autumn leaves falling in the cold crisp air.

And near the door on an adjacent table a smaller woman wearing a Ravenclaw scarf is hunched over some notes she's prepping, circling a point with a black biro round & round on the paper whilst slowly munching salt & pepper squid. When she answered her mobile she called herself Aurora Hora. Her responsibility is actually love, as Pascal said: 'without concupiscence,' a love that exists without worrying about being loved. It's how it started th's how it ends